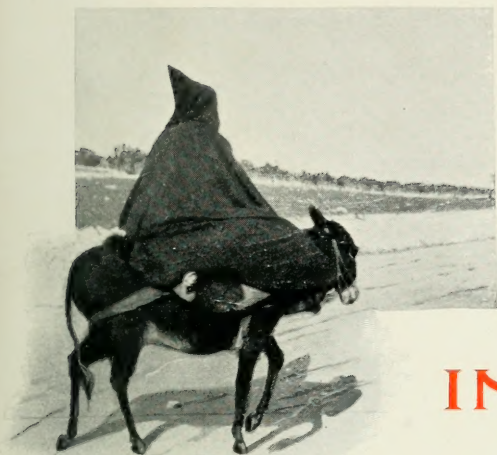


3 1761 07590761 8



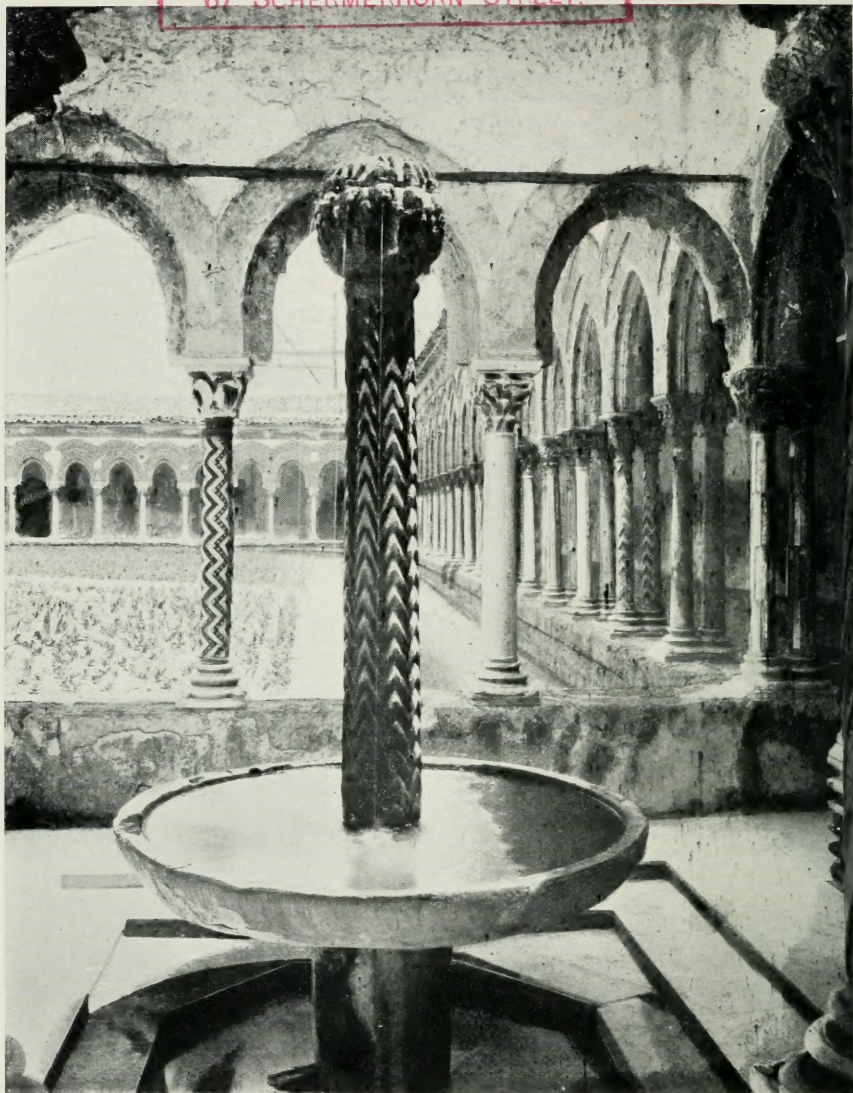
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto



IN SICILY

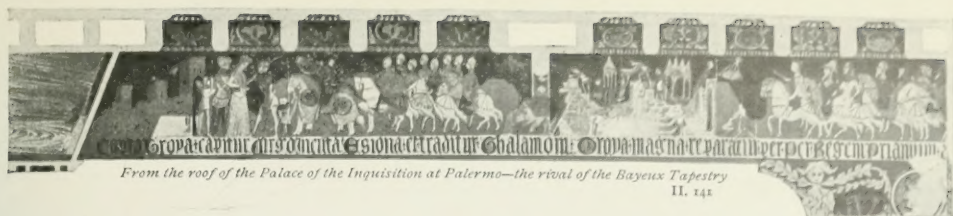
VOL. II.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermerhorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERHORN STREET.



THE MOORISH FOUNTAIN AT MONREALE

Photo by Incorpora.



IN SICILY

1896-1898-1900

BY

DOUGLAS SLADEN

AUTHOR OF

"THE JAPS AT HOME," "ON THE CARS AND OFF," "A JAPANESE MARRIAGE,"
"THE ADMIRAL," AND "MY SON RICHARD"

WITH MAPS AND OVER 300 ILLUSTRATIONS

From Oil Paintings by MARGARET THOMAS; Rare Old Engravings; and Photographs by ALINARI,
SOMMER, CRUPI, INCORPORA, PELOS, MARZIANI, LEON, R. B. COSSINS, ALEX. SMITH,
E. B. COCHRANE, the AUTHOR, and Professor A. SALINAS,
Director of the National Museum at Palermo

VOL. II.

SOLD BY
THE
BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON AND CO.

LONDON: SANDS AND CO.

MDCCCCI

* 914-707

53434

7. B.

CONTENTS

CONTENTS	vii
LIST OF PLATES AND ILLUSTRATIONS	xi
TABLE OF SAINTS' DAYS IN SICILY	xv

PART IV.

PALERMO

THE CONSTANTINOPLE OF THE WEST

CHAPTER XXX.

OUR PALACE IN PALERMO	3
---------------------------------	---

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LIONS OF PALERMO	21
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER XXXII.

STREET SIGHTS IN PALERMO	43
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LENT IN SICILY—PALM SUNDAY—THE CAPPELLA REALE AND THE ROYAL PALACE	64
--	----

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ARABO-NORMAN BUILDINGS OF PALERMO	96
---	----

CHAPTER XXXV.

MONREALE	147
--------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI.

POPULAR CEMETERIES	168
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POPULAR CHURCHES	175
----------------------------	-----

IN SICILY

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOLY THURSDAY AT PALERMO	PAGE 190
------------------------------------	-------------

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GOOD FRIDAY AND THE PROCESSION OF THE PIETÀ	198
---	-----

CHAPTER XL.

RENDING THE VEIL—EASTER SATURDAY	209
--	-----

CHAPTER XLI.

SOME OTHER PALACES IN PALERMO	216
---	-----

CHAPTER XLII.

EASTER SUNDAY IN PALERMO	224
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EASTER FAIR AND A PRINCESS'S BALL	233
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIV.

PRIVATE HOUSES—HOW THE PALERMITANS LIVE—MISCELLANEOUS ABOUT PALERMO	245
--	-----

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF NELSON IN THE TWO SICILIES	256
---	-----

CHAPTER XLVI.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT PALERMO	264
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLVII.

MONTE PELLEGRINO	271
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CATACOMBS OF THE CAPPUCCINI	284
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE MUSEUM	290
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER L.

THE GARDENS OF PALERMO	304
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER LI.

PALERMO GUIDE	332
-------------------------	-----

CONTENTS

PART V. EXCURSIONS FROM PALERMO

CHAPTER LII.

OUR TRIP TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI	341
---	-----

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX	379
----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER LIV.

LEAVING MARSALA	411
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER LV.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY	417
---	-----

CHAPTER LVI.

SEGESTA	454
-------------------	-----

CHAPTER LVII.

CEFALU	469
------------------	-----

CHAPTER LVIII.

A DRIVE TO BAGHERIA AND SOLUNTO	497
---	-----

CHAPTER LIX.

FAREWELL TO SICILY	519
------------------------------	-----

APPENDIX	524
--------------------	-----

INDEX	529
-----------------	-----

LIST OF PLATES

AFTER MISS MARGARET THOMAS'S PICTURES

The Temples of Apollo and Juno, Selinunte	<i>To face page</i>	420
The Columns of the Temple of Juno, Selinunte	" "	446
The Temple of Segesta—"Crowning a knoll so steep"	" "	456
How the Sicilians Spin	" "	522

LIST OF FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Cloister of the Museum, Palermo	15
A Corner in the Cloister of Monreale	39
The Cappella Reale at Palermo. One of the Wonders of the World	69
The Christ of the Cappella Reale	77
The Norman Room in the Palace, Palermo	91
The Mosque-like Church of the Eremiti, Palermo	107
La Zisa, Palermo	115
The Doors of Bonanno, Monreale	153
The Christ of Monreale	157
The Cloister of Monreale	161
Gagini's S. Anthony at S. Zita, Palermo	177
The Foro Italico, or Marina of Palermo, with Monte Pellegrino in the background	270
The Mummies at the Cappuccini, Palermo	285
The Outer Cloister of the Museum, Palermo	291
Aphrodite (Larnaca)	297
The Poetess Corinna (Tanagra)	299
The Palermo Mabuse (also attributed to J. Van Eyck and Memling)	301
Mr. Joshua Whitaker's Venetian Palace in the Via Cavour and Via Bara, Palermo	305
Mr. Robert Whitaker's Villa "Sofia," Palermo	311
The Garden in the Cloister of the Eremiti, Palermo	317
The Largest Theatre in the World—the Teatro Massimo at Palermo	337
The Della Robbia in S. Maria di Leon, Trapani	387
The <i>Chiesa Matrice</i> at Eryx	393
The Old Castle: Count Pepoli's Castle at Eryx	397
The High Street of Ancient Selinunte and the Principal Gate of the City	425
The New Temple across the Madiuni at Selinunte	429

IN SICILY

	PAGE
The Excavator's Treasure Trove at Selinunte	433
Ancient Greek Ladies (Myrina)	441
The Actæon from the Temple of Juno at Selinunte	443
Greek Lady, showing Outdoor Dress (Eretria)	447
The Temple of Segesta (robbed by Verres)	463
The Christ of Cefalu and the oldest Mosaics in Sicily	475
The Back of the Cathedral of Cefalu	479
Solunto, the Sicilian Pompeii	496
Monte Zafferana	503
The Main Roman Street of Solunto	515

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

PALERMO	PAGE
A Palermo Palace (Palazzo Abatelli)	4
The Artichoke Seller	8
Fennel	9
The Acqua Man	10
A Palermo Garden	12
The House with the Arcaded Porch in the Piazza Fonderia	22
A Pottery Shop in the Via Cassari	24
S. Cataldo	31
The Rope-walk by the Porta S. Agata	33
The Porta Mazzara and the City Wall	34
The famous Terra-cottas discovered at Solunto, the Sicilian Pompeii	36
On the Road from the Porta Garibaldi	37
The Cala	44
A Palermo Cart	46
The Fish Market in the Borgo	50
Fish Salesmen	51
Sicilian Broccoli	55
A Tunny in the Market	59
The Saracenic Roof of the Cappella Reale	71
The Pulpit of the Cappella Reale	72
Adam and Eve in the Mosaics of the Cappella Reale	74
St. Peter and St. Paul in the Mosaics of the Cappella Reale	75
The Throne End of the Cappella Reale	83
The Royal Palace at Palermo	93
The Piazza of the Cathedral	100
Gagini's <i>Benitier</i> in the Cathedral	103
The Tomb of Roger the King	104

PALERMO	PAGE
Crescenzo's S. Cecilia in the Chapel of the Norman Kings	106
The Interior of the Martorana	111
The Tower of the Martorana	112
The Great Hall of the Zisa	114
La Cubola, the Garden Pavilion of La Cuba	119
La Cuba, the Scene of the Story in <i>Boccaccio</i>	121
The Agaves of the Papireto	126
The Bridge of the Admiral	130
The Church of the Sicilian Vespers	132
The Exterior of the Palace of the Inquisition	139
The Roof of the Palace of the Inquisition	140
Another portion of the Roof of the Palace of the Inquisition	141
The Cortile of the Palace of the Inquisition	141
The Finest Window in Sicily	142
Antonio Crescenzo's famous Fresco "The Triumph of Death"	144
The Cable Tramway up to Monreale	148
The Approach to Monreale	150
The Southern Tower from the Cloister	152
The Interior of the Cathedral of Monreale	159
The Moorish Fountain at Monreale	164
A Capital in the Cloister of Monreale	165
The Garden of the Benedictine Monastery	165
A Carob Tree	171
The Piazza of S. Domenico	175
The Anglican Church, Palermo	181
S. Giacomo alla Marina	182
S. Maria della Calena	183
The Nunnery of the Pietà (Palazzo Abatelli)	194

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PALERMO

	PAGE
The Cathedral of Palermo (east end)	199
The Quattro Canti	201
A Palermo Procession	204
The Archbishop's Palace and the Cathedral	213
Yuccas at the Villa Butera	221
Superb Semi-tropical Shrubs and Trees	223
The Goat's Club	225
The Favara, or Castello di Mar Dolce	228
A Village outside Palermo	230
Knights in Armour at the Fair	234
Water-sellers (<i>acqua</i>) at the Fair	236
Palermo Pottery	239
Courtyard of the Palazzo Aiutamacristo	247
The Politeama	255
Nelson in 1798	256
The Marina of Palermo	261
Nelson in 1800	263
Prickly-pear	272
S. Rosalia's Church on Monte Pellegrino	275
Interior of the Church	278
The Sphinx unearthed by Professor Salinas at Selinunte	293
A Madonna by Gagini	294
A Madonna by Luca della Robbia	296
Mr. Joseph Whitaker's Villa "Malfitano"	309
The Lake and Temple at Count Tasca's Villa	314
Aloes and Agaves at Count Tasca's Villa	315
Palm Avenue in the Giardino Inglese at Palermo	321
The Trinacria in the Villa Giulia	323
Maria Caroline's Villa, the Favorita	330
A Palermo Wine-jar	335

MARSALA

Carrying the Grapes	341
The Baglio Ingham and its Court	344
The <i>Refettorio</i>	345
Ancient <i>Tuns</i> in the Baglio Ingham	347
Treading out the Grapes	348
Ancient wooden Wine-press	349
The Kitchen of the Workmen	351
Wine Vessels used at the Baglio Ingham	354
One of the Wine Stores	355
The Vintage at Marsala	359
The Marsala Vase	362

MARSALA

The Carthaginian Gate at Motya	371
Women of Motya	372
A Palace of a Lesser Noble	373
Unpicturesque Marsala	373
The Woodhouse Baglio	373

ERYX AND TRAPANI

Eryx: the Bastion near the Site of the Temple of Venus	350
Eryx: the Carthaginian Walls (lower por- tion only)	353
The Harbour of Trapani	355
Arcades Ambo—A Typical Sicilian	391
In the Guidecca at Trapani—the Spedaletto	400
Fish Hawkers at Eryx	405
The Lava-paved Streets of Eryx	406
The Harbour of Trapani. The Quay in the background	409
Sicilian Workmen in their Cloaks	411

SELINUNTE AND SEGESTA

One of the older Greek Sculptures	418
The Temple of Hercules	422
Another view of the Temple of Hercules	424
The Rape of Europa	427
Excavating	435
A Tray of Choice Specimens	437
An Attendant Spirit (Tanagra)	439
Ancient Mould (Tarentum), with Modern Cast	440
A Bullock-waggon from the Classics	449
The Mail Coach	454

CEFALU

Cefalu and its Pellegrino-like Mountain	469
The West Front of the Cathedral	472
The House of the Mycenaean Age in the Castle of Cefalu	487

BAGHERIA AND SOLUNTO

Balustrade du Palais du Prince de Palagonia	508
The View from Solunto	512
The Climbing Streets of King Hiram's City	513
Farewell to Solunto	518



Table of Saints' Days in Sicily.

1° Mese] GENNAJO	2° Mese] FEBBRAJO	3° Mese] MARZO
<p>† 1 Circonc.</p> <p>2 s. Defendente.</p> <p>3 s. Genoveffa</p> <p>4 s. Tito vesc.</p> <p>5 s. Telesforo</p> <p>† 6 l'Epifania</p> <p>† 7 s. Luciano</p> <p>8 s. Massimo</p> <p>9 s. Giuliano</p> <p>Morte di Vitt. Em. 1772</p> <p>10 s. Agatone p.</p> <p>11 s. Igino papa</p> <p>12 s. Probo v.</p> <p>13 s. Ilario vesc.</p> <p>† 14 Ss N. di G.</p> <p>15 s. Mauro</p> <p>16 s. Marcello p.</p> <p>17 s. Antonio ab.</p> <p>18 s. Prisca ver.</p> <p>19 s. Bassano v.</p> <p>20 s. Sebastiano</p> <p>† 21 s. Agnese</p> <p>22 s. Gaudenzio</p> <p>23 Spos. M. V.</p> <p>24 s. Babila</p> <p>25 Conv. s. Paolo</p> <p>26 s. Paola m.</p> <p>27 s. Giov. Gris.</p> <p>† 28 s. Cirillo</p> <p>29 s. Aquilino prete</p> <p>30 s. Franc. di Sales</p> <p>31 s. Savina v.</p> <p>31 s. Giulio p.</p>	<p>1 s. Ignazio v.</p> <p>† 2 Pur. di M. V.</p> <p>3 s. Biagio ves.</p> <p>† 4 s. Gilberto</p> <p>5 s. Agata ver.</p> <p>6 s. Dorotea</p> <p>7 s. Romualdo</p> <p>Morte di Pio IX. (1878)</p> <p>8 s. Onorato</p> <p>9 s. Apollonia</p> <p>10 s. Scolastica</p> <p>† 11 Settuages.</p> <p>12 s. Lazzaro</p> <p>13 s. Eulalia v.</p> <p>14 s. Gio. Buono</p> <p>15 s. Valent.</p> <p>16 ss. Fau. e Gio.</p> <p>17 s. Giuliana v.</p> <p>18 s. Donato v.</p> <p>† 18 Sessages.</p> <p>19 s. Simeone</p> <p>20 s. Corrado fr.</p> <p>21 s. Zenobio pr.</p> <p>22 Esalt. al Pont. di Leone XIII.</p> <p>23 s. Eleonora</p> <p>24 s. Marg. C.</p> <p>25 s. Policarpo</p> <p>26 s. Mattia ap.</p> <p>† 25 Quinquag.</p> <p>27 s. Costanza</p> <p>28 s. Nestore v.</p> <p>29 s. Onorina v.</p> <p>30 Ceneri (Rito Rom.)</p>	<p>1 s. Albino</p> <p>2 N. s. d' Italia XIII.</p> <p>3</p> <p>† 4 I Quares.</p> <p>5 s. Foca agric.</p> <p>6 s. Marziano</p> <p>7 s. Tom. d'A. T</p> <p>8 s. Gio. Dio</p> <p>9 s. Prax. M. V.</p> <p>10 s. Proximo T</p> <p>† 11 s. Eracleio</p> <p>12 s. Greg. Mag.</p> <p>13 s. Macedonio</p> <p>14 s. Matilde r.</p> <p>15 Natal. del Re d'Italia (anni 56)</p> <p>16 s. Longino m.</p> <p>17 s. Agapito</p> <p>18 s. Patrizio v.</p> <p>19 Proclam. del Regno d'Italia</p> <p>† 18 s. Gabriele</p> <p>† 19 s. Giuseppe</p> <p>20 s. Eriberto</p> <p>21 s. Benedetto</p> <p>22 s. Lea mon.</p> <p>23 s. Vittoriano</p> <p>24 s. Timoteo</p> <p>† 25 Ann M. V.</p> <p>26 s. Teodoro v.</p> <p>27 s. Giovan. er.</p> <p>28 s. Sisto III. p.</p> <p>29 s. Eustasio</p> <p>30 b. Amedeo</p> <p>31 s. Balbina v.</p>
4° Mese] APRILE	5° Mese] MAGGIO	6° Mese] GIUGNO
<p>† 1 s. Ugo ves.</p> <p>2 s. Franc. P.</p> <p>3 s. Eraldo ves.</p> <p>4 s. Isidoro v.</p> <p>5 s. Vinc. Ferr.</p> <p>6 s. Celestino p.</p> <p>7 B. V. Ad. (alla Rom.)</p> <p>8 s. Ermanno</p> <p>† 8 Le Palme</p> <p>9 s. M. Cleofe</p> <p>10 s. Ezechiele</p> <p>11 s. Leone M.</p> <p>12 S. s. Zenone</p> <p>13 S. s. Emeneg</p> <p>14 s. Tiburz. V.</p> <p>† 15 PASQUA</p> <p>† 16 dell' Anello</p> <p>17 s. Aniceto p.</p> <p>18 s. Galdino c.</p> <p>19 s. Ermogene</p> <p>20 s. Amanzio</p> <p>21 s. Anselmo</p> <p>† 22 in Albis</p> <p>23 s. Cajo p.</p> <p>24 Matr. del Re e della Regina</p> <p>25 s. Adalberto</p> <p>26 s. Giorgio m.</p> <p>27 s. Marco L. M.</p> <p>28 s. s. Cleto e M.</p> <p>29 s. Zita serv.</p> <p>30 ss. Vitale e V.</p> <p>† 29 s. Piet. m.</p> <p>31 s. Cat. da S.</p>	<p>1 ss. Giac. e Fil.</p> <p>2 s. Atanasio</p> <p>3 Inv. s. Croce</p> <p>4 s. Gottardo</p> <p>5 s. Pio V. papa</p> <p>† 6 s. Giov. D.</p> <p>7 s. Stanislao</p> <p>8 s. Vittore mart.</p> <p>9 App. s. Michele</p> <p>10 s. Gregor. N.</p> <p>11 s. Isidoro ag.</p> <p>12 s. Majolo ab.</p> <p>† 13 s. Pancrazio</p> <p>14 s. Natale a.</p> <p>15 ss. Fel. e F.</p> <p>16 s. Torquato</p> <p>17 s. Ubaldo v.</p> <p>18 s. Pasquale B.</p> <p>19 s. Venanzio</p> <p>20 s. Pietro Cel.</p> <p>† 20 s. Bernard.</p> <p>21 s. Elena</p> <p>22 s. Rita ved.</p> <p>23 s. Desiderio</p> <p>† 24 Ascensione</p> <p>25 s. Dionigi ar.</p> <p>26 s. Filipp. Neri</p> <p>† 27 s. Natalia</p> <p>28 s. Emilio ar.</p> <p>29 Ceneri (R. Am.)</p> <p>30 s. Eleuterio</p> <p>31 s. Ferdinan.</p> <p>31 s. Petronilla</p>	<p>1 s. Crescenzo</p> <p>2 s. Erasm. Vig.</p> <p>3 Morte del Gen. Garibaldi</p> <p>† 3 Pentecoste</p> <p>4 Festa Nazionale</p> <p>5 s. Quirino v.</p> <p>6 s. Bonifaz.</p> <p>7 s. Eustorg T.</p> <p>8 s. Norberto</p> <p>9 s. Medardo T.</p> <p>10 ss. Pr. e Fel. T.</p> <p>† 10 Ss. Trinità</p> <p>11 s. Barnaba</p> <p>12 s. Basilide</p> <p>13 s. Anton. P.</p> <p>† 14 Corpus D.</p> <p>15 ss. Vito e Mod.</p> <p>16 s. Aureliano</p> <p>† 17 s. Agrippino</p> <p>18 ss. Marco e M.</p> <p>19 ss. Ger. e Pr.</p> <p>20 s. Silverio</p> <p>21 s. Luigi Gonz.</p> <p>22 s. Paolino v.</p> <p>23 s. Cuore G. alla Rom.</p> <p>24 s. Lanfranco</p> <p>† 24 N. s. Gio. B.</p> <p>25 s. Eligio ves.</p> <p>26 s. Rodolfo</p> <p>27 s. Tomaso</p> <p>28 s. Leone p. V.</p> <p>† 29 ss. Piet. e P.</p> <p>30 s. Lucina v.</p>

Table of Saints' Days in Sicily—continued.

7° Mese] LUGLIO	8° Mese] AGOSTO	9° Mese] SETTEMBRE
† 1 s. Teobaldo	1 s. Pietro in V.	1 s. Egidio ab.
2 Visit. di M. V.	2 s. Alfonso L.	† 2 s. Mans.
3 s. Eulogio	3 Inv. s. Stef.	3 s. Ausano
4 s. Ulderico v.	4 s. Domenico	4 s. Rosalia v.
5 s. Zaccaria b.	† 5 s. Virginio	5 s. Lorenzo G.
6 s. Margh. all'Ambr.	6 Trasf. N. S.	6 s. Zaccaria
7 s. Isaia prof.	7 s. Gaetano T.	7 s. Regina v.
† 8 s. Ampellio	8 { s. Ciriaco e C. m.	† 8 Nat di M. V.
9 s. Veronica	{ s. Arturo, s. Erm.	† 9 Ss. N. M.
10 s. Felicità m.	9 ss. Fer. e Rus.	s. Gioachin
11 s. Pio I papa	10 s. Lorenzo	s. Nicola T.
12 ss. Nab. e F.	11 s. Radegon. r.	ss. Proto e G.
13 s. Anacleto p.	† 12 s. Chiara v.	s. Cornelio
14 s. Bonavent.	13 ss. Ippol. e C.	s. Maurilio
† 15 s. Camillo L.	14 s. Alfredo Vig.	14 Esalt. s. Croce
16 B. V. del Car.	† 15 Ass. M. V.	15 s. Nicom.
17 s. Marcellina	16 ss. Simp. e R.	† 16 s. Eufemia
18 s. Federico	17 s. Emilia	17 s. Satiro conf.
19 s. Vinc. P.	{ ss. Mam. e Ag.	18 s. Eustorgio
{ s. Girolamo Em.	18 s. Elena alla Romana	19 s. Gennaro T
20 s. Margh. v. alla Rom.	† 19 s. Giacinto	F. G. s. Glicer.
21 s. Prassede	20 s. Bernardo	21 s. Matteo T
† 22 s. Maria M.	21 s. Privato	22 s. Maurizio T
23 s. Liborio v.	22 s. Filiberto v.	† 23 s. Lino p.
24 s. Cristina	23 s. Filippo B.	24 s. Tecla v.
25 s. Giacomo	24 s. Bartolom.	s. Anatalone
26 s. Anna	25 s. Lodov.	s. Cipriano
27 s. Pantaleone	† 26 s. Alessand.	ss. Cosm. e D.
28 ss. Naz. e C ^{so}	27 s. Genesio	28 s. Venceslao
† 29 s. Marta v.	28 s. Agostino	29 s. Michele
30 s. Abdone	{ Decoll. s. G. Batt.	† 30 s. Girolamo
31 { s. Calimero arciv.	30 s. Candida verg.	
{ s. Ignaz. di Lojola	31 s. Abbondio.	
10° Mese] OTTOBRE	11° Mese] NOVEMBRE	12° Mese] DICEMBRE
1 s. Remigio	† 1 T. i Santi	1 s. Castrizian.
2 ss. Angeli C.	2 Comm. Def.	† 2 Adv. Rom.
3 s. Candido	3 s. Malachia	3 s. Franc. Zav.
4 s. Fr. d'Assisi	† 4 s. Carlo B.	4 s. Barbara v.
5 s. Placido m.	5 s. Magno arc.	5 s. Dalmazio
6 s. Brunone	6 s. Leonardo	6 s. Nicolò
† 7 Ss. Rosario	7 s. Vitale	7 s. Ambrogio
8 s. Pelagia	8 s. Goffredo	† 8 Imm. Conc.
9 s. Donnino	9 s. Aurelio v.	† 9 s. Siro v.
10 s. Casimiro	10 s. Andr. Av.	10 s. Melchiade
11 s. Germano	† 11 s. Martino	11 s. Damaso p.
12 s. Serafino	12 s. Diego fr.	12 s. Amalia reg.
13 s. Edoardo	13 s. Omobono	13 s. Lucia v.
† 14 s. Clelia v.	14 s. Vener.	14 s. Pompeo D
15 s. Teresa	15 s. Leopoldo	15 s. Achille D
16 s. Gallo ab.	16 s. Edmondo	† 16 s. Adelaide
17 s. Edvige reg.	17 s. Gertrude	17 s. Lazzaro v.
18 s. Luca ev.	† 18 Adv. Ambr.	18 s. Graziano
19 s. Pietro d'Al.	s. Oddone	19 s. Nemes. TD
20 s. Irene verg.	s. Elisabetta	20 s. Liberata v.
† 21 s. Orsola m.	21 s. Benigno	21 s. Tomaso TD
22 s. Donato v.	22 Pres. di M. V.	22 s. Dem. TD
23 s. Severin.	23 s. Cecilia v.	† 23 s. Vittoria
24 s. Raffaele	24 s. Clemente	24 s. Tarsilla VD
25 s. Crispino	25 s. Prospero	† 25 Nat. di N. S.
26 s. Evaristo p.	† 26 s. Caterina	26 s. Stefano
27 s. Fiorenzo	27 s. Delfina	27 s. Giovan. ev.
† 28 ss. Sim. e G.	28 s. Virgilio	28 ss. Innocenti
29 s. Narciso p.	29 s. Sostene	29 s. Davide
30 s. Saturnino	ss. Franc.	† 30 s. Eugenio
31 s. Quint. V.	30 s. Andrea ap.	31 s. Silvestro p.

PART IV.

PALERMO

THE CONSTANTINOPLE OF THE WEST



CHAPTER XXX.

OUR PALACE IN PALERMO

OUR ARRIVAL AT PALERMO

ONE of the few tête-à-têtes Witheridge was privileged to enjoy with beautiful Stephana, while they were travelling with us, was the drive in the cab to and from railway stations. Our party filled a cab. On this occasion Stephana was, as likely as not, more than usually gracious, because for the past day or two he had grumbled less. His spirits had risen visibly with the prospect of being once more in a city. "You don't have to do sight-seeing in cities," he explained, by which perhaps he meant that there was something else to do.

Stephana's spirits reached an even higher register. She had never hoped to see Palermo—very essence of Sicily—whose crown-shaped mountain is the outward and visible sign of its being the Queen of the Island, Palermo throned on the golden and green shell of the Conca d'Oro, Palermo rising like Venus from the waves of a bay more beautiful than the far-famed Bay of Naples.

THE DRIVE TO THE PALAZZO MONTELEONE

We arrived at night, and there was nothing to distract their confidences, from the time that they escaped from the *octroi* and the hotel porters at the railway station to the time they turned off the Macqueda, the Regent Street of Palermo, into the Via Bandiera, one of the most important of the old narrow streets destitute of side-walks, characteristic of the mediæval city. The network of various streets

IN SICILY

into which this conducted them struck Witheridge as not promising the kind of accommodation for which his soul hankered. Nor did he think the entrance of the Monteleone Palace, at which we drew up, adequate. It faces one of the little piazzas of the poor, and

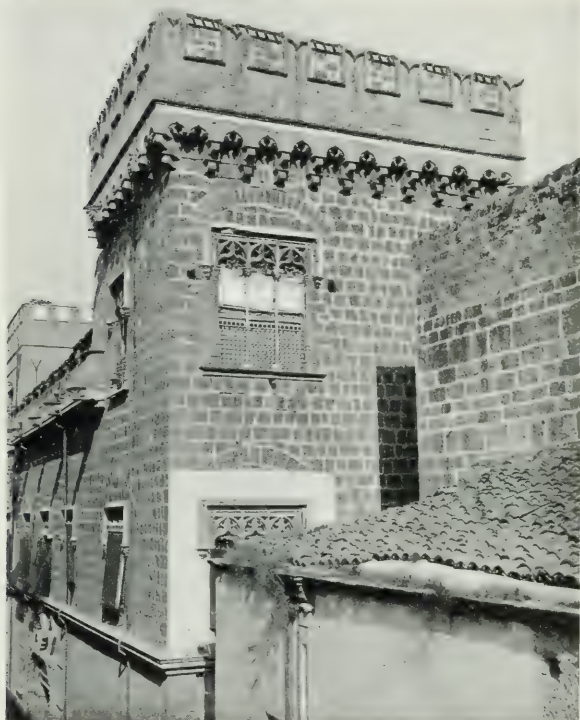


Photo by Incorpora.
A PALERMO PALACE (PALAZZO ABBATELLI)

a narrow, inconsequential stair conducted us from the gateway to the suites of apartments once inhabited by, and still belonging to, the descendants of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico. He rallied a little when it came to resisting the extortions of the porters, who had brought the luggage from the station. He had by this picked up enough Italian to bargain glibly and emphatically, and in most places this was his sole relaxation; so he had taken the transport arrangements under his care. Rich men find a morbid pleasure in haggling over halfpence.

The waiter assigned Stephana what we considered the worse half of the Duke of Monteleone's library, which now did duty as two bedrooms. "No one would put a lady into the other half," he explained in his superior wisdom; "why, it opens on the terrace." That being his view, it was certainly wiser for Stephana, who had no better chaperone than ourselves, to take the inner chamber, which opened on the never-deserted dining-room. We took the terrace room, and Witheridge chose a room over the stables.

THE MONTELEONE PALACE

CONCERNING THE MONTELEONE PALACE

The Monteleone Palace, which is quadrangular, and as big as an Oxford College, now serves a variety of purposes. The principal suites are occupied by a pension. The garden, an acre or two in extent, which fills the breadth of the vast quadrangle, is, with a few rooms, very appropriately devoted to the famous kindergarten, the Giardino d'Infanzia da Feltre. I know nothing of the side of the palace beyond the garden, apart from the fact that it runs half the length of the Via Gagini.

The huge square dining-room, to which we made our way as soon as possible, was the ballroom of the palace. Its lofty, vaulted ceiling is spiritedly frescoed with the Judgment of Paris—most Sicilians would have followed the Judgment of Paris. It is, I think, the only room I have ever dined in where the table was set diagonally. It ran the whole way from corner to corner of this very fine chamber, which was tiled with gorgeous old Spanish tiles, the special characteristic of which is that it generally takes a dozen or two to make one pattern.

Witheridge sniffed at the immaturity of the waiters, but was agreeably surprised with the variety of the food, though the fish came after the meat and the potatoes were an entrée. He took a healthy young appetite's pleasure in sampling raw tunny fish in oil, polenta, and other unfamiliar delicacies, and found a special fascination in pulling the little white figs off the straws on which they were strung. He looked as if he swallowed them whole. The wine included in our seven francs a day was drinkable, and syphons distinctly cheap—three-halfpence each. I could not honestly recommend the water, remembering that I had more than once seen women washing clothes in the aqueduct, when walking out to the Favara.

DOING PALERMO BY NIGHT

Stephana, being a Bostonian, was an indefatigable sight-seer: you only had to say that something typical was on the *tapis* for her to revive like a terrier at the cry of "Rats!"

IN SICILY

We could not go to bed directly we had swallowed our dinner, and when we suggested driving round to see some of the night sights of Palermo she assented eagerly. I am afraid that Witheridge, who had been taken round the slums of San Francisco by a detective, had formed an erroneous idea of what he was going to see.

"Hadn't we better leave the ladies at home?" he suggested.

Stephana's eloquent American blue eyes shot a look of unmeasured contempt. Cabs in Palermo cost only fourpence-halfpenny a drive between any two points in the city, and correspondingly little by the hour, but five of us squeezed into one and promised the man double fare, which was wholly unnecessary, but accorded with our notions of justice. We took one cab so that none of the company might lose the services of a cicerone who had been in Palermo twice before.

I did not know what degree of horrors Stephana was prepared to face in gathering fruit from the tree of knowledge, but I knew that she would see nothing worse than evil viands. You can go round any street of Palermo at night without seeing anything to shock or frighten you. You are not likely even to see quarrellers draw knives upon each other, though the murder-rate is high in Sicily. The poor Sicilian obeys the Horatian maxim, and does the dirty work of his drama off the stage. His drawing-room is outside his front door, and he uses it for sitting reposefully among his family. The women spin, and he smokes when he can afford it, and the children play round for all the world like so many little Japs. The Italians are certainly the Japs of Europe.

HOW THE POOR SICILIANS FEED

As the darkness draws on, the family retire inside to eat. Many poor Sicilians do no cooking for themselves. There are more chimneys in Palermo than there are in Syracuse, but the poor people are not their happy possessors. To make up for this, the city is full of cheap cookshops and cookstalls, where impossible-looking delicacies may be procured for a few centesimi. It was

COOKSHOPS AND FOOD STALLS

principally to see these in full blast, to see Palermo taking its evening meal, that I took the party out.

I told the driver to take us along the poor people's street to be found between the University and the Royal Palace, for there I knew that we were sure of plenty of life and colour. Their eating-shops and places of entertainment are marvellously like what one sees in Japan. The huge octagonal lamps which hang outside them, apart from their having glass sides instead of oiled paper, I have seen almost exactly counterparted at Ozaka, outside the abodes of the geisha; and the shop of the poor Sicilian will have a shrine at the back of it, from which I always half expected to see Ebisu or Daikoku, or one of the other Shinto gods of wealth, emerge.

THE COOKSHOPS

Some of the cookshops we passed were very fascinating. Their stoves were like huge cribbage boards, covered with fine old tiles of gorgeous colours, punched with rows of little holes filled with charcoal embers, upon which rested hammered copper vessels which would make Mr. Liberty's mouth water. The stockpans, likewise of copper, were often a yard long, though they were very flat. Above the stove would be ranges of glittering brass or copper plates and dishes, and valuable bowls of old Sicilian earthenware, which the proprietor could hardly be induced to sell. Their choice copper and earthenware form, as it were, the signboard of the house, and you often see hanging from the ceiling brazen lamps, so old in design that they look as if they ought to be hanging in a mosque.

FOOD STALLS—SICILY THE LAND OF STALLS

But you do not see queer foods so well in these brilliantly-lit cookshops, which are not, it must be remembered, restaurants. No food is consumed on the premises. You can get a more raking view of them on the stalls. Sicily is the land of stalls: there are water stalls; lemonade stalls; nut stalls; bean stalls; stalls for selling scents and sweets and toys, like a Japanese bazaar; stalls for selling raw

IN SICILY

beans and fennel; stalls for selling raw or cooked artichokes; stalls where you buy the insides of all the animal creation dipped in batter; stalls with plumes of dried grasses, where you buy fresh flowers; stalls where you buy soap and combs and daggery-looking knives. When we came to the broad street which runs almost at right angles with the Corso, we found stalls in swarms. The stall which Stephana liked best of all was a sort of tin muffin-man's basket with a stove hidden somewhere in it, and its centre a lake of seething greasy batter. Round its edge were hung salt and pepper-boxes, and on its top tray were a few battered articles as samples. They looked appetising but smelt appalling, though I do not fancy that their smell was anything compared with their composition. They were bits of the insides of animals and fish, which looked too revolting for human food till



Photo by the Author.

THE ARTICHOKE SELLER

they were concealed by a decent veil of batter. He kept them in another basket, and his clients, whose stomachs were sufficiently strong, would choose any kind of entrail for which they had a special partiality, and have it dipped into the batter before their eyes. The vendors of these were easily the most popular. Next to them came the vendors of cooked artichokes. The Sicilian crown artichoke is smaller and more walnut-shaped than ours. They were cooked in oil, which, by its smell, recalled the evil Sesame oil of the East, though I think it was only olive oil gone rancid. Only very poor Sicilians do much cooking with oil, except for one or two special articles. No hotel would confess to cooking with oil. The artichokes really looked very appetising. Third in order of popularity came raw fennel, chopped rather like celery. It was too early in the year to see people eating the raw pods of broad

THE WATER-SELLERS OF PALERMO



Photo by the Author.

FENNEL

beans. The artichoke and tunnel stalls were very much like our costermongers' barrows on a small scale, and most of them adorned with an oil flare. But in the matter of smartness of illumination they were hopelessly eclipsed by the water-carriers.

THE "ACQUA" MAN IN PALERMO

The water-carriers are exceedingly proud of their handsome brass drinking-tables, which vie with the painted carts for the honour of being the feature of Palermo. These little tables are

about a couple of feet high, a couple of feet long, and eighteen inches broad. They are

covered with hammered brass. Their spindly, girdered legs, which look like a model of the supporters of the Forth Bridge, are sometimes covered with brass, sometimes painted red, white, and blue. They are hung with bells and chains, which make a pleasant tinkling to announce the advent of water in a thirsty land. On their tops are frames with handsome brass bosses, something like the frames of our cruet-stands. In them are six or eight tumblers of lovely greenish blown glass, and from two to four decanters with long brass nozzles, containing lemon-juice, aniseed essence, and perhaps one or two other flavourings. From the sides hang little brass plates for handing the tumblers on. The water is carried in a huge pitcher with two great ears, of a classical Greek shape, holding three or four gallons, with a brass spout stuck into its mouth with a cork or a wet cloth. This is occasionally replaced by a syphon arrangement for pumping out the water. When he is moving, the water-carrier slings his stand in front of him, like an organ or a box

IN SICILY

of performing white rats, and trails his jar along by one ear in his left hand; occasionally, too, he carries the water-stand by the brass handle which rises in the middle, and he never stops calling "Acqua!" Palermo rings all day long with the "Acqua" of the water-sellers, and the "Ow-ow!" of the vegetable-sellers and drivers. The milk-seller does not have to make a noise; all his goats have bells round their necks, and they go to his customers of their own accord. To see the *acqua* man in all his glory, you must find him at night in a crowded thoroughfare, when he has his stall adorned with two fine brass lamps, resembling the great stern lanterns carried by men-of-war in Nelson's day.

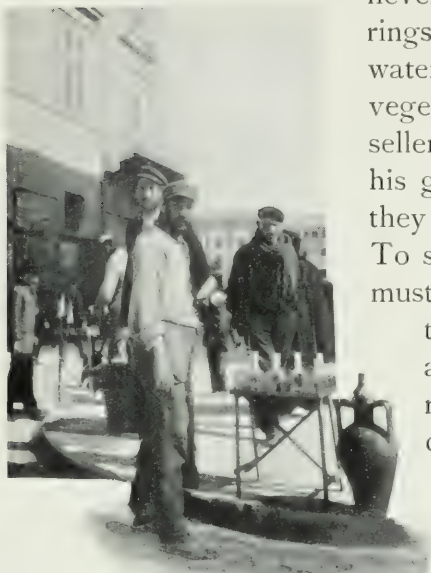


Photo by the Author.

THE ACQUA MAN

A POPULAR WINE SHOP

As we drove back, Stephana was much taken with the popular wine shop, which had a drinking scene carved over the lintel, rows of huge

barrels with their ends painted white and adorned with frescoes of popular saints, and rows of funny bottles and pewter *pizzipaperi*. The crowning touch was the professional letter-writer sitting at his table by the door, writing love-letters for people, who could neither write nor compose, to other people who would not be able to read them when they arrived. Lovers' correspondence is a very vicarious affair in Sicily.

When the people had bought their bread at one stall and their "battered entrails" at another, they carried them off to their homes, and as most of them lived in *bassi*, and dined with the fronts off these dwellings, we could see them at their meals without intruding as we drove slowly past. Their meals were very orderly proceedings, even if their fingers and methods of eating would not bear too close

SICILIAN BREAKFASTS

an inspection. The impression we carried home with us was a Teniers picture with an atmosphere of dim yellow lamp glare.

We did not stay out long—the glare soon began to die down. Stephana was enchanted with the Rembrandtesque colours, and thought that if the Dutch painters had painted Sicilians instead of Dutch women they might not have been so dull. But the impression she hugged closest to her Puritan-descended soul was the fact that so many of the wine shops sold bread also.

THE SICILIAN MOCKERY OF BREAKFAST

We did not take the matutinal coffee in our rooms because the Sicilian mockery of breakfast furnished us with a convenient opportunity for drawing-up the programme of the day. There was another reason. Stephana Heriot was one of those women who always seem to have got up in good time. No matter how early breakfast was fixed, her bright hair was well groomed, and everything about her as fresh as her fair cheeks. She was one of those women, moreover, who wake in a good humour.

Ergo, she and Witheridge breakfasted with us in the Sala da Mangiare, and not in their several rooms. The pension supplied bread and butter and tea and coffee of sorts, and we brought in copious libations of honey—sold no longer, alas! in the double-eared Greek jars which once brought the glamour of the South home to British matrons. Stephana and Witheridge had long since learned to eke out the Italian breakfast with honey. You can be surer of honey than anything else in Sicily. The Hyblæan honey itself came from the hills round Syracuse.

WHAT WITHERIDGE LIKED ABOUT THE PALACE

Witheridge had changed his mind about our new quarters. He was pleased all round with them. We could understand his being delighted with the palace, but his satisfaction with his bedroom was harder to appreciate. One of our party, who occupied the adjoining room, had been kept awake all night by the kicking of the horses in the stable underneath. Witheridge, who was very fond

IN SICILY

of horses, liked the kicking; he said that after a bit he could make out pretty nearly everything the horses were doing by the sounds, and it was a real treat. His pleasure was enhanced when he woke in the morning and threw open his shutters and found that his window overlooked the courtyard, where various stable operations were in progress most of the day. He liked the marble terrace, too, which connected the two side-wings of the palace between the



A PALERMO GARDEN

courtyard and the great lemon-garden. He liked the sundial, and the little red pitchers, (*pignatelli*) of the Monteleone arms, which are a play on the family name Pignatelli-Cortes. He took Stephana out on the terrace with the pride of an owner, to see the fine vases with which it was decorated (it was built of white marble), and two huge old jars shaped like amphoræ, which were said to ventilate the rain-water pipes in some mysterious way. He was very much struck by the variety of colour a lemon tree is capable of providing. On the trees below flourished at the same time

THE GARDEN OF THE PALAZZO MONTELEONE

pure white flowers and golden fruit, and leaves, pink, brown, and autumn green, according to their age, the brown leaves being young and the pink very little shoots. Gloire de Dijon roses scrambled up to the tops of some of them, and they were interspersed with the dark green foliage and bunches of yellowing fruit of the nespoli (Japanese medlar tree). He pointed out with equal, or perhaps deeper interest, that a brute of a pony which was being groomed in the courtyard had something wrong with its off hind leg. After which he gave up his attention to the stable and smoking. He seemed rather to expect Stephana to watch the stable in silent satisfaction at being near him. He was willing to do anything that Stephana asked him, but considered that she, as well as he, was fortunate in their engagement.

STEPHANA'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS WITHERIDGE

Stephana was quite fond of him, and was sure that he would be a good man to go through life with, but with American shrewdness she recognised that she need not admire him in his present rôle of sight-seer, that this, like the chrysalis stage of a butterfly, had to be got through somehow. Seeing that he was a bad sight-seer, or at any rate but half-hearted as an archæologist, she made few demands upon him in this direction. But she had no hesitation in doing without his company. It is the prerogative of the American woman to consider herself first. Stephana meant to do Sicily as thoroughly as she could do it in our company. She had allowed Witheridge to make one of the party because he wanted to, and she was engaged to him, and because his presence would not make the smallest difference to her doing anything she wanted to. She did not expect him to be her slave, which some American girls expect from their lovers, but she did not mean to obey him, at all events until they were married. "I'm going over the palace," she announced, and asked me how she should set about it. I took her over the parts which were open to the boarders.

"I should like to begin at my bedroom," she observed, "but I suppose we must end with it. I'll give the waiter a lira to get it done

IN SICILY

right away. There's a thing I can't make out at all on the ceiling ; it comes out of one of the walls, and looks like a tail without any head."

As I knew that the other and essential part of the design was on the ceiling of our bedroom, the wall which divided them having been built up since the days when they both formed the Duke's library, I asked my wife to give the waiter another lira to hurry up with our room.

The double tip was quite unnecessarily large ; but it would not be wasted, it would show him that we were nice people.

OUR DINING-ROOM

So we began by considering the " Judgment of Paris," on the dining-room ceiling. It really was very effectively painted, with quite a Villa-Farnesina touch, and without any indelicacy, which can by no means always be said of Sicilian palace frescoes. When we tired of craning our heads upwards, I pointed out the splendour of the great blue and orange and white Spanish tiles on the floor ; and the sweep of ancient roofs extending all the way from the window opposite the terrace to the museum which occupied the convent buildings next to the famous Olivella Church, whose pinnacles peeped in, in the most friendly way, at every window our palace had on that side.

From the Sala da Mangiare a suite of ante-rooms, one of them opening on to the inconsequential staircase of our mighty building, conducted us to the sun gallery and the salone. The sun gallery, six or eight feet wide and glazed over, ran the whole length of the inside of the front block of the palace. From it opened off the salone and some of the bedrooms.

THE SALONE

The salone, like the ballroom, which is our dining-room, was handsomely frescoed, but without similar reserve in the choice of subject, and the principal bedrooms also had their frescoed ceilings, but with conventional patterns instead of pictures.

The salone is a very interesting room to those who are not familiar with the palaces of Sicilian nobles. The great central ottoman sur-

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermerhorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERHORN STREET.



THE INNER CLOISTER OF THE MUSEUM (Aug. 29, 1901)

Photo by J. H. H. H.

LIFE IN THE PIAZZA

mounted by a vase, the long mirrors reaching from the ceiling to the marble bracket tables supported by gilt lions' legs, the huge rich crimson curtains, were all left in their places when the descendant of Cortes let his palace to be turned into a pension.

THE VIEW FROM THE SALONE

Except when processions are passing through the streets, the Sicilian does not look outward from his palace windows; he gets his air from his courtyard or his garden. Otherwise such a noble building as the Monteleone Palace would never have looked out on such an ignoble square as the Monteleone Piazza, the dwellings surrounding which are the poorest of the poor. The *salone* had two shallow balconies looking out on the piazza, which I used at odd times and from which I learned a good deal of the life of the poor Palermitan. The well in the centre had been covered in and provided with a pump, in the course of modern improvements. Jappy little children—the tiniest girls with dresses down to their feet, the boys in a disconnected flutter of rags—played all day long round that pump. I have seen the same thing happen opposite the Hotel des Anglais at Nice, and opposite the Grand Parade at Brighton. Water is the universal toy, not denied to the very poorest, except in London in the height of summer. Right opposite the windows was a humble inn, which sometimes reminded me so much of the tea-houses frequented by sailors in Yokohama that I half expected to see rikshas drive up. They did an incessant business, though there did not seem to be any drinking on the premises. You can see a great deal of life in Sicily, for the poor people live with their doors or their French windows wide open, and do any little cooking they have to do, outside, on ridiculous little stoves warmed with a spoonful of charcoal fanned into flame by a baby with a palm leaf. If you looked down the street your horizon was shut in by noble, hot, brown mountains; if you looked up, the deep blue sky struggled to get to you between the tall dark houses and yellow pinnacles. The sunny air was always laden with the musical cries of the vegetable-sellers carrying artichokes and green and white fennel, and broccoli, white and green and brown and purple. Perhaps it was

IN SICILY

broccoli, perhaps it was cauliflower, I am not housekeeper enough to know ; I know that their size and richness of colour would have been inconceivable to me before I had been to Sicily. It is only on the outskirts of the city that you see the gorgeous yellow carts drawn by red-plumed horses ; in the city itself hand-barrows are the mode. The people in the little houses round the piazza, like all the other poor people in Palermo, kept fowls in their houses, which were aired all day long in crates outside their doors. They did not do much slicing of orange and lemon peel, because that requires space for the drying trays, but goats came there twice a day. Grand places like Palermo have milk twice a day, a very important thing with goats' milk, which is delicious when fresh-drawn, and strong an hour or two afterwards. We did not stay long on the balcony, it was not sunny at that hour.

WHAT WENT ON IN OUR SMALL CORTILE

But, as we made our way back to the Sala da Mangiare, we stood long while at the window which looked on the small cortile, where a cabinet-maker and a mason had hired *bassi* and pursued their trades with long-drawn-out industry, and where a van with a hundred chairs on it was unloading to supply the sitting accommodation for a meeting of Signor Crispi's supporters. The chairs for public meetings are always sent out packed in blocks of a hundred each, like a Chinese puzzle. One small van and one small horse, or even a donkey, transports them, and our palace gates were so lofty that the tall pile passed in with ease. Some of the delegates were already hanging about, fat men in black frock-coats and trousers and ties, and black bowler hats—black seems as necessary to the self-respecting politician in Italy as it is to the self-respecting Jewish agriculturist in Russia. When we got back to the Sala da Mangiare the waiter came forward with a great flourish, and flung the doors of our bedrooms wide open to show us that they were ready.

STEPHANA'S ROOM IN THE MONTELEONE PALACE

Even a vast Sicilian bedroom in Stephana's hands had the daintiness you would have expected of such a charming woman. It was

A SICILIAN KINDERGARTEN

not for nothing that she carried such ark-like trunks. She made her room her own with the multifold knickknacks of an American woman wherever she went, and she helped the Sicilian railways to pay a dividend.

"You must look at my window before you pronounce upon my ceiling," she cried; "there is a clump of stone pines opposite to it which I just love. They seem to me the very sign manual of Italy and Sicily, and the lemon trees come so close that I could almost help myself to fruit and flower. The scent is so rich that I can scarcely keep my window open at night."

THE ARMS OF CORTES

It was certainly lovely to sit back a yard or two and see as it were a vista of fruiting and flowering lemon-trees and dark nespoli framed in the window. Then we looked at the ceiling. There was not much to be made of the flourish of scroll-work which alone came into Stephana's half of the ceiling fresco; but when we took her round into our half it explained itself easily enough, for there was a huge coat-of-arms embodying all the quarterings which the amalgamated family of Pignatelli-Cortes were entitled to bear, with the inscription that Giuseppe Pignatelli-Cortes, Duke of Monteleone, had painted the said coat-of-arms with his own hand in the year 1821. This was the same Duke, I take it, whose portrait hung in the ante-room at the head of the stairs. The Duke's library was a fine vaulted chamber of the height and breadth of the ballroom, and made two delightful bedrooms. We stepped out through the open window of our room on to the white marble terrace, where we found Witheridge still smoking, and apparently with his gaze unshifted since we had left him.

A SICILIAN GIARDINO D'INFANZIA (*Kindergarten*)

But this was not the case. He was bubbling over with the sights he had seen, in the assembling of the kindergarten, the Giardino d'Infanzia da Feltre. "I wonder who Feltre is," he said, "with such a swell lot of kids to come to his garden? There have been half

IN SICILY

a dozen private omnibuses marked with his name bringing them here. There they are in the yard, waiting till it's time to take the kids away again. Some of the little chaps have come with field officers' orderlies, others with their nurses and governesses. They are all very smart, and every one of them has brought a basket with his lunch and a satchel with his books. There are girls too, scores of them. I don't want to go out ; there's something to watch all the time here."

"Oh yes, Ralph," said Stephana, "you had better come ; we are going to drive all round the city to-day, and see the outside of things worth examining, and then, you know, we can do the examining as we like. We shall know what there is to see."

Witheridge surrendered with good grace, though one could see how loath he was to leave that gleaming marble terrace with its vases of red cactus ranged on the pedestals of the balustrade, and its green, glazey pots overflowing with deep red carnations, stuck on the spikes which divided the kindergarten from the pension. He liked the handsome surroundings. And, as he said, the kids, and the horses in the yard, and the gardener-chap mussing round the well with sick plants, interested him a lot more than old churches.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LIONS OF PALERMO

OUR QUARTER OF PALERMO

STEPHANA was wildly excited about seeing Palermo. A Palermo cab is first rate for this sort of thing, because it hardly goes faster than a walk, and you can be watching all the time instead of picking your way. We proposed to take them a general drive round the city, pointing out the various objects of interest, which were to be examined at their leisure.

Old Palermo, the city within the walls, very obligingly divides itself into four parts. If you had arranged it with a compass, you could hardly have deposited the Quattro Canti, where the two main streets, the Corso and the Via Macqueda, cut each other, more exactly in the centre of the city. We determined to take the city in quarters, and begin with our own, that which lay between the Via Macqueda and the Cala, and the Corso and the Via Cavour.

We started past the Olivella Church, and the Museum (in the convent of the Oratory of the Filippini) next door to it, into the Via Bara, which leads from the Olivella to the Opera House. As we debouched into the Via Macqueda the vast theatre rose before us in all its magnificence; it is imposing enough for a city of a million inhabitants. We turned sharp to the left into the Via Macqueda, in fact the cabman took us there of his own accord. No matter where you tell a Palermo cabby to drive to, he always takes the Via Macqueda in incidentally. He was distinctly disappointed when only a few yards down I bade him turn into the Via Trabia, which runs parallel with the Via Monteleone. The Via Trabia is one of the

IN SICILY

old streets, and it contains the Trabia palace, one of the best kept-up in the city, now occupied by the Conte Mazarino, head of the family which gave France Cardinal Mazarin. In the continuation of this street, known as the Via S. Basilio, we drove past the twelfth-century tower of the Palazzo Pietrotagliata, the oldest palace in the city still inhabited by a noble, and the little courtyard of the S. Basilio convent, which has a beautiful Sicilian-Gothic window. A turn to the left into the Via Bandiera brought us to the Piazza S. Domenico, one of the principal rendezvous of the city. The church is fine from its very size, and old, and is the Santa Croce of Sicily, where her most distinguished patriots and poets are buried. It has rather a nice old cloister, and the little oratory of S. Rosario adjoins it. It was as usual full of life, but we did not stop to watch the street sights, but drove down the hill past the pretty little Piazza S. Andrea and the charming Renaissance Gothic church of S. Giacomo alla Marina, whose battered front, with

the little balcony adjoining, forms one of the favourite subjects of painters, into the Piazza Fonderia, which has an old arcaded house-porch in its angle, and is shaded by pepper trees, a pretty bit of colour with their pale green leaves and bunches of pink berries. From the Fonderia a short turn took us to the quays of the Cala, the ancient Arabic port of Palermo, all that remains of the all-haven — Panormus — of the ancients. It does not look much like an all-haven now, for its two great arms, which ran right up to the Papireto and the Villa



Photo by

[the Author.]

THE HOUSE WITH THE ARCADED PORCH
IN THE PIAZZA FONDERIA

d'Orleans respectively, were reclaimed and built over in Saracen times. Stephana fairly screamed with delight at the picturesqueness of the Cala, with the old arcades of the Castello, and the exquisitely light

ITINERARY OF PALERMO

façade of S. Maria della Catena guarding its mouth, and its quay lined with tall feluccas, from which stage-bandits in red fishermen's caps were carrying huge jars of antique shapes. The principal shops for the pottery and tiles which play such a very prominent part in Palermo are all round the Cala, and Stephana promised her self a leisurely visit to buy jars, which she had no possible means of taking home. Once upon a time the chain, which gives the church its name, stretched across the mouth of the Cala, a time-honoured way of protecting harbours in Italy, as witness the great chain of Pisa captured by the triumphant Genoese. From the Cala turning to the left we drove past the backs of a street of old palaces on the one hand, and past the tiny sixteenth-century church of Piedigrotta and the little wooden temples of the fish salesmen, and all that Garibaldi left of the great old Castello-a-Mare, on the other, and turned up again past the Piazza of the Thirteen Victims to the elegant Renaissance church of S. George of the Genoese. Thence we drove along the Via Bandini to see the Late Gothic church of the Annunziata, now a conservatory of music, and up the Via Cavour which divides the new quarter of Palermo from the city wall; not forgetting to point out the stately red and white Venetian palace of Mr. Joshua Whitaker just before we branched off to the left into the Via Gagini, that Stephana might see the back of our palace and the two old houses where the tile with the coat of arms of the owner may still be seen on the right hand of the doorway. This good old custom has almost been obliterated by the rage of local collectors to possess these tiles. At Siena numbers of them are still to be seen *in situ*. The Via Gagini brought us back to the Piazza S. Domenico, and this time we drove along the Via Roma, the new street which they are making, noting on our way the old awning-covered market on our left and the little church of S. Antonio at the corner of the Corso, wrecked by an earthquake about a century ago, but still retaining a few of the features which made it, until then, the rival of the Martorana and S. Cataldo. Here we left the cab for a little to make a foot excursion through the funny old market into the long, narrow, winding street of the silversmiths, a very disappointing affair, and the quaint

IN SICILY

Piazza Garraffello and the Via Cassari, which is more modern, but contains the best shops for buying the very elegant cheap pottery of Palermo, still made in noble antique shapes, though without the



Photo by the Author.

A POTTERY SHOP IN THE VIA CASSARI

charming colouring of the Syracusan ware. Between these streets and the Corso there are a nest of ancient and sometimes very evil-smelling streets. One of them, that of the old-clothes-sellers, even I was afraid to go down for fear of germs. At the bottom of the Via Cassari we walked round the vast and splendid palace, which contains the Bank of Italy and other financial institutions, and picked up our cab, which I had sent round to meet us at the Corso entrance to the

palace. Jumping in, we drove up as far as the tiny piazza, from which the Salita S. Antonio goes off. Here again we left our cab, telling it to drive round and meet us at the foot of the steps which led down to the Via Macqueda.

Stephana was enchanted with the walk which lay before us. The Salita is a queer, winding, climbing street, and after we had gone a hundred yards or so up, we suddenly came upon the wonderful Norman house, with its rows of windows more richly moulded than any in Palermo, except those round the cortile in the Palace of the Inquisition. Beyond it we came upon several quaint or stately old convents, until, near the shop where the man skins domestic cats and dyes them into door-rugs, we came to the head of the steps which brought us down to where our cab was waiting for us in the Via Macqueda.

Having marked down the most striking objects for further examination in our quarter, we proceeded before lunch to examine the quarter across the Via Macqueda, that which lay east and west between the Macqueda and the Papireto, and north and south between the Corso and the part of the old city wall adjoining the Opera House.

THE SIGHTS OF THE CATHEDRAL QUARTER

THE SIGHTS OF THE CATHEDRAL QUARTER

We drove along the Macqueda to the Quattro Canti and turned up the Corso, noticing the fine Geraci palace now devoted to the New Club, and the Jesuit College now devoted to the National Library, and some charming little by-streets which we did not pause to examine, for we were all in a hurry to get to the cathedral, and the beautiful piazza filled with palms and smilax, and surrounded by a statue-crowned balustrade. Stephana was enraptured, as no one has ever failed to be, with the glorious cathedral, which would be almost one of the most beautiful in Europe if some imbecile in the last century had not destroyed its wonderful grace of outline by clapping a dome on the top. He could not destroy the effect of that long sweep of orange-tawny stone, rich with Arabic ornament; but he did his best outside, and he succeeded inside. Except for the benitiers and the royal tombs, the inside of the cathedral might have been built at the same time as the railway station.

We did not go inside, but pursued our itinerary along the Via Bonella between the cathedral and the vast palace of the archbishop, which has a few beautiful Gothic details still left, such as the window decorated by Gagini, and is connected with the cathedral by an aerial bridge flanked with delightful turrets. The adjoining infirmary for priests has a Gothic window head preserved in its façade. All this part of Palermo is intensely interesting; there is the fine ruin of the Norman chapel of the Incoronata behind the cathedral, and a beautiful Renaissance doorway to the old monastery opposite just where the steps climb the agave-planted mound which once was the shore of the Papireto, the papyrus marsh at the head of the northern arm of the ancient harbour. Close by is the Convent of the Incoronata, not interesting architecturally. Opposite the Papireto I pointed out to Stephana a little blind alley leading to the nuns' house where the great vine crosses the street, and the tiny ancient church of S. Cristina la Vetere, which still has all its Norman features intact, and easily traceable under the plaster.

IN SICILY

We turned our cab round for a few minutes and drove back to the Corso, and then up. I wished to give Stephana a first glimpse of the long irregular line of the Royal Palace rising above the serried banks of agave, and culminating in its oldest point—the ancient Norman tower of S. Nimfa—though it did not belong to the quarter we were examining at the moment.

“Where is the Cappella Reale?” she cried. “You always spoke of that as if it was *the* thing in Palermo.” I was forced to confess that the Cappella Reale has no exterior beyond a corridor on one side which looks into the courtyard of the palace, though in the time of Hugo Falcandus it was still, according to Freeman, “standing free, showing its simple cupola.” We drove through the tall Spanish Porta Nuova and between the house with the beautiful modern frieze of carved children, and the *carabinieri* barracks which contain the ruined but reparable Norman chapel of the Maddalena, turned down into the new street along the line of the wall, the Corso Alberto Amedeo, to get back round the Papireto to the Via Bonella. We drove about a little among the queer old streets which lay between us and the Via Candelai, where I did not forget to point out the imposing fragment of the alleged old Phœnician wall. From this we made our way back to the Macqueda. There are many interesting old palaces, fallen from their sixteenth and seventeenth century estate, and some very typical poor folks’ streets in this region. The streets themselves occupy the sites of the streets laid out by the Saracens a thousand years ago, but it is difficult to find any architectural remains older than the sixteenth century in this quarter, though in the Via S. Agostino, which was our next excursion off the Macqueda in order that we might show Stephana the principal and most unpicturesque market—the Mercato Nuovo, there are most delightful Gothic details in the church of S. Agostino, famous for its rose window, which has a cloister of later date now used as a police barrack. There are some Gothic windows in a corner house of this street, but a much better street for Gothic houses is the Via del Celso, which has at its Via Macqueda end a very large house with a Sicilian-Gothic façade, and contains the much later but decidedly interesting

THE SARACENIC CISTERNS OF PALERMO

interior of the Trabia e Silvera Palace. Sicilians are famous for their rose windows; many churches have them in their west ends, which look more like our east ends. Quite close to S. Agostino, facing the market, is the beautiful little Renaissance church of S. Marco—the church of the Venetian merchants in Palermo—used with characteristic irreverence as a furniture manufactory.

Between S. Agostino and the Opera House I made the cabman drive us about through some of the worst and most picturesque rookeries in Palermo, and when we emerged from them, directed him to turn up and drive along the fine fragment of the old wall which is still preserved here with some waste land round it.

A PALERMO CISTERN

It was here that Stephana first noticed a Palermo cistern. Cisterns, carts, and water-carriers are the three features of Palermo which impress themselves most upon the tourist. The cisterns are adorably picturesque; they may be twenty feet high or more, and they were all built by or copied from the Arabs. Outwardly they look like irregular towers and steeples built of crumbling plaster, bearded with long tendrils of maidenhair fern. Some of them, right in the heart of the city, are almost covered with maidenhair. Inside they consist of clusters of pipes, arranged, I believe, something like organ pipes, by which a fresh impetus is given to the water brought by the aqueducts from the mountains. There are hundreds of them, and seeing this one reminded me to drive back home by way of the Via Cavour and the Via Gagini, so as to see the interior of the water-tower almost opposite Mr. Joshua Whitaker's palace—a dripping Venus's cavern of maidenhair.

Lunch is an elastic meal at the pension in the Monteleone Palace: you are entitled to your *plat* of soup, your *plat* of meat, your vegetables, your cheese, your fruit, your wine—a menu with the choice of half a dozen kinds of meat is brought to you, and you order; but it is wise to order some little time before you want it.

IN SICILY

THE PIAZZA MARINA QUARTER

We had determined to itinerize all Palermo, at any rate all within the walls, that day, so we ordered our cab round directly after lunch, and went off to tackle the third quarter—that between the Via Macqueda and the Marina—east and west, and the Corso, and the portion of the walls opposite the railway station, north and south. And here let me give a warning to the unwary tourist never to take a cab from the railway station unless he is compelled to by having luggage, for there are special fares to and from the station much to the advantage of the cabman. All he has to do is to cross the road and take his cab inside the line of walls.

Much to the vexation of the cabman, who would have liked to begin in proper style along the Via Macqueda, we made him drive downhill again to the head of the Cala, so that Stephana might enjoy the Easternness and picturesqueness of the tall feluccas with red-capped crews, and the long strings of gorgeous Palermo carts carrying away tiles and jars. I was glad to go this route too, to draw attention to the pretty old fountain and the backs of the palaces looking over the port near S. Maria della Catena, which abound in artistic beauties. The sweep round them, and by the portico of this church, the most graceful portico in Palermo, into the Corso, is very fine. Here again we shocked the cabman's feelings because we did not turn into the Piazza Marina, which comes next in their estimation to the Via Macqueda, but made him turn down the Corso, past the house, half-way down the last block on the right-hand side going towards the sea, where Goëthe lived in his Palermo days. Immediately afterwards we found ourselves in the tiny Piazza di S. Spirito, with its elegant fountain and its house of the beheaded Moor, and a moment later we passed through the tall and really rather absurd Porta Felice, which is only redeemed by the handsomeness of the Spanish coats-of-arms which hang about here. There is no top to the gate, because if there were, S. Rosalia's car could not pass through it; and the adjoining bit of the city wall has been pierced with arches and otherwise tortured.

THE MARINA OF PALERMO

THE VIEW FROM THE MARINA

What did we care? We were on the most beautiful sea esplanade in Europe, known variously as the Marina and the Foro Italico. It is in reality incomparably beautiful, for in front of it stretches away from the old, yellow sea-wall the blue Bay of Palermo, bounded at its north end by Monte Pellegrino, the crown-shaped mountain which Goëthe said had no equal, and at its south-east end by the camel-backed Monte Zafferana, and a swarm of smaller hills of such pyramidal symmetry that they might be the tents of an army of giants. All the way along the kindly old wall has its top hollowed out into a luxurious lounge-backed seat where picturesque paupers sit and smoke or talk, according as they have or have not tobacco. That is the seaward view, the bluest of bays, almost surrounded by a torc of mountains conspicuous for the loveliness of their shapes. Landwards the view is a match. As we sat on the sea-wall, about the centre, we could see to our right the long line of the Butera Palace, now belonging to the Prince of Trabia, in Nelson's time the property of that Prince of Butera who was the chosen friend of the (king and) queen. In those days the palace included what is now the Hotel Trinacria. But it is still one of the largest palaces in Palermo. To our left was the lofty terraced pile of the palace which now belongs to the Princess Baucino, and occupies probably the site of the palace where Sir William and Lady Hamilton let the great admiral make his home in Palermo. Colour is lent to this theory by the fact that the British Consulate was for many years in the adjoining house. Between the two palaces is the imposing fortified arch of the Porta dei Greci. Beyond and behind all is a glorious ring of mountains, finer in their outline than the Apennines. You can see the mountains or the sea at the end of almost every street in Palermo, except the little sunken streets that the Saracens laid out in what had been the arms of the harbour. Between us and the two palaces rose the fine terrace, balustraded with marble and topped with trees, which makes the Marina at Palermo so imposing. At the back of them was the palace inhabited by Lord William Bentinck during the years in which he was the virtual dictator of Sicily.

IN SICILY

We drove to the end of the Foro Italico, and then returned up the Via Lincoln, as far as the Porta Reale, almost opposite the spot where the public garden known as the Flora or the Villa Giulia, and the Botanical Gardens are separated from each other by a railing.

Here we turned back to the Piazza della Kalsa. In Saracen times the whole of this quarter, through which both the Romans and the Normans took Palermo, was known as the Khalesa. Thence we went to look at the Bentinck Palace, now fallen from high estate, not far from the corner where the Via Alloro divides the Via Torremuzza and the Via Butera.

The Via Alloro is one of the finest old streets in Palermo. At the corner where we turned up into it is the Monastero della Pietà, the ancient part of which is the Palazzo Abatelli, with a splendid embattled tower, the best-preserved mediæval palace exterior in the city. Next to that, still on our left, is the old Gothic church known as the Gancia—the people's church—famous in the annals of revolution. A little higher up on the same side is the palace now used by the Istituto Randazzo, which has a beautiful double open-air staircase at the end of its cortile; indeed, it is one of the most elegant Renaissance staircases in Europe. This old street, which is full of palaces, conducted us into the Piazza Aragona, where we found the battered old Neptune water-seller's stand still in picturesque decay and holding together. In the adjoining Piazza della Croce dei Vespri we came upon the cross (a copy—the original erected in the eighteenth century is now in the museum) which marked where the Frenchmen murdered in the Sicilian Vespers were many of them buried. A tame raven, belonging to a cobbler, the ancient bird of slaughter, spends a good deal of his time on this monument. On one side of the piazza stands the palace of Prince Ganci, one of the best examples of the baroque style so popular in Sicily, especially in Palermo. From here we made our way through a network of funny old streets into the Via Calderai, which is full of the workshops of coppersmiths, the coppersmiths who make the Oriental-looking Palermo coffee-pots, and have a separate tariff for foreigners.

The cabman gave a little gasp of pleasure as we debouched

ITINERARY OF PALERMO

from the street of the coppersmiths into the Via Maqueda, but his satisfaction was, as usual, short-lived, for we turned back again at the next corner into the piazza where the lovely old mosque-like churches of the Martorana and S. Cataldo face the Teatro Bellini, and S. Caterina—the celebrated baroque church whose walls look like magnified mosaic pavements. Here we left the disconsolate



S. CATALDO

Photo by J. J. J. J.

IN SICILY

Jehu, while we climbed up into the Piazza Pretoria to look at the huge hideous fountain surrounded by monsters, and the fine but forlorn old palace of some duke adjoining that corner of the Quattro Canti. From this we made our way through to the Corso, where I had told the cabman to meet us, and drove down the Corso to the Piazza Marina to see the splendid palm trees of the Giardino Garibaldi, and the glorious old Palace of the Inquisition, the most imposing of all Palermitan palaces outside, with its enormous height and windows of rich Sicilian-Gothic, and the pink and orange tints of its ancient masonry. From here we drove up past some fine new palaces to the ruined palace at the corner of the Via Lungarini, where we turned off into the Vico Merlo, which took us into the Via Cintorinai, where it faces the beautiful Gothic west front of S. Francesco. Thence we turned to our left into the Via Cintorinai. Close here is the superb Renaissance palace which once belonged to Prince Cattolica, and is now occupied by business houses, a building whose size recalls our Foreign Office, and whose cortile in size and beauty is one of the finest in all Italy.

We left the cab in the street while we were peeping into the palace, and when we picked it up again drove on to the interesting three-cornered Piazza della Rivoluzione, in the centre of which rises a grotesque old figure known as the genius of Palermo. Looking on the genius is the quaint old palace of the Trigona family, with some fine Gothic details, and the most interesting street picture of the Virgin in a city where she has a picture at the corner of nearly every street, with a little lamp hung underneath it and tapers guttering in front of it. Almost immediately adjoining this, in the Via Garibaldi, is the noble and vast Palazzo Aiutamicristo, now occupied partly by the Court of Appeal and partly by the Count Tasca, which has numerous Gothic window mouldings on its street face. We drove on through the Porta Garibaldi, and up the Via Lincoln to the Porta S. Agata, passing on the way the Porta S. Antonino, which divides the Via Macqueda from the Via Oreto. The Via Macqueda divides the Piazza Marina quarter from the Royal Palace quarter.

THE ROYAL PALACE QUARTER

THE FOURTH QUARTER—THE ROYAL PALACE QUARTER

The Porta S. Antonino is the best known of all the gates of Palermo, because it leads to the railway station. In interest it is not worth mentioning beside the Porta S. Agata, which is much the finest architecturally—a lovely old dark archway in the Arabo-Norman style, with an old shrine above its inner face and an old

lantern swinging in the archway, and magnificent pieces of the city wall stretching on either side, with the usual accompaniment of rope-walks.

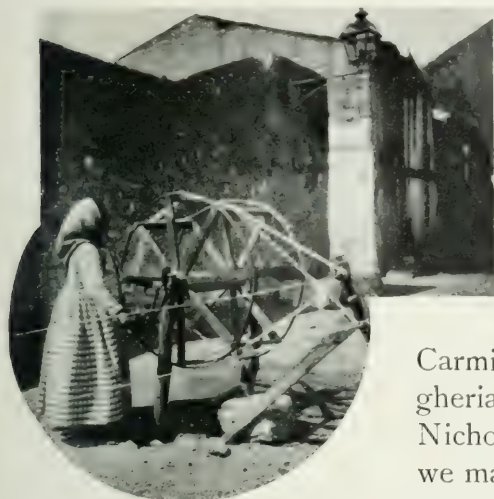


Photo by [the Author.]
THE ROPE-WALK BY THE PORTA S. AGATA

As we entered the gate we saw the ridiculous but picturesquely coloured dome of the great Carmine Church, and, driving on into the broad Piazza of the

Carmine, turned up into the Via Albergheria as far as the ancient tower of S. Nicholas with its flood mark. From here we made our way through a nest of small streets to the Via Porta di Castro, one of the main streets of the old town, and

turning off it, took the Via Benfratelli to the corner of the Via Biscodari. In their angle stands another of the old Gothic palaces of Palermo, in picturesque decay—the Palazzo del Conte Federigo with its mediæval tower.

THE PALAZZO SCLAFANI

Continuing up the Via Biscodari, a most unpromising street for a cab, we came to a little piazza called after some victims, and dominated by the magnificent Palazzo Sclafani, which is now a barrack. The coat-of-arms over the entrance is very fine and beautiful, and there is a noble range of Sicilian-Gothic windows facing the lane on the east side. It was built in the fourteenth century, and contains the finest fresco in Sicily—Antonio Crescenzo's "Triumph of Death."

IN SICILY

The west side of the Sclafani Palace fronts the Piazza della Vittoria, the largest in the city, the whole of the opposite side of which is occupied by the Royal Palace, while the Prefettura stands on the north side. Almost next to the Sclafani Palace is the very interesting and elegant little Spanish chapel known as the Cappella del Solidad, which owns the famous image of our Lord lying on a bier which is carried round the city in the great Good Friday procession. We drove up the south side of the square, under the lofty new buildings of the palace so successfully erected in the ancient style a few years ago. It is difficult to believe now that the sea came up to the bases of

the rock here, but the sea-marks are quite plain on the rocks under the exquisite little mosque-like church of S. Giovanni dei Eremiti, a few yards away, and for half a mile or a mile further in the garden of the Duc d'Orleans. S. Giovanni dei Eremiti is the most Arabic-looking building in Palermo, with its five red Saracen domes; it has an exquisite cloister, the best in Sicily, after Monreale, in point of beauty, the Sicilian cloisters being apt to be Renaissance rather than Arabo-Norman.

We drove past the Eremiti to the Porta Mazzara, the oldest in Palermo, and the one in which the Arab influence is shown most strongly. Adjoining it is the most beautiful piece of the ancient city wall. We drove round the wall right and left of the gate, and then turned up to the Corso Tukery to drive between the gardens of the Royal Palace and the palace and the park of the Duc d'Orleans, across the Piazza d'Indipendenza into the Corso Calatafimi. This

TAV. VI



A. Torzani del.

Porta Mazzara e Mura

THE PORTA MAZZARA AND THE CITY WALL
From "*La Topografia Antica di Palermo*," by
Vincenzo di Giovanni

ROUND THE PIAZZA BOLOGNI

is divided from the Corso proper by the stately Porta Nuova, a lofty and splendid gate in the Spanish style, roofed with brilliant tiles. We drove through the gate into the Corso to make our way home. Opposite the cathedral I stopped the cab to show Stephana the late quarters of the Rebecchino restaurant, which was formerly a sort of annex or guest-house of the Royal Palace. Its exterior has now been restored out of recognition, but in 1896, when I was in Palermo, it still had chambers of faded regal magnificence. Almost immediately below it I showed Stephana the palace, with a very good cortile, now used for a military printing office. Then we turned up the Via Protonotaro, not far from the Piazza Bologni, to see the façade with its Sicilian-Gothic windows of the little church of the Saviour founded by Robert Guiscard, opposite which there is a Renaissance palace with a good cortile. Driving on to the end of the street, we turned down to the left, past the beautiful Gothic façade of the Palazzo Speciale, into the Piazza Bologni, coming out just opposite the General Post Office. On our side of the square there was a great grim palace occupying the whole side. It was the Villafranca Palace, which has a tablet to say that Garibaldi rested there after his march from Gibilrossa and the battle which sealed the fate of Palermo. Garibaldi doubtless chose his resting-place advisedly, for the grandfather of the present owner, Prince d'Uccia, was the celebrated reformer Villafranca, though his reforms have brought little good to Sicily. Witheridge asked what the house with the nicely carved doors at the corner was; that interested him more. It was the Unione Club. Stephana was more interested in Reber's, the bookseller's shop by the opposite corner of the Piazza and the Corso. It was hard to get her past the tempting window, full of books and photographs of Sicily, till I mentioned the magic word "tea," which is seldom without its due effect on a woman. After that the cabman was allowed to drive as merrily as a Sicilian horse will go down the Corso to the Quattro Canti, along the Macqueda to the Via Bandiera, across the nameless streets to our palace door. We had put a girdle round about—not the earth, nor even the present city of Palermo—but round the old Palermo which lay within the mediæval walls.

IN SICILY

The reader who follows this itinerary faithfully, and bears in mind that almost any of the unimproved winding streets is full of charming bits of history, will, at the end of a month, know his Palermo better than most men know their native town. But let me warn him of one plaguy habit to which the Sicilians, even more than other Italians, are prone, they alter the name of a palace with every change of owner. To them Buckingham Palace would imply that somebody named Buckingham lived there.



Photo by Pelos.

THE FAMOUS TERRA-COTTAS DISCOVERED AT SOLUNTO, THE SICILIAN POMPEII

SIGHTS IN THE ENVIRONS

SIGHTS IN THE ENVIRONS

ON THE SEA ROAD

For the convenience of the reader I will add a brief résumé of the places of interest outside Palermo on the various routes. On the sea-road leading from the Foro Italico (the Marina) to Bagheria, a suburb full of the villas of the nobility, and Solunto, the Sicilian Pompeii, which lie ten or twelve miles out, the principal objects of interest are the public garden known as the Flora or Villa Giulia and the Botanical Garden adjoining it, a couple of corsairs' towers, and a few fine villas of the last century in the villages just before you come to Bagheria.

ON THE ROAD FROM THE PORTA GARIBALDI

The road leading out of the Porta Garibaldi, the Corso dei Mille, named after Garibaldi's famous thousand volunteers, with whom he freed Sicily, leads to the Ponte del Ammiraglio, a steep-pitched Norman bridge built by the Admiral George of Antioch, eight hundred years ago. The peculiarity of the bridge is that the River Oreto, which it was built to span, has chosen a new course, and left it high and dry. Close by, on the banks of the river, is the dear little church of S. Giovanni Decollato, which has a charming garden, and a preposterous fresco of martyrs boiling in oil on its garden wall, which perhaps expresses the fact that the martyrs of Sicilian liberty, as well as executed criminals, were buried here. There are also several dear little wayside shrines in the neighbourhood.



Photo by Albani.

ON THE ROAD FROM THE PORTA GARIBALDI
WITH THE BRIDGE OF THE ADMIRAL IN THE BACKGROUND

IN SICILY

The road goes on to the quaint old village of S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, which has a Norman church said to be the oldest above ground in Sicily, but disfigured with plaster. The village and the road are as full of quaint life as a Japanese village. Where the road forks, the right-hand branch leads through another village, called Brancaccio, to the noble Arabo-Norman castle of the Favara, said to have been built by the Saracen Emirs, and known to have been the favourite hunting-box of the great Emperor Frederick II. It is far the largest Saracenic building in Sicily, and contains a chapel rather like the church of S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, but without the disfiguring plaster. Beyond the ruin, which lies in a lemon grove and still has a great many inhabitants, a spring wells up into a clear pool known as the Mar Dolce. The Favara is frequently called the Castello di Mar Dolce. Opposite the pool at the base of Monte Griffone are three fine Sicilian-Gothic arches, and in the hill above the famous caverns known as the Grotta dei Giganti.

OUTSIDE THE PORTA S. ANTONINO

The prolongation of the Macqueda, known as the Via Oreto, leads to a fine stone roadside cross, and to the exquisite mountain cemetery of S. Maria di Gesu, which has a richly decorated Gothic fountain and church and some remarkably costly mortuary chapels.

OUTSIDE THE PORTA S. AGATA

The road from the next gate, the ancient Porta S. Agata, very appropriately leads to one of the most historical spots in Sicily—the old Norman church of S. Spirito, built by Walter of the Mill, the English archbishop who built the Norman part of the cathedral. It was the tolling of its vesper bell which in 1282 gave the signal for beginning the massacre of the French known as the Sicilian Vespers. A beautiful cemetery, with remarkably fine cypress avenues, now marks the place where the massacre began, and is bounded by the rushing Oreto on one side.



Photo by Crupi

THE CLOISTER OF MONREALE

OUTSIDE THE PORTA NUOVA

OUTSIDE THE PORTA NUOVA

The next road of any importance is the prolongation of the Corso from the Porta Nuova, known as the Corso Calatafimi. On the right hand of the road, a good way up, is the lovely little Arabic pavilion known as La Cubola, and on the opposite side, now converted into an artillery barrack, but without injury to its architectural features, though its decorations have suffered, is the great Saracenic palace known as the Cuba. A little above it on the left are the famous gardens of the Count Tasca, which, though laid out in a similar way, are far superior to any of the public gardens. The palms and other semi-tropical trees are particularly fine. Then comes the village of Rocca, where the tram begins its climb towards the hill of Monreale, crowned by the glorious Arabo-Norman cathedral and cloister. From this a track over the hills, passing the abandoned fort of Castellaccio, leads to the famous Benedictine foundation of S. Martino, founded thirteen hundred years ago, but rebuilt out of recognition, and now only famous for its library and its gardens. It has been converted into an agricultural institution. The proper road back from S. Martino to Palermo leads to the picturesque valley and village of Roccadifalco, from which a short detour takes you to the village of Baida, where there are the remains of an old Gothic church founded by Manfred Chiamonte, who built the Palace of the Inquisition at Palermo. This village of Baida is not to be confused with the Altarello di Baida, which is on the road back to Palermo, and contains the remains of another Arabo-Norman palace, that of Mimmerno, built by King Roger. Near Baida itself is the famous Grotta dei Quattro Arce. As you approach Palermo, just off the road lies the famous monastery of the Cappucini, which has in its vaults one of the finest collections of dried bodies in all Europe. The best way to approach the Zisa, which is by far the most beautiful and the best-preserved of the Arabo-Norman palaces, is to take the Corso Olivuzza, which is a prolongation of the Via Cavour and the Via Volturmo. Near the Olivuzza are the splendid villas of Signor Florio, which formerly belonged to Maria Carolina's Prince of Butera, and which contains the furniture in use when Nelson visited it; of the

IN SICILY

Duke of Serradifalco, which has, like Mr. Florio's, a fine old garden ; and of Mr. Joseph Whitaker. The last, known as Malfitano, is the finest, both in house and garden, of all the new villas at Palermo.

OUTSIDE THE PORTA MACQUEDA

The prolongation of the Via Macqueda northwards, the Via della Liberta, which is the Passeggiata or fashionable drive of Palermo, leads to the Giardino Inglese, which is very rich in flowering shrubs, and after this passes a number of fine modern villas, such as the Villa Ranchibile, to the Favorita, the Royal Villa in the Chinese style, so much used by Ferdinand and Maria Carolina. A little way off this road is the Villa Sofia, belonging to Mr. Robert Whitaker, which, in the rarity of its palms and other sub-tropical flora, excels the Villa Tasca.

ON THE ROAD TO MONTE PELLEGRINO

Finally, the other sea-road, known first as the Via Borgo and afterwards as the Via del Molo, leads past the huge fortress prison ; the palace of the Marquis di Gregorio, hired by Nelson in 1799 ; and the old building known as the Arsenal, to a point where one road goes off to Monte Pellegrino, and the other to the little watering-place of Acqua Santa and the beautiful Villa Belmonte, which, standing on the seaward slope of Monte Pellegrino, can be seen from any clear spot in Palermo. Near this is the magnificent hotel built by Signor Florio.

PIANA DEI GRECI

The Piana dei Greci, the Albanian village founded in the fifteenth century, which still keeps up its language, customs, religion, and national dress, to some extent, lies on the road to the left of the Monreale road, which goes up through Porazzi and Parco from the Piazza d'Indipendenza, outside the Porta Nuova. There is a very fine view of Palermo from Parco, considered the best.

There are, of course, numerous other objects of interest both within and without the city, but those given may fairly be considered the principal. It is not necessary to mention the trip to Cefalu, and other railway excursions, here.

CHAPTER XXXII.

STREET SIGHTS IN PALERMO

COASTING CRAFT AND BOATS

THE first thing which the tourist who goes to Palermo wishes to see is sure to be either a Palermo cart or a water-seller; they are the most popular sights in Palermo, and after them the dried corpses in the Cappucini. Beside them, the most perfect chapel in the world, the one dwelling-room which has come down to us from Norman times, the palaces of the Arab Emirs, and the glowing cathedral are mere after-thoughts to be glanced at *en passant*. To do her justice, Stephana was not this kind of tourist, but Witheridge was, as he phrased it, mad to see a Palermo cart, and as he seemed to get so little pleasure out of his tour beyond that which he derived from her society, she wished to start off well. In Palermo, I explained, nothing was easier than to see some good carts; I knew where to direct their kodaks at some of the best in the city—I should have said some of the best that come to the city, for these gorgeous affairs are always more numerous on the outskirts than in the civilised parts of the city. I took them down past San Domenico and the Fonderia to the Cala, and on to the Borgo. The carts go to this little port to get a load of coals or cheap pottery, and trail up and down the Borgo, an esplanade street which joins the Cala, or small harbour, with the port where the big steamers lie, generally known as the Molo. This is really an excellent place to see street life—a number of old streets full of busy, poor people debouch into the Via Cassari, which runs right down to the Cala—and contains the best shops for buying

IN SICILY

the cheap pottery made in such noble antique shapes at Palermo. The Cala itself is full of picturesque Mediterranean life; its trade is carried on almost exclusively by feluccas, with their tall spars and pointed shoulder-of-mutton sails. It does not occur to the Sicilian, as a rule, to moor his vessel broadside to the quay. He moors her tail on, and unloads and loads along a plank joining the stern to the shore.



Photo by Incorpora.

THE CALA

WITH MONTE PELLEGRINO AND THE LOGGIA OF THE CASTELLOS AT THE BACK

That it takes immeasurably longer signifies nothing to him. He gets paid so little by the hour that delay is welcome.

The Borgo is a better place than the Cala for seeing the brilliant and graceful barcas of the Sicilian boatmen. Like Chinese junks, they have eyes painted on their bows to show them where they are going, and Stephana fell in love with half their owners. The Sicilian boatmen are such sunburnt, stalwart fellows in their red nightcaps and rags, though I believe they are very bad sailors for anything except rowing along inshore.

THE ILLUSTRATED CARTS OF PALERMO

But we had not started out to see feluccas or barcas. Stephano wanted carts, and there were carts of every degree hanging about the Cala.

ILLUSTRATED CARTS

The Palermo carts have no parallel. They are bright yellow, elaborately carved underneath, and are illuminated with scenes from the poets or the lives of the saints, which, for gorgeousness of colour, strength of incident, and crowding of figures, run a Japanese playbill hard, or even Holman Hunt's picture of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In good carts, like the one whose picture I give, every detail is so handsomely carved that it is a barbarism to paint them. I once saw one of these carts being built out at Brancaccio. The body of the cart rested on six corbels carved with dragons' heads, and the axle-tree was as elaborately carved as the roof of a Japanese temple. The group of the Holy Family formed the centre of the mass of carving between it and the body, and under the apparatus for letting it down was a beautiful piece of black ironwork, hammered in the mediæval style. On the shafts, concealed, in the picture, by the wheel, were angels with trumpets, and eight carved crockets rose above the sides. It was really a magnificent piece of carving, much better than one gets in a modern cathedral choir. Yet I knew it would be smothered in yellow paint the next time I saw it, destroying most of the fine lines of the carving. As it was, all the beautifully carved little cherubs and angels which surrounded the Holy Family, and the two kings which supported the shafts, and had heads like Janus, were worthy of any museum. The dragons might just as well not have been there, except, I suppose, that they typified something, for the Sicilians are very superstitious, and never harness a horse without a charm about it somewhere.

I am not insinuating that the artist did not give the proud proprietor a fine show for his money. On the back of the cart he had a crucifix on the centre panel, and two popular and much-esteemed incarnations of the Virgin on the smaller panels, while on the sides he had some wonderful story in which the Virgin was crowned by a high priest dressed in Saracen robes with other Saracens looking on.

IN SICILY

They were not, of course, intended to be Saracens, but it gave them an Eastern appearance appropriate to a scene laid at Jerusalem.

I was not able to show Stephana any *carretta* quite so fine as this, though some of the ponies had their traces covered with hammered brass work; and the red horn which rose from the little saddle through which the girth passes must in one instance, including its scarlet and green plumes, have been nearly a yard high. The plume on the horse's head was between a foot and eighteen inches.*



Photo by Sommer.

A PALERMO CART

We saw more than one cart illuminated with the adventures of Christopher Columbus and William Tell. The episode of Rinaldo and Armida, from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, was also highly popular. And there was the usual percentage of episodes from the Norman Conquest of Sicily, which is the part of their history the Sicilians like best to look back to. They look upon the Normans as their ancestors, the Angevins and Aragonese as their conquerors. I never saw a cart with Nelson on it, though most Sicilians can talk about him glibly, but almost always very inaccurately. Each cart has, as a rule, four scenes from history or the poets on its sides; sometimes

* See vol. i. p. 35.

PALERMO CARTS

all four are connected, sometimes two or more different stories are illustrated. The title of the picture is nearly always painted on it. The favourite episodes in Columbus's life are his appearing before the Queen to explain his project; his first landing in America with a standard and a cross and various other religious emblems and priests (he always wears armour, and is sometimes on a horse); and his re-appearance before the sovereign on his return from America.

The shooting of the apple is a favourite Tell episode, though Tell refusing to take off his cap is also popular.

"Carro colorito di So Lomanaco
Abita fuori forte gucciai
Gugleimo Tel rifiuta di saultare il berreto
Fuca di Gugleimo Tel."

This was the inscription on one of the Tell carts we saw.

The oddest thing about Palermo carts is that they always choose the very smallest carts and the smallest donkeys for drawing coals, probably because they have so little coal to draw. We were able to give Stephana her fill of carts; there was a truly marvellous selection of them trailing along the Borgo—charcoal carts, with the charcoal in most elegant straw baskets, like ornamental tool bags; carts full of lemon boxes made of lemon wood; broccoli carts; a cart with a mule which had five scarlet plumes, and so much brass about his harness that he looked as if he was only waiting for a knight in armour to ride him off to a tournament. There was a cart with six ridiculously slim wine casks; a cart with nine women piled on three seats; a cart with very thick wheels, and enough hay in it to fill a railway truck; a cart drawn by a donkey with a lovely green horn; a cart with a donkey who had gone to sleep with his nose in a bag. This was probably the hardest-worked donkey of the lot, because, as Witheridge said, "A donkey must be pretty tired before he will go to sleep with his nose in the bag." A *carabiniere* was taking a man to task for whipping a boy, who was harnessed to a little dirt cart, to make him get on. I was glad of this; it was better that the *carabiniere* should interfere than Stephana, who had come to Sicily with the idea of preaching American civilisation. Of course she

IN SICILY

could not have allowed the man to whip the boy, who was his beast of burden, though he really wasn't hurting him, but only playfully reminding him that he had a whip. Like the Neapolitan cabmen, Sicilians do not like being put right by foreigners, odd as it may seem.

BUYING THE WATER-SELLER'S STAND

I was further relieved to hear the familiar sound of "Acqua! acqua!" and be able to divert Stephana's attention to a water-seller's dear little brass table, cleaned till it shone like gold, and covered with blown-glass tumblers, lemon-juice and aniseed sprinklers, and fringed with tempting-looking half-lemons. She was enchanted; she wanted to buy it on the spot, though it was not at all a good one. The man rose to the occasion and wanted a hundred francs. Stephana bargained; he magnanimously came down to fifty in the end, but I told her I could buy twice as good a one for half the money.

"Well, if you don't, you won't ever be my prophet again."

"I am not alarmed," I retorted. "I will tell the *facchino* at the Banco Gardner, and he'll have every water-seller in Palermo paraded in the piazza at lunch-time to-morrow." When we got to the Corso Scina, a little further on, I called in at the bank to find my friend the *facchino*. "I will have them all there at nine o'clock," he said.

"There is no need to have them so early; lunch will do."

"But no," he replied, "that is a thirsty time; at nine o'clock in the morning no one drinks water; they will not lose any business by seeing you then."

Hitherto I had rather despised the Piazza Monteleone, but for a parade of water-sellers it has its advantages. No cabs come that way except to the pension, and you are not suspected of inaugurating a revolution. Now in the Macqueda they would be run over or run in. I will anticipate what happened by twenty-four hours. It made the piazza look like a fair; only good water-sellers were bidden, only those who had fine brass tables and typical pitchers.

The *facchino* excelled himself. He sent away a man who had come with a syphon stuck in his pitcher, though I could see that Stephana admired that pitcher most of all, and determined to buy

BUYING A WATER-SELLER'S STAND

the syphon myself on the sly. He explained that it was not playing the game to have a syphon. Soon the foreigners would have bought all the water-sellers' old tables, and the new ones would be made in England and sent to Sicily. Then it would not signify.

Stephana walked down the line like a general officer inspecting volunteers, with the *facchino* by her side as her adjutant. She chose two or three, but he said to her in Italian what was in effect, "Wrong; guess again." With a woman's wit she saw that he was going to select the table, so she meekly asked him to.

"How much will you give?" he asked, smiling from ear to ear.

"How much am I going to be allowed to give?" asked Stephana of me.

"Twenty-five francs limit."

"Ah!" he said; "I shall get it for less."

"No, no!" she cried, she thought it would be robbery to pay less.

Now this was very bad for the *facchino*, who might not think it necessary after this to help us in our bargains; on the principle that he who is not with us is against us, he might commence helping the other side, a much more profitable business for him.

"The signorina," I told him, "means that if you get it for less than twenty-five francs, you can keep the difference as well as the present I have promised you."

He bought it for twenty-one francs, the best water-stand in the city.

THE FISH SALESMEN AND THEIR TEMPLES

But to return to the Borgo, or rather the fish market near the entrance to the Castello, where there are a number of little wooden imitations of Greek temples with irreverent inscriptions, occupied by fish salesmen. All these little temples have a porch in front of the cella with a single pillar on each side of it. One had three flags on the roof-end, another three points, a third a cock between two bushes, and a fourth a sort of Arabic battlement. All were more in the style of a Shinto temple than a Greek. And one of them had further a rickety Japanese verandah in front, surmounted by an inscription in a truly

IN SICILY



Photo by Alinari.

THE FISH MARKET IN THE BORGO

Chinese vein, for the device of a man who means to cheat if he can, "Dio solo e grande" (Only God is great). Another had a sort of mermaid for its device, surmounted by "Viva Maria S.S. della Provvidenza." Another was inscribed—

"Viva la Divina Provvidenza
Chi tiene fede in Dio, non perische mai."

In the middle of it stood the dear little church of the Piedigrotta, and a forge to mend carts. English ships have clearly visited Palermo, for right by where we were standing some boys were trying to play cricket with mud balls.

Fish salesmen are the same all the world over, at any rate, in England, France, Italy, America, and Australia; they are well fed, they have red faces, they are jaunty, and they are apt to have a smoke in their mouth.

That the fleeting colours of an Italian tweed had faded all except the pattern from the clothes of the particular salesman we were watching was nothing. He was none the less prosperous, nor was he the less important because he had tunny fish nearly as big as

THE CASTELLO OR CASTELLAMARE

himself to sell, and not mean mullet and squid. I could not catch what he was saying, because a shoeblack, who had a bottle of red stuff and had discovered that I wore brown boots, kept saying, "Shin ya boots, signor," to show that he understood English.

The sales were most quiet. Nearly all the bids seemed to be made with signs. It was the people who were not in the deal who made the noise. One woman was incessant in wanting Witheridge to buy half an orange from her. "Look here, old chap," he said to me, "would you mind putting it to her in Italian if I look the kind of person who would buy half an orange?"



Photo by Alinari.

FISH SALESMEN

THE CASTELLO OR CASTELLAMARE

I suggested that while we were at its gates we might just as well see the Castello. It stands on the piece of land which juts out between the two harbours—the great harbour formed by the mole, since Nelson's time, and the tiny Arab harbour known as the Cala, which is all that remains of the great haven of antiquity. This dismantled fortress is known as the Castellamare, or simply the Castello,

IN SICILY

and was called in Saracen times the Old Castle. Nobody knows when a fortress was first built there, but it is known that a mosque and other Saracen buildings existed there till the fifteenth or sixteenth century, when all the ancient buildings were replaced by the works which lasted till it was dismantled after the successful Garibaldian Revolution of 1860, because it commanded the town, on which it had rained destructive shells during the struggle. Comparatively little of it is now left, except some fine old lunettes and bastions of the eighteenth century. There are remains of an inner and outer rampart; the outer bastions are washed by the sea. The rampart is crowned by an old loopholed wall a couple of feet thick, through whose slits the guards must have observed Nelson's flagship coming in when it brought the Royal Family to Palermo, after their lives had been in such peril from the French, and peril from the fiercest storm in which Nelson ever sailed. We have his own authority for the statement. It is not generally shown to the public, but the Marquis di Gregorio's brother was one of the chief officers there, and he took us over it.

THE STABLES AND BELVEDERE

It is used, I think, for horse artillery; at all events, he is an artillery officer, and this maritime fortress is full of horses. Italian cavalry stables have festoons and tassels of straw rope, with balls of glass hanging to their ends something like the Nawa or rope of rice straw hanging in front of Japanese houses at the New Year, and very pretty. They are only to keep off flies. The Japanese ropes are, however, to keep away evil spirits, though nowadays flies are regarded as more formidable. The posts in the stable are swathed, to prevent the horses injuring themselves when they kick. The fortress has rather a quaint Renaissance chapel with a pseudo-Saracenic battlement. The broad, flat-topped belvedere has a charming old wall and steps, Sicilians use corbels so very effectively in carrying steps and terraces. The state of the belvedere may be imagined by the fact that there are a number of quite old prickly-pears growing out of it. The balustrade between the steps and the court is carried picturesquely over tall arches.

THE CALA AND ITS POTTERY

THE LOGGIA AND MOAT

The prettiest bit in the Castello can only be seen from the outside. It is a dear little three-arched loggia, full of colour, in the block of buildings washed by the waters of the Cala. In Nelson's time this loggia formed part of the residence of the governor of the fortress. The moat reminded me strongly of the moat of Quebec, except that the luxurious masses of orange and yellow and white toad-flax, which grow at the base of the walls of the old new-world citadel, are here replaced by ruddy marigolds and stonecrop. Two or three of the garrison goats went everywhere with us. They ascended the belvedere, and wandered, like goosey-goosey gander, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber. Less favoured visitors may console themselves for not going over the Castello by the knowledge that the little loggia above mentioned, which they can see from the steps of S. Maria della Catena, and the grim landward wall of fine hewn stone which they pass every time they go from the Cala to the Borgo, are much the best-worth-seeing parts of the fortress.

THE CALA AND ITS POTTERY

I suggested that we should go back to the Cala and make our way up the old streets to the market near S. Antonio and the market in the Piazza Nuova, both of them never-failing coverts for drawing simple native life. At the Cala Stephana's face fell when she found that some of the most typical Sicilian pottery comes from Pisa, but she was cheered a little by seeing men carrying coal in big yellow baskets, and women weaving in a cellar within two or three yards of where the feluccas were unloading; and by the daring character of the flower-pots, which, when they did incline to our ordinary shapes, were covered with a rich yellow glaze, and had an arabesque border; but they were apt to be Moors' heads. There are tile and pottery shops all round the Cala; the Sicilians, like the ancient Romans, use pottery for many things undreamt of in our philosophy.

IN SICILY

HOW TO TELL THE CHARACTER OF A SICILIAN STREET

You may know the character of a Sicilian street by the proportion of flower-stalls and lottery-offices. In a "West-end" street like the Via Macqueda you hardly know if there is a lottery-office at all, while the stalls where they sell fresh flowers on steeple-shaped stands, with huge plumes of dyed grasses—the sign of the flower-sellers in Palermo—are to be found at every corner. In the streets like the Via Cassari and the street of the silversmiths they do without many flower-sellers, but there is an incessant procession to the lottery-office. It is the poor people's Stock Exchange. Witheridge did not like these poor streets; he said they were all cocks and hens and balconies. The meanest room in Palermo has a balcony, and every balcony has an eye. He also gathered from these streets that Palermo, which in the Corso and the Via Macqueda, and the grand piazzas leading off them, is a dazzlingly clean city, is clean by virtue of climate and the Corporation. He wanted to know why the Italian Government does not institute a tax on fleas.

SKINNING A KID

When we got back to the market by S. Antonio I saw the blood blench from Stephana's rosy cheeks, and I was prepared for a horror, but not such a horror as I was compelled to witness. A man had hung a kid hardly old enough to make gloves of to an iron hook over his shop front. It was obviously dead; it had been brought in with a lot of others which were still slung over his mule in front of the farmer at the door. The shopkeeper, being in a small way, had only bought one, and was now skinning it in the middle of the butter and goats' milk, cream-cheeses, and other articles of food which he proposed to sell. I hardly know anything nastier than seeing a kid skinned. Witheridge said he would sooner see them skin lots of the children he knew in New York. You could easily see that Stephana was shocked, but goats are almost like human beings in Sicily, though this had not struck Witheridge. Goats are quite as fit to have a vote as some inhabitants of Sicily. But Witheridge merely

PRETTIEST GREENGROCCERS' SHOPS IN EUROPE

retorted that he had heard of her airing similar sentiments when they had seen foreign Jews shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo in frock-coats. He added somewhat irrelevantly that he wondered why Jews are not buried in the frock-coats which they wear as the symbol of Christianity.

GROCCERS, GREENGROCCERS, MACARONI, AND HARNESS SHOPS

The indefinable kind of shop in Sicily where they sell wine, and cooked meats, and cheese, and butter, and foreign groceries, is not very pleasing, not more pleasing than an oil-shop which has broken out into a co-operative grocery in London ; but Stephana was charmed with the macaroni shops. No one looking at a Sicilian macaroni shop would dream that its contents were intended to eat. Three or four vallances of golden fringe stretch across the shop front, one under the other, flanked by gaily-coloured baskets full of dainty knickknacks of rich golden paste. Everything is cleaner than a new pin, and no one seems to be buying or selling. A prosperous proprietor lolls outside, and I suppose takes standing orders to supply his clients, for there is no business done over the counter. The greengrocer, on the other hand, is a very busy person in Palermo, and his shop, from the point of view of picturesqueness, beats any other in Europe. He takes a delight in the importation and arrangement of colour. His parterre of tastefully assorted colours stretches from the floor or the counter to the ceiling at the same angle as an ordinary staircase. He manages his colour effects principally with the huge and brilliant broccoli—green, brown, red, and purple ; with the green and white



*Photo by
the Author.*

SICILIAN BROCCOLI

IN SICILY

of sliced fennel ; with the iridescent green of the Sicilian artichoke ; with huge radishes ; with bright pale yellow shaddocks and citrons ; various kinds of lemons ; oranges of a very deep orange ; nespoli in pure golden clusters ; prickly pears, white, orange, crimson, and purple ; huge scarlet Turk's-head pumpkins, and, when they come in, cherries in bunches tied on sticks. The lettuces are very green and tender. The striking feature of a Sicilian greengrocer's shop is that he arranges his goods in this tasteful parterre, quite unequalled even at Venice, for his repertoire is larger. Stephana stopped at every other shop to look into something or other ; now at a pottle of sheeps' milk butter, or a goats' milk cream-cheese tied round with a mat of green rushes ; now at a French plum stall or a sponge-seller's ; now at a harness-shop, with its tufted scarlet horns springing from the little saddles on the back, which take the place of horse collars in Sicily, its scarlet and green plumes, its scarlet or dark blue nettings for keeping off flies, and its brass-mounted straps and charms to keep off the evil eye.

THE ILLUSTRATED CARTS ARE HEIRLOOMS

The reason why the carts and harness are really so magnificent in quality, though they may be a little battered, is that they are heirlooms descending from one generation to another. It is to this that the strict maintenance of the antique form may be attributed. The carts have overlapped each other, chronologically, back, I daresay, to the time of King Roger himself.

FACTORY WOMEN AND TYPES OF PALERMITANS

The S. Antonio market was devoted principally to food shops, so we were making our way from it to the Piazza Nuova, and were in the act of crossing the broad new street from S. Domenico to the Corso, when we happened on a sight not very usual in this part, though it is common enough in the streets between the Politeama and the Borgo—a number of factory women, who had probably come from some lemon-packing establishment. Palermo has done a very large trade in lemon export for the past twenty years. The women all wear shawls and yellow headkerchiefs ; their features are not

TYPES OF SICILIANS

regular like those of the Roman women, but blunt like those of the Tuscans or Celtic Irish. Indeed they are very like the latter, shawls and all. The great difference is in the wonderful Palermo eyes. Different races predominate in the composition of a Sicilian according to locality. In Taormina you get classical Greek faces, as you are incessantly reminded by photographs; in Marsala the Moorish influence is strong, but the Palermitan lower classes have characteristics peculiar to themselves. The blunt features may perhaps be attributed to the same cause as the frequent fair hair and those wonderful eyes. Those eyes, which are large and full of character, are in reality sometimes iron grey, sometimes dark blue, but in effect they are black or the colour of wet slates till you catch the light full on them. I asked an antiquarian prince—and there are a good many able antiquarians among the nobility in Palermo, how he accounted for so much fair hair and blue eyes. He replied cynically, "That so many Northern sailors come to the port of Palermo. You can't make the Normans do for these people," he added, with fine aristocratic contempt for theorists and plebeians. In any case the lowest class in Palermo have a distinct type, and only low-class women work in factories. These factory women have tongues like the laundresses of Taormina, and they used them without reserve to the uniformed servants of the municipality, who drove a huge steam roller drawn by two long-horned oxen along the road by which they wished to pass, factory fashion, in clusters. But there is no disputing the road with a steam roller, and their Billingsgate fell with as little impression as the dust on the stolid drivers.

THE OLD MARKET IN THE PIAZZA NUOVA

Stephana was enchanted with the Piazza Nuova, the market which occupies the dried-up bed of the old harbour where it is crossed by the Via Macqueda.

There is a good deal of colour in the old houses which surround it, and it has much more of the real thing about it than any of the other markets in Palermo. It smells much worse than the others, and you have more chance of getting your pocket picked, and the proper

IN SICILY

amount of hanging-about goes on, and it has one or two marionette theatres, where dolls in tin armour fight the battles of Roger and the Saracens over again. In one of them, on this occasion, Tasso was billed. The announcement ran that at seven there would be a full performance of *Rinaldo*, a marionette in full brass armour. There were two linen blinds, six feet by four feet, outside, painted with episodes of Rinaldo and Armida in the best Japanese theatre style.

SICILIAN KNIVES AND SCISSORS

It was here that in a cutler's booth you bought the old Sicilian scissors, which, when closed, make a formidable dagger blade, and embroidery scissors with handles carved into beautiful open-worked patterns. Stephana bought a pair with two birds-of-paradise on them intertwined with foliage. It was here also that you bought the splendid and deadly-looking knives which inspired Captain Marryat, and all sorts of whimsicalities in the same line. Poor Sicilians run to knives and firearms; they use them more readily than their pocket-handkerchiefs, which latter indeed they use for their heads, and not their noses.

ALL SICILIANS HAVE FIREARMS

Everybody possesses firearms, though only gentlemen pay the ten-shilling licence for carrying them. The law winks at a great deal in Sicily. It does not demand game licences from the swarms of butterfly-shooters who go up Monte Pellegrino as soon as it is daylight on Sunday morning, on the off-chance of a small bird having strayed there since the last Sabbath. These sportsmen, if they depend upon what they shoot, generally dine off hope.

FISH STALLS

The centre of the Piazza Nuova is taken up with a fish market, which has marble tables like the palaces of Pompeii, only their legs are of iron. Here you may see huge tunny fish, limpets as poisonous-looking as toadstools, common grey mullet and all the outcasts of the deep, such as purple sea-urchins and squid.

THE OLD MARKET IN THE PIAZZA NUOVA

They would have jelly-fish too if they were not certain to melt with the Palermo sunshine before they got them to business. Squid, though it looks so horrible, would be excellent made into potted paste like Strasbourg meats. It tastes more savoury than skate; its fault is that it is durable enough for donkey harness.



A TUNNY IN THE MARKET

THE "PER MIA MOGLIER" ON THE MACARONI SHOP

Outside one house, which was not a shop, trousers and strings of orange peel were drying on the same clothes-line. There was a splendid macaroni shop with the arch, across which the yellow fringe was hung, painted scarlet. Stephana elicited from its owner that the reason why the fringes were never taken down for customers is because they are hung there to dry, not for ornament. But they are none the less picturesque. Most artistic effects in Sicily are unconscious. Stephana only asked about the macaroni incidentally; what had struck her was the piece of crape in the midst of the red and gold with a printed inscription attached to it, "Per Mia Moglier." The macaroni-seller had lost his wife. You see these notices of bereavement very thick in the lower parts of the city, but then as you put them up for your uncles and aunts and cousins, as well as your parents and descendants, one death may inspire a number of notices. Nor do I know how long they are kept up.

There was a travelling haberdasher with a truck piled up with shawls and headkerchiefs, and a pile two feet thick of them on his head. He was standing outside a shop labelled "Diversi Generi," general store, which might have had its name from the fact that there was generally nothing particular to sell in it.

IN SICILY

STREET SHRINES AND BOOKSTALLS

We were getting tired of the Piazza Nuova; so we climbed up the steps into the Via Macqueda, close to the store which is hung with a lot of cocoa-nuts, to show that its owner sells chocolate; and close to a Madonna in an angle of the church wall which always has a row of tapers guttering in front of it in the most blazing sunshine, and quite often an old woman praying before it. The same church, having a convenient ledge along its wall, is utilised by a man who sells second-hand books and cheap modern novels, with indecent pictures outside them. But the walls of the university are, very appropriately, the most popular haunts of the street booksellers. Palaces and churches have equally suitable ledges for this purpose, and I should not be surprised if the proprietors charged rent for them. I have often wondered whether the booksellers own the boxes fastened against the parapet of the Seine in Paris with such elaborate locks and shutters, or hire them from a paternal municipality. The Thames Embankment is badly in need of entertainments of this kind.

SICILIAN FIGS AND NOTE-BOOKS

Witheridge, who had a perfectly phenomenal appetite, had purchased from one of the artistic greengrocers a cake of figs pressed down close on sticks till it looked like one of the little boxes of honeycomb without top or bottom which you buy in London. It weighed two pounds and a quarter when he bought it, and it weighed very little when he got home. *Fichi bianchi*, white figs, is the technical name for these. I bought some one-soldo note-books, exactly similar to those you buy in Japan for one sen, both in their marbled-paper outsides and their straw-paper insides. Pens refuse to have anything to do with them. That, of course, is of no consequence in Japan where people write with a paint-brush. I have filled dozens of them with pencilled notes. You get a similar article in rural France. I wonder if the same man makes them for all the world. They are the most universal article in commerce.

FLOWER STALLS AND STREET CRIES

STEPHANA AT THE FLOWER STALL

Stephana stopped at one of the flower stalls with grand dyed plumes, and bought a great bunch of purple-streaked fridias, which smell very sweet in Sicily, and a bunch of roses and some daffodils, for which she ought to have paid about half a franc, and probably paid two francs as we were not acting for her. She also bought two fine bunches of Neapolitan violets, one of which she pinned in Witheridge's button-hole. He was inclined to nosegays. Then her eyes fell shyly on my button-hole. I saw what she meant and smiled, and they were duly pinned there without a word, though she blushed furiously. I felt very much flattered by all this pretty confusion, though it really seemed to me the most ordinary thing in the world to offer a button-hole to a man in whose family you had been travelling for a month. But Stephana could not do the most ordinary thing without a pretty personal touch. I think women impart a personality into everyday matters much more than men do. Stephana was like Hartley Coleridge's *The Solitary-Hearted*—

"A smile of hers was like an act of grace."

STREET CRIES IN PALERMO

My thoughts were quite poetical for a moment, but I was carried back to earth by an unearthly yell. It was only the seller of half-ripe broad beans who was walking about with two of them stuck on a forked stick as specimens. At this stage, before there is any bean in the pods, they are eaten raw as a salad, and much esteemed. When they grow older they are as important an article in the diet of the poor Sicilian as bread itself, so much bean-flour is used. The broad bean man was almost instantly surpassed by a lobster-seller. The lobster man makes the best noise of all, even the cauliflower man cannot come up to him. Their *ow-ow*-ings reminded me of Japan almost as much as the gigantic radishes.

The photograph-seller had the spirit of prophecy, for he had a note in his window: "It is necessary to keep these from the sun, dust, and damp, and they keep for many centuries." As photography

IN SICILY

has only been going for about half a century, it was difficult to see how he knew. His own had evidently been exposed to the action of these destructive agencies. Next door to this prophet was the house at which, when we were in Palermo in 1896, another charming American girl we knew had tried to take rooms. When everything was arranged the proprietor said pleasantly to her, "I suppose you are a ——, signorina?"

It appeared that no ladies not in that profession took lodgings in Palermo alone.

DRYING ORANGE PEEL

We wandered off the Macqueda into the maze of old streets lying to the west of it and north of the Corso. In every little piazza they were peeling oranges, or threading the peel in long festoons to hang and dry outside their houses. We never discovered what they did with it; they certainly do not eat it. Palermitans are most fastidious about the peel they use in cakes. You get no better candied fruit in the world than you can get in Palermo, where the principal pastry-cook is a *cavaliere*.

ON THE HABITS OF PALERMO CABMEN

We had got right up to the Papireto at the back of the cathedral, when suddenly Witheridge looked at his watch and cried with delight, "We are half an hour late for lunch!" We sprang into a cab to hurry home, and told the cabman to fly, but cabs in Palermo do not fly. The driver grumbles musically to his horse and gives a feeble little flick, and the horse ambles along contemptuously, and if he is going downhill he walks, and it was downhill all the way home.

"Hurry up, you devil!" shouted Witheridge, "Pension Suisse, as hard as ever you can split." The cabman stopped his horse, and turned round and asked in the blindest way, "You wish to go to Monreale?"

"You go to the devil!" yelled Witheridge.

"Sì, sì, signor, subito, subito," said the cabman, not knowing what Witheridge was saying, but seeing that he was angry.

PALERMO CABMEN

When we got to the Palazzo Monteleone we gave him a penny over his fare, sixpence all told; he was very grateful, and gave up all idea of going to Monreale or the devil that day. Palermo cabmen will not bargain to go below their fares like Neapolitans, but they are satisfied with their proper fares, and do not run after you when you do not want them to drive you.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LENT IN SICILY—PALM SUNDAY—THE CAPPELLA REALE AND THE ROYAL PALACE

BELL-RINGING IN LENT

ONE of the principal reasons why we went to Palermo in Lent was that it is such a very devout city. At ordinary seasons the bells are tolling worshippers to this or the other fold all day long. In the sorrowful season of Lent we understood that no such joyous behaviour would be permitted; that the absence of bell-ringing and the concealment of the choir in each church by hanging a huge, grey veil, stamped with some incident of the Passion in front of it, were the outward and visible signs of Lenten penitence.

The veil was certainly there till the morning of Good Saturday, but the priests got out of the self-renunciation of bell-ringing in a characteristic and ingenious manner.

When the French marched into Sicily to revenge the Massacre of the Vespers, as a precaution against any more Sicilian Vespers, they cut the ropes off the bells. Then the patriotic citizens climbed the towers and rang the bells with a hammer. And now in Lent they ring the bells with a hammer, and there never was such an awful noise; a visit to an arsenal is quieter. I do not think they chop at the bells every day in Lent, but they have so many days off in a Sicilian Lent, little festivals, as it were, that somehow or other we did not get our desired abstinence from bells. The Sicilians are a very curious mixture of piety and irreverence.

SICILIAN PIETY AND IRREVERENCE

SICILIAN PIETY AND IRREVERENCE

One Shrove Tuesday, when we were in Palermo, we went to a ball given by a very rich Sicilian. He apologised for having supper so early—at eleven, almost directly after the ball had begun—because it would be Lent in an hour. The Sicilians are ardent dancers, and his guests determined to go without supper rather than leave the ballroom so soon. He shrugged his shoulders, and told his steward to have a fresh supper, all of fish. Now it is not an easy matter to buy fish for four hundred people at twelve o'clock at night, so the supper was not ready till seven o'clock in the morning. The guests meanwhile had danced with unabated vigour; there had been light refreshments going, and good whisky and soda, which to the gilded youth of Sicily is the *ne plus ultra* of drinks. When, finally, they did sit down to supper, and the smoking fish was brought in, most of them ate the original supper, though they all took fish on their plates.

They paid their religion the compliment of eating their meat surreptitiously.

Here is another instance. When the Body of the Dead Saviour is carried round the streets in procession on Good Friday, you will see persons, even of the educated classes, burst into tears and fall on their knees. This is quite an ordinary thing for the lower classes, but it does not prevent the sweet-shops selling the Pieta in sugar at a halfpenny each. I have seen it even in soap.

PASCHAL LAMBS AND PALM BROOMS

But the favourite Lenten sweetmeat is the Paschal Lamb. You buy small ones that you can eat for a halfpenny, but for the most part you do not eat the lamb itself; it opens, and contains chocolates. It is not really want of reverence which causes them to do this, but want of humour. What might be called decorative Paschal Lambs I have seen offered at prices varying from thirty centimes to seventeen francs fifty and more. At all prices they are made of sugar, and have a red silk flag with a border of lace. A bib round the neck is also the mode. Sweets and flowers are added, and a sugar rock

IN SICILY

background as the prices advance. The flowers are made of feathers and sweets and dried leaves. Very expensive lambs have a house in the background, and ribbons round the body and tail, and a tinsel halo. I always took most interest in the poor little lambs sold by the dry-bean sellers who cater for the very poorest. Opposite the stalls of one of these some children were playing at eating with stones and sticks; they were so hungry, poor little kids. Stephana, with tears in her blue eyes, divided her coppers between them. They at once bought lambs, and not of the eating sort. The bean-seller also sold palm-leaf brooms, which he was tying up himself, as neatly as an angler makes a fly, out of the leaves of the dwarf palmetto which grows wild.

THE PRICE OF A KING'S SERVANT

We were looking forward very much to Palm Sunday, which is one of the principal days off in Lent. We were told that there would be beautiful music at the Cappella Reale, and we were told to go early because there was sure to be a crush. Such a thing did not seem to be likely in Palermo, but we went early all the same, because it was instructive. I am glad that we went early. It is not easy to imagine anything finer of its kind than the porter at the king's palace at Palermo. He is a very large man, who wears a park-keeper's uniform with a gold-laced hat and a military cloak, a kind of cross between a beadle and a conspirator in one of Offenbach's operas. We arrived there an hour before the service began; he said that we could not go in until it began, because we were foreigners. By this it is charitable to suppose him to have meant that being foreigners we must be sight-seers, and not worshippers.

Stephana was very disconsolate. She watched the Sicilians dropping in by twos and threes, and made up her mind that the chapel would be full to overflowing before Cerberus allowed us to pass him. I knew that in an ordinary way twopence was quite a handsome fee to pay this magnificent creature, this king's henchman, for taking care of the whole party's umbrellas. I collected the umbrellas of the party and took them to him, and asked him to

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

take care of them, and paid him two francs in advance. Without relaxing one muscle of his face, without the slightest dawn of a blush of shame at the thought of what he had told us two minutes before, he informed us with a fine sweep of his hat that the service would not begin for another hour, but that we were welcome to go and sit down in the chapel for the interval, if we cared to do so. Which was exactly what we had been asking to do before I providentially thought of the two francs. In we went royally. The single *custode* of the Royal Chapel recognised me at once; he had seen me very often in 1896, for there are few things in Europe I love so much as that royallest of chapels at Palermo. He gave us the real Italian smile of welcome, and seats in my old favourite place close enough to that marvellous pulpit and that marvellous Easter candlestick to let the details of their beauty soak in, while we were sitting in a sort of rapture, a sort of holy rapture, which is in itself an act of prayer. Stephana's eyes grew moist as the glory of this Holy of Holies flooded her senses.

It is wise to go to service in the chapel before you sight-see it, for while you are sitting still, following, as a spectator only, the service, the beauty of the chapel as a whole is borne in upon you. The details take their proper place.

THE CAPPELLA REALE ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

I have always considered the Cappella Reale of Palermo one of the wonders of the world, a thing to be remembered with S. Mark's, Venice, with the Parthenon on the brow of the Acropolis at Athens, and with your first day in Rome. It is to S. Mark's, of course, that one would naturally compare it. Both of them were the architectural pæans of an imperial race in the height of its glory and wealth. The peace of ages reigns in them both. In both of them Time, provided with a colour-box of imperishable hues, has painted such a rich deep pageant of colour as it would take the sunset sky to imitate. Both of them, with their Biblical mosaics and their glassy seas of gold, recall the Revelation of S. John. Fergusson, in his *History of Architecture*, says:—

IN SICILY

“ Besides the mosaic pictures which adorn the upper part of the walls of these Palermitan churches, they possess another kind of decoration almost equally effective, the whole of the lower part of the walls being revêted with slabs of marble or porphyry disposed in the most beautiful patterns. The Martorana depends wholly for its effect on this species of decoration. In the Cappella Palatina and the church at Monreale it occupies the lower part of the walls only, and serves as a base for the storied decorations above; but whether used separately or in combination, the result is perfect, and such as is hardly attained in any other churches in Europe.”

“ This *revêtement*, consisting of slabs of white cipollino with its beautiful grain, and porphyry of the richest crimson, separated by gold and coloured mosaics disposed in rich bands, has an indescribably beautiful effect. It is even more pleasing to the eye than the priceless old mosaics mellowed by the light of seven hundred years.” Above the panels on each side of the church runs a mosaic border of a very unique character, conventionalised doubtless from the figures of women.

HOW THE BEAUTY OF THE CAPPELLA REALE WAS ACHIEVED

The exquisite beauty of the Cappella Reale (Palatina) is due to the catholic broadmindedness of its Norman founder. The Norman kings of Sicily found themselves in possession of a country rich with the monuments of many ages, peopled still by some of the races which had produced the best of them. They had no idea of filling Sicily with monuments of their rule in the shape of architecture of the severe pattern of Caen. They were content with surpassing the existing monuments of the island as they found them round their capital, Palermo. Palermo was the focus alike of Arab and Norman and Byzantine. The kings used their own good Norman workmen for the solid parts of their edifices, but for decoration they employed the Byzantines and Saracens, the lovers of mosaics and marble panels. According to Fergusson, the workers were as adaptive as their employers. We owe the tall, stilted arches, which have such a wonderfully picturesque effect in the Cappella Reale, to the fact

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
SCHERMTOWN STREET BRANCH,
67 SCHERMTOWN STREET.



Photo by T. J. Smith.

THE CAPPELLA REALE AT PALERMO
ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL IN CHRISTENDOM

that the antique columns, of priceless Fiore de Persico, and other rare marbles, which the king had collected in his conquests, were naturally very small, and required eking out. The Cappella Reale is not large, only about 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, and 75 feet high to the top of the little Moorish cupola. But taking into consideration both its beauty of architecture and its beauty of decoration, no one can see it without admitting that it is the most perfect chapel in the world. Almost every inch of it is covered with appropriate ornament; almost every detail is in perfect symmetry; all its thousand colours harmonise to perfection. There is not a feature in the whole chapel one would wish altered except the modern decoration at the back of the throne dais, and even that is in keeping if one does not examine it closely enough to see that it is only imitation. The choir, which is raised a few feet above the level of the nave, is square, and surmounted by a cupola after the Greek method, though the chapel itself is like most old churches in Sicily, a Latin basilica. The solid balustrade round the sides of the choir and in front of the



Photo by Imberti.

THE SARACENIC ROOF OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

IN SICILY

altar consists of immense slabs of crimson porphyry of a singularly beautiful grain, bordered with carved white marble, adorned with mosaic bands. But the low barrier in front of the choir is fretted. These solid parapets of porphyry and mosaic and white marble are inconceivably rich; there is no ecclesiastical building in Europe whose marbles are so choice. Everything in the chapel, from the inlaid Alexandrine marble floor to the golden mosaics and the carved Arab roof, is the best of its kind. "The wooden roof of the nave is carved and painted in the style of the Alhambra. It has pendentives surrounding star-shaped coffers, round which are Cufic inscriptions in small white characters. The whole of this, as well as the roof of the aisles, is richly painted and gilt." This is Murray's technical description of the roof. We did not, as we sat, look so closely into it; we were satisfied with the sense of having

something very old and Eastern, a deep, shadowed abyss of colour, hanging over our heads.

The *custode*, as I have said, gave us our old favourite seats as near as possible to that wonderful pulpit and Easter candlestick. They are both about fifteen feet high; the candlestick, which is carved with all sorts of unchristian details, such as naked Cupids, was brought by sea from Constantinople for Roger the King, who built this *chef d'œuvre* of Christian architecture nearly eight hundred years ago—between the years 1129 and



Photo by Incorpora.

THE PULPIT OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

THE PULPIT AND THE MOSAICS

1140. It is of pure white marble exquisitely carved in pure Byzantine style. The Cupids at the top are a later addition.

THE PULPIT AND THE FIORE DI PERSICO COLUMNS

The pulpit is in the well-known Lombard style, like the pulpits at Salerno and elsewhere in the south of Italy. It is large enough to hold a dozen people, and is, as a matter of fact, used for the singing boys. The panel in front of where the preacher would stand is of crimson porphyry surrounded with a deep border of carved and inlaid white marble. The rest of the pulpit consists of panels of white marble inlaid with gilt and porphyry mosaics in geometrical patterns. It is supported on several little columns, two of them of the unique Fiore di Persico, of which, with the exception of two columns at Rome, there are no other specimens in Europe. There are six columns altogether here, the other four being in the little chapels on each side of the choir. The pulpit columns are carved, and have the richest Corinthian capitals; even the wall under the pulpit has its rich marble panels and mosaic borders. These borders are particularly rich round the little doorway which leads from under the pulpit into the choir. The preacher's reading-desk is upborne by a battered antique eagle, also of white marble. The parapet round the choir, which is lined with handsome wooden stalls, does not come above the heads of the canons who sit in the back row. In front of it hangs, from a long chain, a huge antique silver lamp.

KING ROGER'S BIBLE—THE MOSAICS AND THEIR PORTRAITS

The mosaics which line every inch above, and in between and inside the arches, are so mellow in their tone that you do not think of them as mosaics, but as a sort of golden atmosphere in which float saints, not evolved from the imagination of the painters, but depicted as the tradition of their appearance was handed down in the Byzantine schools, from men who had seen them in the flesh. There are also numerous scenes from the Old Testament and from the life of our Lord, which have been called King Roger's Bible. But

IN SICILY

to me the most interesting figures in Byzantine mosaics are always those of handed-down saints or those of contemporaries, such as King Roger and his Admiral, George of Antioch, preserved in the mosaics on the western screen of the Martorana.

REAL PORTRAITS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

Many of the pictures have their titles written in the corner in Greek. The mosaics of Palermo and Monreale are full of inscriptions. In some cases they are hardly necessary. For instance, in the picture of Adam and Eve standing under a round fig tree, each is adorned with a fig leaf as large as a masonic apron. But one



Photo by Incorpora.

ADAM AND EVE IN THE MOSAICS OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

is very grateful for the inscriptions attached to the figures of St. Paul and St. Peter, for the heads of these figures are full of character. The lean, dark-bearded, high-foreheaded, meditative face of Paul stands out in strong contrast against the bluffer, fuller face of Peter, with its white beard and shock of white hair. St. Paul is nearly

REAL PORTRAITS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

bald, both of them have hooked noses, which is against the theory that the hooked noses, which we associate with modern Jews, are really Armenian and not Jewish. They are represented in the attitude of embracing one another, and their faces are so full of life and so natural that they might have been photographed from two chance men meeting in the street to-day. There is a very



Photo by Ince's.

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL IN THE MOSAICS OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

IN SICILY

marked difference between their faces and those of Adam and Eve and other Old Testament personages, where there was no tradition to guide the artist. These last are not Byzantine at all, possibly they were portraits of some of Roger's Norman knights and ladies.

A REAL PORTRAIT OF CHRIST

But none of the faces come up in interest to that of the Christ in the apse. The same Christ is found in various Norman mosaics, and may well therefore represent the face of the Saviour of mankind as nearly as it could be handed down by a succession of artists who had not reached the highest excellence in portraiture. That in the cathedral at Cefalu, which was also founded by King Roger, is considered to be the finest, but there is decidedly more character in the Christ of the Cappella Reale. In it there is no suggestion of the mild youth with the forked chestnut beard and the perfectly oval face, which has found favour among the artists of so many generations. If one had not known that the figure was intended for Christ, one would sooner have imagined it to have been intended for God the Father, for its prime characteristic is strength. Tenderness lurks in the face, but intensity rules it. Strength there must have been in the God-man who founded the strongest religion in the world. The face is the face of the founder of a religion, with its tremendous breadth and its indomitable cheek bones. It is very broad between the eyes; its nose is arched; its forehead powerfully and beautifully moulded; its mouth is all strength if it were not for the pitiful droop of the corners. The hair is bushy and long, the beard short and close, and it is to be observed that in this, as in other parallel mosaic portraits, the beard is very sparse, almost transparent, on the heavy flesh below the under lip. The Christ of the Cappella Reale is exactly the rugged peasant, full of invincible energy, and invincible faith in His mission, with eyes fixed straight on His goal.

In His hand is an open book inscribed in Greek letters, with these words, "I am the Light of the world, he who follows Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."

The reader will naturally ask, How do these mosaics compare



THE CHRIST OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

Compare "The Christ of Montecale" (p. 142) and "The Christ of Capella" (p. 143)

MOSAICS OF PALERMO, ROME, RAVENNA, VENICE

with those of Rome, Ravenna, and Venice? Those of Rome may be put out of court at once. There are no whole buildings of anything like this size decorated with them. The tiny chapel at S. Prassede, called the Orto del Paradiso, is the nearest parallel, but it is so tiny. The nearest parallel at Venice, both in size and general effect, and in the execution of the mosaics as well as in grace of outline, is very inferior. It is necessary to compare the interior of the Cappella Reale with the interior of S. Mark's itself to institute a real comparison. The interior of S. Mark's of course, in virtue of its greater size and matchless wealth of architectural form and its glorious billowy pavement, must be put before the Sicilian *chef d'œuvre*, but neither the baptistry nor any other portion of S. Mark's of the same size as the Cappella Reale is quite equal to it for the jewel-like richness of effect and perfect symmetry. All who have seen it admit it to be the most beautiful chapel in Christendom.

It is easier perhaps to compare it with Ravenna, where the choir of S. Vitale is likewise entirely covered with mosaics and likewise marvellously symmetrical. The mosaics at Ravenna are more interesting and more graceful. The fresh greens and whites make more of a picture, but for jewel-like *tout ensemble* the palm must be given to the Cappella Reale. Ravenna has, however, in its glorious processions of saints and virgins at S. Apollinare Nuovo mosaic figures incomparably more beautiful and full of movement, but they only extend above the arches of the nave, and being chiefly in green and white do not give the effect of the heavenly splendour described in the Revelation like those of the Cappella Reale, where the whole of the upper part of the chapel is covered with gold mosaics of finer and mellower tone than any gold mosaics in the world, including those of S. Mark's and Santa Sophia at Constantinople.

ROGER USED TWO RELIGIONS AND THREE LANGUAGES

Roger was very catholic, he built churches for both Greek and Latin Catholics. Perhaps he cared equally little for either. An old chronicler speaks of him as "*paganus de more vocatus*," and the Sicilian historian, Amari, called him "a baptised sultan." The Greek

IN SICILY

rite was celebrated in one of these churches, at any rate in the sixteenth century, as it is at Piana dei Greci to-day.* He was apt to make his proclamations in Greek, Latin, and Arabic; there is an inscription in the three languages on the outside wall of the Cappella Reale still, and the Act of the consecration of the Chapel, preserved in the vestry, was written in the year 1140 with letters of gold on sheets of silver in the three languages, and in the same place there is an ivory casket with inscriptions in the old Arabic characters, styled Cufic. The gates of the sacristy are very notable, they are as old as the chapel itself, the solid bronze is more than half an inch thick and decorated in the style of the period.

THE CRYPT INHABITED BY ST. PETER

Near the pulpit, steps lead down into the ancient crypt, where, according to tradition, St. Peter stopped on his return from Africa. We are not told why he should have been in what is now the centre of the Royal Palace, though it is possible that Roger, being a Norman, and therefore with his eyes open to turn everything to account, raised this chapel over it, because of the legendary connection with St. Peter. It was all fish that came to the nets of the Normans. A relic with a little pedigree is a jewelled cross on the altar of the crypt, which formerly adorned the Hall of Judgment in the Palace of the Inquisition. The only other feature of interest there is the tomb of the heart and entrails of the Viceroy Emmanuel-Filibert.

THE MAGIC EFFECT OF THE CHAPEL

The Cappella Reale is an impossible place to describe. It is easy enough to give its dimensions and the number of columns with glorious Corinthian capitals taken from antique temples, to give a list of the subjects of the mosaics, to say that the choir is raised on five steps, that there are so many swinging antique lamps; but just as it is impossible to compute the value of its priceless

* And now in Palermo also to an entirely Sicilian congregation.

SHOPPING IN PALERMO

marbles, so it is impossible to render to the reader any picture of the whole by description of details. When we sat there on a dark morning, surrendering our senses to the soft light of the ancient lamps filled with scented oil, and to the perfumed wreaths of smoke rising from the censers, and to the obligato of sensuous music, we felt as if we were passing through a dream of the *Arabian Nights*, in which the genie had led us into a gem-incrusted hall, where magic was in process, and where the saints in the mosaics were only awaiting his signal to turn to life.

That was how Stephana said she felt, but she came back to earth again very quickly when the service began. More than once I detected a twinkle in her blue eyes, for, from the oldest canon to the youngest singing-boy, there are many on the staff of the Cappella Reale who perform their duties in the service philosophically, to say the least of it, and the *Suisse* himself is such an utter rapsallion. His face is as red as his uniform, and he has the appearance, as well as the expression, of the heavy, jovial innkeeper in an *opera bouffe*. But he gets through his duties without discredit.

This was Stephana's first visit to the Cappella Reale, but we had already been there since our return to Palermo, while she was doing the dutiful engaged girl with Witheridge, and looking at the least interesting shops, those which attempt to compete with the shops in other capitals. This is a difficult matter in Palermo, where even the largest shops, except those near the Quattro Canti—the circus between the Corso and the Via Macqueda—are apt to be in the *bassi*, the basements of Palermo. Stephana bought two or three parasols—they are so fascinatingly chic and cheap in Palermo, under whose almost African sun they are a matter of considerable moment—and she blushed on the slightest provocation all the evening.

We could almost have predicted that we should find an artist in the chapel. He seemed to be the same artist in the same place as we had left him when we paid our good-bye visit in 1896. Of course he was not, though you never know in Sicily.

IN SICILY

DOING THE PALACE OUT OF ORDER

It was difficult to make the chamberlain understand that we did not wish to mount the broad red marble steps full of madrepores to see the royal rooms in the palace before we went into the chapel. That was the order in which things were shown, he explained. We explained that we had seen the palace, and did not wish to see it again to-day.

We knew that we should have to go through it in full detail with our American friends; and, except the Norman rooms, it is not interesting—not more interesting than Windsor Castle. Queens invariably know less about furnishing than penny fashion papers. As Stephana said—quite ill-naturedly for her—they would use white wood enamelled by themselves if they had the chance, only fortunately they are too busy because people want them to open things.

The royal rooms at Palermo are worse than those at Windsor Castle in one way: they have no Vandykes, only portraits done in the Holyrood style by a Velasquez, not the real Velasquez. The chamberlain made a great to-do, asking the *custode* whether we might be permitted to take the chapel out of the proper order. The *custode*, with appropriate gestures and the finest Don Quixotic Sicilian dignity, said—

“Why not? I am here.” He had recognised us as people who had visited the chapel often in a former year, and knew that we should give him a franc and leave him free to show other visitors round, and chat with him pleasantly when we were tired.

SOME FEATURES OF THE CHAPEL

We sank into chairs at once to gaze with a kind of after-dinner content at the wonderful Moorish roof, with its depths of dirt and colour, resting affectionately on the golden walls. Our eyes instinctively sought the spot in the mosaics where the man is holding his nose as he helps Lazarus. In mosaics most people wear accordion-pleated dresses. Then we jumped up to rush to the two altar panels

SOME FEATURES OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

with their lovely white-flowered crimson porphyry. There is no porphyry to be compared with them. Suddenly there was a burst of music from the tall Lombard pulpit which sounded like comic opera. The *custode* explained that it was Easter music, and therefore of a very joyous character. We sat in the royal stalls, the boys leaned heavily on the carved lion and eagle, and even against the priceless Easter candlestick which is fastened with iron clamps to the pulpit and the nearest column. I wondered if Mr. Astor had ever tried to buy it; in mere marble there is certainly no candlestick to be matched with it. As the boys sang, my eyes ranged up and down the chapel to the magnificent Christ who is in the attitude of blessing at each end. In the choir apse there is a new mosaic Virgin underneath Him, I should say by Salviati; at the throne end there is a picture of the late King Humbert surrounded by marble painted to imitate mosaic.



Photo by Sommer.

THE THRONE END OF THE CAPPELLA REALE

IN SICILY

It is a pity that the cloven foot of cheapness should have intruded itself so near that great and heroic man. King Humbert was part of the glories of Italy. The new king will do much for its antiquities; he has a finer knowledge of the antique than any monarch in Europe, and a greater love for it. He is one of the first numismatists of the day.

The candlestick, which is fifteen feet high, a mass of bold carving in high relief, is still, except for the sixteenth-century addition of Cupids at the top, in one piece as it was brought from Constantinople seven hundred and fifty years ago. The churches have never suffered in the revolutions in Sicily, where the hand of piety is heavy.

Our friend the *custode* had some fine explanation to give for the dragon-headed serpents on each side of the altar. He claimed the lions at the entrance to the choir as a device of King Roger, ignorant of the fact that almost every church of the Lombard period from Sicily to Arles has them.

"Leader Scott" would, with a much greater show of probability, claim their presence as a proof that the Cappella Reale was built by men of the Comacine Guild.

It was good to be back in that chapel, with its floors of dazzling marble inlaid with Alexandrine work and its golden walls and columns.

THE PALM SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE CAPPELLA REALE.

Well, here we were, sitting by Stephana in the Cappella Reale, of which we had told her so much, in our favourite seat in front of the pulpit and candlestick. Witheridge wanted to talk to her about the people, but as everything about them amused him, this was sternly repressed—fortunately, I think, for with very little encouragement he would have laughed out loud. Service in the Cappella Reale was so very like a cotillion; it was performed with the same leisurely grace, with something simmering in a quiet way all the time, and the principal personages every now and then executing some beautiful figures. Nothing was done as if it mattered. Service had been performed in the chapel, every Sunday at least, for nearly eight centuries, and you would think, from their bored expression, that the same people had

IRREVERENCE AT THE CAPPELLA REALE

been performing in it all the time. Pious people would not go to satisfy their souls at the Cappella Reale. There is nothing more perfunctory in an Oxford college chapel. The nearest approach to a religious feeling we could get about these priests was the sun shining down through the cupola on their ancient and glorious vestments, which were about the finest we ever saw.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR CHAIRS

When we first took our seats there was no indecent hurry about the influx of worshippers, but presently, perhaps in anticipation of good Palm Sunday music, there was quite a scramble for chairs.

In all Sicilian churches the worshippers are indifferent as to how much they disturb other worshippers by dragging their chairs into more commanding positions for the service or part of the service in which they are specially interested. There are no pews, and having paid one halfpenny for a chair when they go in, they move it to another chapel when it suits them, and frequently move it several times; they are, I think, more shameless in the Cappella Reale than elsewhere. But I never saw lapdogs there, as they may be seen in the cathedral. Probably dogs are not allowed in the palace precincts.

THE SERVICE BEGINS—ITS IRREVERENCE

Before we had noticed that there was anything going on, some service was in full progress at a side altar with priests quietly prostrating themselves, but our attention was immediately diverted by the tinkle of a bell announcing the entry of a procession. It was headed by the gold-braided *Suisse*, whose red beard killed the effect of his rose-coloured livery. He should have been made to dye it black. He was followed at dignified intervals by three novices, a priest, and a bishop between two other grandees with mitres. Some had æsthetic, eagle faces, some had placid, rotund faces; all looked bored and absent-minded. But the dark Sicilian beauty at one side in the black silk *manto*, which even ladies wear a good deal to church, did not notice this; there was no doubt about her faith.

IN SICILY

The three grandees soon appeared in front of the altar in lace caps and little tippets. Instantly there was another bell, and a priest all violet and gold entered bearing something sacred wrapped in a fair white napkin. To-day, being Palm Sunday, the Lenten veil was half raised, high enough to show underneath it the three little lights upon the high altar. It was as good as a play to see the *Suisse*, with a silver-gilt kind of crown and sceptre combined, which he carried resting on his shoulders, conscious that he was the centre of the group of ecclesiastics. The two oldest canons were enjoying a story together; it must have been a very amusing one, but the congregation took the service quite seriously, especially the Sicilian Tommy Atkinses. The group of priests in their cloth-of-gold vestments combined gloriously with the golden mosaics of the arches just above them. The gold seemed to pour down from the mosaics along their vestments into the midst of the worshippers; they waved censers and palms, and, as the wafts of incense and soft music rose, the canons went in procession to the altar to provide themselves with palms which had been blessed. They were very irreverent old gentlemen, and the singing men and boys took their tone from them. But as they lolled back in their rich vestments against the rich background of crimson porphyry and white marble and gold they made a splendid picture, for they had fine heads, one and all of them.

THE PROCESSION OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL

After a while came the procession outside the chapel, which always takes place on Palm Sunday. They were headed by the *Suisse* in the rose uniform, and all bore palms in their hands. Once in their march round the cortile they made a most dramatic pause, but they looked bad in the garish light of day—the twilight in the chapel made a better background—though the effect of the distant singing was most poetical. Many of the worshippers rushed out to see them, as servants in England run to the door when there are soldiers passing. As we heard the well-modulated singing drawing nearer, a tremor of expectation ran through the congregation. They need not have trembled, the bell would ring when it was time for the

IRREVERENCE AT THE CAPPELLA REALE

procession to return. Presently a bell did ring, and the oldest canon was given a silver staff, but lost his palm in the operation. A boy brought it back to him as a boy in the street here might bring you back your hat if it flew off. The canon motioned to him that it was of no consequence.

"See," cried Witheridge, "they have hurried off the bishop on the sly without any bells."

"'Ssh!" said Stephana. "He'll come back."

There was a little lull, and the priests began to talk as they would if they had met in the Corso. The only difference was that behind the chattering groups rose the gold and white and crimson of the choir, while a mighty silver lamp swung over their heads with a faint glimmer and faint fragrance.

THE FINALE OF THE SERVICE

Witheridge began talking rather loud, and Stephana joined in with him in a way which showed that she did frankly enjoy his company when he was not mutinying. Somehow or other it grated on me to see her talking and laughing, though it seemed perfectly natural in the Sicilians. I had expected her to have more feeling for the majesty of this most perfect worshipping place in Christendom. I was glad when the bell rang, though it was only to show a priest between two boys carrying something in a napkin to a side altar. Then a new kind of bell rang, and down came the veil over the altar just as the finest procession we had yet seen wound out of the sacristy, headed by the *Suisse* in his *couleur-de-rose*. The bishop wore a new dress and a lace skirt, but only for a minute; for when they got up to the altar there was a general air of *négligé*, and the bishop went behind a curtain after taking off his mitre and giving it to a novice who kissed it. But the group of black shawls and black laces evidently expected something, for there was a dead stop in the conversation, till two priests came out in white robes with blue and gold baldricks, carrying palms. This evidently meant something, for rich music welled out from the organ-loft, which was once a pulpit, and that one of the finest in the world.

IN SICILY

THE HOURS FOR WALKING AND DRIVING IN PALERMO

And then all was over and the congregation streamed out, most of them to their breakfasts. The breakfast or *colazione* is about twelve in Palermo, and for walking two o'clock is about the most fashionable time. We walk before lunch, the Palermitans after; we come in from our drives at sunset, the Palermitans wait till sunset for their *passeggiata*, the afternoon drive which is the real business of their lives, though they only bow to their friends who are rolling along in their antiquated coaches.

Stephana asked me if it was true that they waited till sunset so as not to get wrinkled from screwing up their eyes in the sunshine. I attributed it to natural perversity, which is a very large factor in the lives of Sicilians, but doubtless she was right. They really do not need much siesta, because they do not come down till noon.

GOING OVER THE ROYAL PALACE

When they went off to breakfast we climbed up the red marble stairs to see the state apartments of the palace. They are all at the top of the building, and as you pass in you notice that though the cortile has a triple arcade it is capped with as cheap a tiled roof as any pauper might have. I had to explain to Witheridge, who was on the look out for the bad taste he had heard us assigning to queens, that the handsome red, white, and green curtain at the entrance of the state apartments was an example of the Italian colours, not of Italian art. The first room, the Chamber of Viceroys, is a very plain room with very bad pictures of past viceroys, most of whom were very bad viceroys. From this you pass into the Sala da Pranzo, the banqueting-hall, which was formerly the Hall of Parliament. The floors are painted to look like something better; the frescoes by Velasquez, the Monreale Velasquez, represent the labours of Hercules. It is a fine and lofty chamber.

The next room is a pretty little ante-room upholstered in green. This leads into the private reception-room; it is in the Pompeian style and upholstered in blue. It is quite pretty, the frescoes on the wall are charming, and the figures added in 1891 are so graceful.

THE NORMAN ROOM IN THE PALACE

The next room is the Chinese smoking-room, with Chinese frescoes—not in the least Chinese—but quite charming in general effect. It was, of course, decorated for Maria Caroline. The furniture is Sicilian-Chinese, ridiculous and gaudy, but effective.

ROBERT GUISCARD'S CHAPEL

Then you pass through a tiled ante-room into the family dining-room, a square chamber with four antique granite columns, taken from temples, which support four Moorish arches, painted to match the mosaics of the Norman room. These arches are now surmounted by the little cupola which gives this room its official name (*Sala dei Venti*—Hall of the Winds), erected by Victor-Amadeus, who felt no compunction in piercing the ceiling of the mighty Robert Guiscard's chapel, for that was the original purpose of the chamber. There may be all kinds of antique features to bring to light in the palace, which did not even begin its existence under its Norman rulers, having been the "Casr" or palace of the Emirs, which gave the Corso its grand old Arabic name "Cassaro."

THE NORMAN ROOM

The Norman room in the Royal Palace is another of the priceless art treasures of Palermo; it is in perfect preservation, the one chamber which has come down to us intact from Norman times to show the style in which this race of conquerors lived when in royal state. It is the domestic building which perishes; the castle and the abbey leave their traces broadcast. There is not a sign of decay; everything might have been put into its place yesterday except for the perfect mellowness which can only come with the action of light and time.

The room was built by Roger the King nearly eight hundred years ago. The whole upper part is a blaze of gold mosaic with trees and flowers, animals, and birds semi-conventionalised but roguishly natural; the peacock has a splendid colour, and the grin of the lions is magnetic. Window arch and vaulted ceiling are

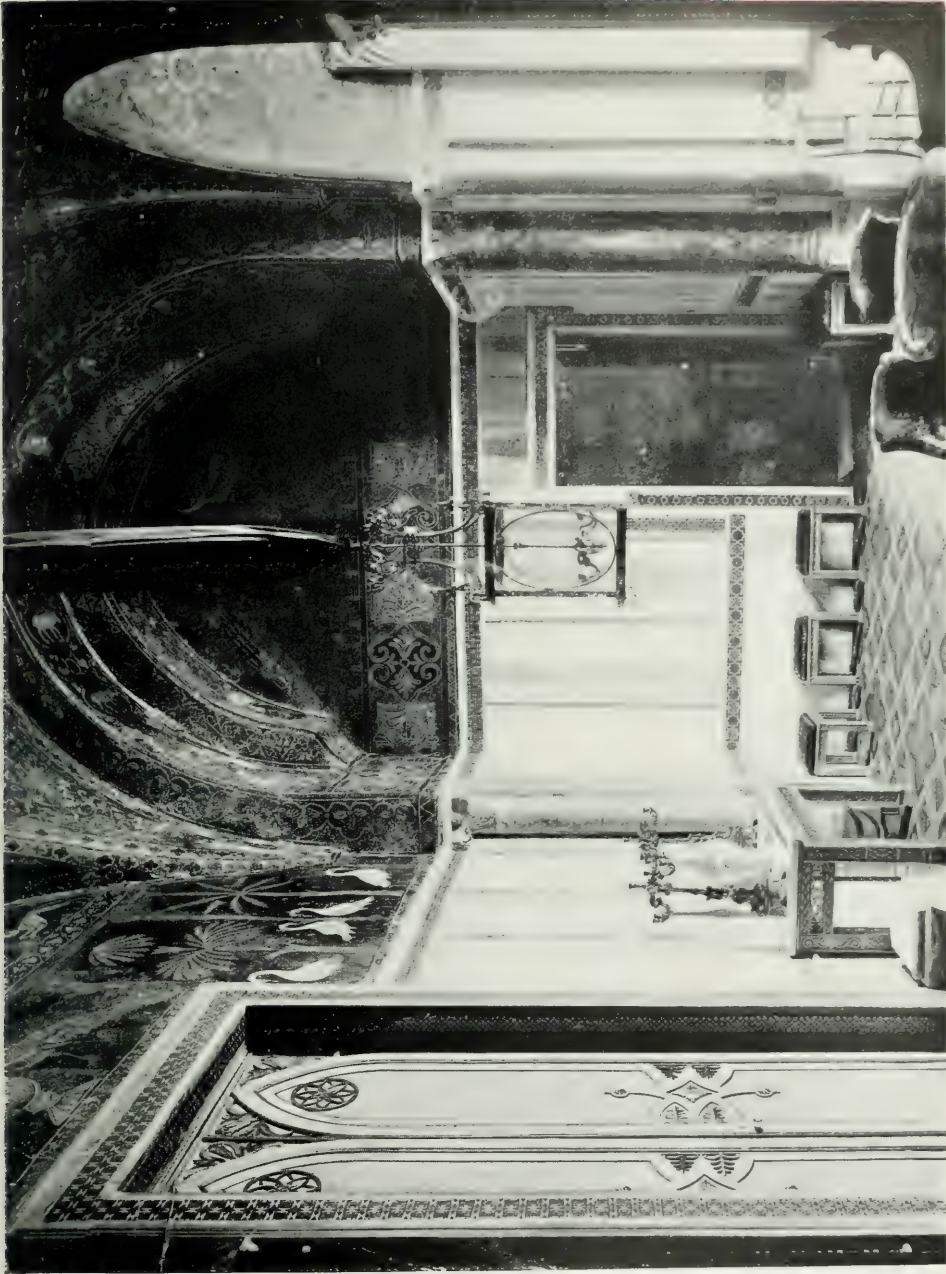
IN SICILY

crusted with little mosaics, like jewels; the walls, from the spring of the vaulting downwards, are covered with panels of cipollino, the veined white marble which reminds one of the section of an onion—panels of about six feet high by two feet wide, grouped in twos and threes, and framed in brilliant mosaic bands. At the end of the room is a kind of apse with a Moorish arch. A fireplace has been inserted in admirable taste in another apse-like recess on Comacine lions. The great Emperor Frederick II. added the German eagle in the fresco of the ceiling-centre. Next to this throne-room of King Roger, as if it were done to emphasise the shocking absence of taste, is the terrible little chapel with a terrible plaster ceiling, and upholstered in red velvet, which Queen Margherita had constructed in 1870. Fortunately tartans are unknown in Sicily, except for the shirts of the second-class dudes who cannot afford to dress like Englishmen. The gilded youth go to Poole for their coats, and Bond Street for their purple and fine linen. Three years ago they had got as far as winding their evening ties twice round their necks before they tied them.

THE OTHER PUBLIC ROOMS

The neighbouring ante-chamber for official receptions has nice yellow brocade hangings. From its balcony you can see the obelisk of the Garibaldians at Gibilrossa, and looking the other way you can see the exterior of the Norman room, which is uninjured but for the loss of a window pilaster. There are a good many Arabo-Norman window mouldings in this part of the palace, which culminates in the Torre di S. Nimfa, now fitted up as an observatory. This, the only one of the towers now left, is in the centre of the palace. It is also known as the Pisan Tower. There were, at any rate, two others formerly—the Greek Tower, which dominated the Kemonia, and the red tower in front of the palace, which was destroyed in 1553. The chamber of the official receptions has rich crimson hangings, made in the King's tapestry works at Caserta, which no longer exist, having been suppressed when the Bourbons were driven out. It was the throne-room in their time, and it has

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermershorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERSHORN STREET.



THE NORMAN ROOM IN THE PALACE

GOING OVER THE ROYAL PALACE

the inevitable Pompeian decorations and stools and sofas and tables with lions' legs—the eighteenth-century idea of palace furniture. It has birds picking currants for its curtain holders.

The dancing-hall has an imitation marble floor and panels. It was formerly the museum of the palace, but the wicked Garibaldians

Torre di S. Nimfa

Porta Nuova



Photo by Incorpora.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO

sacked it in 1848, and threw everything out of the windows, and broke the bronze statue in the square outside, which the city could only afford to replace in marble. The Green Hall of Conversation (and smoke) has nice green and white hangings, and quaint lion seats with white legs and green cushions. The Magenta Hall of Conversation has some good modern pictures. The little smoking-room leads to the balcony, where you get a capital view of the Eremiti and the Church of the Vespers, and Santa Maria di Gesu with Monte Griffone

IN SICILY

in the background, and Monte Catalfano. On the other side of the Torre di S. Nimfa is a fine terrace, which extends the whole way to the Porta Nuova, the upper part of which is included in the palace.

From this mossy-tiled terrace, looking to the left, you get a wonderful view of the green Conca d'Oro, embosomed in the everlasting hills and dominated by the cathedral of Monreale, and the great stone pine on its rock. Looking to the right you have almost immediately below you the vast palace of the archbishop, the long, tawny cathedral, the crowned head of Monte Pellegrino, and the sea.

THE ROYAL BEDROOMS

Queen Margherita's bedroom was lined with Cambridge-blue satin, but there was a little chamber off it which she would probably use if she came to Palermo.

King Humbert's bedroom was quite small and quite simple, but a hotel would hardly be able to let a bedroom furnished in such bad taste, though the poor man had probably nothing to do with it, beyond asking for a small room. Great men like small rooms—in order to hide from their servants, I suppose. Victor Emmanuel II. had an, if anything, plainer study and smoking-room and bedroom; he had a mosaic sofa, a picture of Etna in sewing silks, fixed in the fireplace, and a painted floor. He was very fond of green. The tiniest and plainest bath and study were those of the present king, who, like many other intellectual men and fine scholars, has the simplest tastes, though he had two antique tarsia tables. Probably any kind of furniture does for rooms which have never any hope of being occupied. In theory every Japanese house has a little dais on the north side of the guest-chamber where the Mikado's bed would be spread if he ever came to stay in that house; but most houses have given up all hope of such an honour, and have reduced the dimensions of the Mikado's bed-dais to a ledge hardly wide enough to hold the common British flower-pot. This is the *toko-no-ma*, which means literally "bed-place," though it only implies a shallow recess, a *kakemono*, and a flower-vase.

GARIBALDI'S BEDROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE

Garibaldi, too, had to have a bedroom. He was uproariously socialistic in his views about bedrooms—quite a Fabian. His furniture consisted of a brass comb and a pitcher, a very cheap table, four cheap chairs, a camp bed, and a pedestal, but as indulgences he added a comfortable easy-chair, and chose the room off the billiard-room.

The palace has an insignificant garden, quite thrown into the shade by the fine grounds of the Duc d'Orleans. The terrace is really the roof of the stable, though it is so graceful and paved with such lovely old Spanish tiles.

Stephana said that it was a great idea having the most popular gate under the terrace of the King's palace; she was quite certain that the Royal Family would enjoy nothing so much as watching the common people. "It must be so dull being a Royal Family," she said.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ARABO-NORMAN BUILDINGS OF PALERMO

THE ARABO-NORMAN OR SICILIAN-GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

SOME such term as Arabo-Norman or Sicilian-Gothic is necessary to express the style of architecture begun under the Norman kings, and maintained to the time of the Chiaramonti in the fourteenth century. Other names have been applied to certain features and periods of it. Its exquisite cloisters have been called Lombard, and much of it simply Saracenic, but for a comprehensive title one is almost forced to fall back on the alternative mentioned above.

SICILIAN ARCHITECTURE OWES ITS CHARACTER TO ROBERT AND ROGER ; THE CHARACTER OF ROBERT AND ROGER

If we look for the reason we shall find it in the wonderfully masterful and broad-minded character of Roger, the great Count who founded the Norman kingdom of Sicily, and his family and brothers-in-arms. So great were they that Sicily was for the brief period of their dynasty a powerful nation, which she has never been before or since, and shone with reflected glory for a hundred years or two after they had died out. I am not going to digress into an historical treatise, but I must point out what kind of men Roger, her Great Count, and his brother Robert the Wise were. They were twelfth and seventh sons of a minor baron in Normandy, Tancred of Hauteville. They made their way to Italy as pilgrims or adventurers without any following, and rose by their wonderful strength of body, character, and abilities. Robert, who was a great deal older than

THE GREATNESS OF THE NORMAN KINGS

Roger, was one of the heroes of the day at Civitella, when three thousand Normans did not hesitate to attack the Pope at the head of a large army, which they routed utterly. They then, probably at the suggestion of Guiscard, the Ulysses of his age, took what they wanted, and did homage to the Pope for it. It was in this way that Naples began its seven hundred years feoffship to the Church. Later on Robert defeated the Emperor of the East at the great Battle of Durazzo, and drove the Emperor of the West, the masterful Henry IV. of Germany, in hurried flight from Rome. It was his alliance which enabled Pope Gregory VII. to force the Emperor to do penance to him at Canossa. For a moment it looked as if the crafty and valiant Norman might reunite in his own person the empires of the East and West.

This Robert, Duke of Apulia, was disturbed in his mind by the arrival of his handsome, valiant, and able young brother Roger, and, to get rid of him, incited him to invade Sicily, which he did with a ridiculous force. At the Battle of Ceramio, Roger the Count, with one hundred and thirty-six knights and their followers, and St. George, who fought in the foremost rank, defeated fifty thousand Saracens. It took Roger thirty years to conquer Sicily, and his son Roger became its first Norman king.

Under the beneficent rule of their Norman kings, Sicily became the most civilised country in Europe. The Arab geographer, El Edrisi, compiled his famous *Description of the World* at the Court of Roger II., and called it *The Book of Roger*. There too he made his Celestial Sphere, and his Silver Map of the World. They were so tolerant and broad-minded that, instead of exterminating the Saracens, they made good use of their abilities. Nearly all the surviving buildings erected under their dynasty are full of beautiful details executed by Saracen workmen; but the Normans themselves were great architects, and it is to their solid architecture and masonry that the body of the buildings is generally due, the lighter details, such as windows, being left to the Saracens.

IN SICILY

THE ARABO-NORMAN BUILDINGS OF PALERMO

Soon a third influence crept in, that of the Comacine Brotherhood, who may or may not have been identical with the Freemasons in the Middle Ages. We see their influence most strongly in the gorgeous windows of the later buildings, in which the enclosing arch resembles that of Gothic buildings of the same period all over Italy. The finest examples of these windows are those in the great palace built by Manfred Chiaramonte in the fourteenth century, and long used as the Palace of the Inquisition. The principal earlier Arabo-Norman buildings in Palermo are the Cappella Reale, certain other portions of the Royal Palace, a large portion of the cathedral, the lovely little church of San Giovanni dei Eremiti near the palace. These, with the palaces of the Zisa, Cuba, and Mimmerno, and the Pavilion of the Cubola outside the city on the west side, the Castle of the Favara outside the city on the south side, and the little churches of the Martorana and S. Cataldo near the Quattro Canti, and S. Antonio, where the new street runs from the Corso to S. Domenico, are the buildings in which the Saracen influence is strongest. The Zisa, the Cuba, the Cubola, and the Favara and Mimmerno, are believed to have been built by the last Arabic Emirs. The cathedrals of Monreale and Cefalu belong to the Arabo-Norman period.

PURE NORMAN BUILDINGS

At the same time, certain of these buildings, such as the cathedral, have a quantity of pure Norman work in them. The cathedral crypt, for instance, is practically as the founder of that glorious pile left it. To show how widely the Sicilian kings went for men who could serve them, it may be mentioned that Walter of the Mill, the founder of the cathedral, was, as his name betokens, an English Norman. The Sicilians have corrupted his name into Offamilio or Offamil. He built another Arabo-Norman church of dying fame. But the Arabic influence is slight in his grim church of S. Spirito, which since 1282 has been called the Church of the Vespers, because its Vesper bells were the signal for the massacre of the French to commence. Sicilian-

LATE ARABO-NORMAN BUILDINGS

Norman buildings, in which the Norman influence is more conspicuous, are the Bridge of the Admiral and the little churches of S. Cristina La Vetere, in a blind street close to the cathedral, and S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, just outside the city on the sea-road to Bagheria.

LATER ARABO-NORMAN BUILDINGS

The Tower of S. Niccolò d'Albergheria, which is not very far from the Porta S. Agata, and two of the city gates, the Porta S. Agata and the Porta Mazzara, especially the latter, and the beautiful pieces of wall adjoining it, belong to the late Arabo-Norman period; and to the same age belong the wonderful façade of the Casa Normanna, in the Salita S. Antonio; the magnificent windows in the Palace of the Inquisition; the church of S. Antonio Abate behind it; the Palazzo Sclafani on the opposite side of the Piazza to the Royal Palace; the Palace of Conte Federigo at the end of a lane leading down from the Palazzo Sclafani; the façade of the convent adjoining the little Church of the Saviour in the Via Protonotaro; the noble church of the Magione—the mansion of the Teutonic Knights—which has a delightful little cloister (after the manner of Monreale, but sequestered by the surrounding houses), and, now that it is stripped of its plaster, shows itself to be the most elegantly proportioned chapel in Palermo except the Cappella Reale; the Maddalena, near the Porto Nuova, another elegant chapel; the ruined chapel of the Incoronata behind the cathedral; the old houses near the corner of the Via del Celso; the windows in the Pietra Tagliata Palace and S. Maria delle Grazie; and the fragment of the convent of S. Basilio. There are a few other bits, of course, scattered about, but these are the principal.

The Cappella Reale and the Royal Palace have already been dealt with. It is interesting to note that in the palace of the Princess Baucino, on the Marina, a Norman chamber like that in the Royal Palace has been copied with great success. That palace also contains a ballroom copied from the Alhambra, and another room in the Spanish-Arabic style. They were built by a former Prince Cattolica, a man of great wealth and taste.

IN SICILY

THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO

The next building to discuss is undoubtedly the cathedral, which for its exterior is worthy of being remembered with S. Mark's, Venice, though it does not resemble it in the least, for its strange and unique beauty.

Imagine a building of vast length whose masonry, so richly golden as to be almost orange in its hue, is chased and fretted from end to end by the cunning chisels of Arabic artificers. Its Court of the Lord in front of it has no equal among European cathedrals, for it is a garden of palms, surrounded by a rich balustrade, from which statues of saints look down on the tide of humanity which flows through the heart of the city. And from its centre arises the image



Photo by Sommer.

THE PIAZZA OF THE CATHEDRAL

THE EXTERIOR OF PALERMO CATHEDRAL

of S. Rosalia herself, the Norman princess-saint, who is the patron of the city, though not the name-saint of the cathedral. From the corners of the cathedral rise openwork turrets, crocketed and steepled, of the airiest design. Through their unglazed windows you can see the deep blue Sicilian sky, and, true to Comacine ideas, they grow more open as they grow higher. The long line of the roof is broken with rifted Saracen battlements. Below that is an arched cornice. As is the case with most Arabo-Norman buildings, the exterior is a mass of rich and elegant ornament, and the gaily coloured minor domes added in the last century harmonise well enough with the ancient details, though the great dome over the centre makes you wonder why the fire sent from heaven does not consume it instead of fine trees and harmless hayricks. It is such a blot on one of the noblest exteriors in Europe. The richest arabesques are on the beautiful three-arched south porch, which is supposed to be a fragment of a mosque.

The sumptuous east end has a prominent apse, and is arcaded like the sister cathedrals of Monreale and Cefalu, but without the introduction of the heavy black lava dressings, which are the feature of the former. Apart from the matter of arcading it is far more ornate than either of them, by reason of the exquisite turrets at its north and south angles, which in lightness and grace recall Giotto's tower at Florence. But perhaps the feature by which people are more likely to remember the cathedral at Palermo than by any other are the two flying arches which connect the similar campaniles at the west end of the cathedral with the tower of the archbishop's palace, surmounted high in the air by the great bronze figure of a saint holding aloft a cross. The west end is likewise beautified by white marble commemorative tablets, hundreds of years old, sunk in the rich orange of its walls. The exterior of the cathedral of Palermo is a thing to dream about. It is one of those objects to which the word exquisite fits itself. I doubt if any piece of masonry in the world, built entirely of one stone, is so beautiful in colour; its stone is of the richest orange that the sunset itself can achieve when it falls on ancient masonry.

The temples of Girgenti, on the south coast of the island, come

IN SICILY

nearest to the cathedral at Palermo in the glory of their golden stone, but even they fail to reach it. Both wear the halo of an eternal sunset. I am not going to describe the cathedral in detail; this book is not designed to compete with guide-books. I myself buy and use all the guide-books about every place I visit. My object is rather to make a selection from the guide-books of the objects in any city or country which I consider to be best worth visiting, and to say why they struck me as being notable.

THIS BOOK PAYS LITTLE ATTENTION TO RENAISSANCE BUILDINGS

In this book little notice is taken of Renaissance buildings, except where they have some special artistic beauty or historical interest. The heavily-ornamented buildings of this style have no attractions for me, and I am describing what I love in Sicily. What I seek when I go abroad is beauty, especially architectural beauty. This whole book is devoted to a pilgrimage in search of things beautiful, and, much as I admire the grandeur of the great Roman and pure Norman buildings, I love best those endued with the lighter graces of Greek, Gothic, Saracen, and far-Eastern architecture.

The Renaissance transformation of the interior of the cathedral of Palermo in the last century may have merits of its own. To me it is simply odious. I like to forget it, merely thankful that the columns in the nave are not disfigured by stucco apostles like some of the Belgian cathedrals. There is, I know, in one of the chapels of the south transept the silver shrine of Santa Rosalia, which comes into the threepenny magazines because it weighs so many thousand ounces. There are two beautiful *bénitiers* in the nave by Gagini in a semi-Gothic style, carved with crowds of figures, hardly excelled by any *bénitiers* in the world. Palermitan ladies wear dirty gloves in church to save the trouble of taking them off when they dip their fingers in the holy water to make the sign of the cross on their foreheads. There is in the chapel of the tombs of the Norman kings a decent painting, by Crescenzo, I think, who painted the "Triumph of Death" in the Sclafani Palace, but the

SICILY PROSPEROUS UNDER NORMAN KINGS



GAGINI'S "BÉNITIER" IN THE CATHEDRAL

glories of the interior of the cathedral of Palermo are the tombs of the Norman kings, and the Norman crypt of Walter of the Mill.

Many nations have flowed over Sicily. The island has groaned under a greater variety of masters than any country in Europe; it is perhaps more favoured by nature than any. Even to-day, when decay and desolation stalk through it, it supports nearly three millions and a half of inhabitants. But in all its long history, from the far-

IN SICILY

back day when the Greeks began to dispute its coasts with the Sikelians and Sicanians, who were perhaps its aborigines, to our own day, at no time has prosperity been universal in the island except under the brief dynasty of its Norman kings. And here they died as well as lived. Amid the meretricious ornamentations added by the worthless Neapolitan Fuga a century ago, lies the tomb of Roger the King, who died more than seven centuries ago, surrounded by his daughter Constantia, his son-in-law the Emperor Henry VI.—



Photo by Incorpore.

THE TOMB OF ROGER THE KING

the conqueror of Italy—and his grandson, the Emperor Frederick II., perhaps the greatest of all the Holy Roman Emperors from Charlemagne to Charles V. Roger the King sleeps in a plain sarcophagus of rich crimson porphyry raised upon two brackets of white marble, carved with the richness the luxurious but primitive Norman loved. The proud Norman's tomb does not stand upon the floor, but on a huge plinth of grey marble shadowed by a canopy resting on six columns inlaid with mosaic bands. In spite of the carving of its canopy and the brackets, the tomb is

simplicity itself, as were the tombs of the two Emperors and the Empress who brought them the kingdom of Sicily as her dower.

Her tomb, like Roger's, has splendid mosaic bands on its canopy. His is supported on the shoulders of kneeling Normans carved in white marble, and bears the inscription—" *Quieti et paci Rogerii*

THE TOMBS OF THE NORMAN KINGS

strenui ducis et primi regis Siciliæ mortuus est panormi. Feb. mens. An. MCLIV.”; hers—“*Constantiam imp. et reg. Siciliæ regis northmannorum stirpis ultimam hoc habet monumentum elata est panormi. M. No. An. MCXCVIII.*” Her tomb, like her husband the Emperor Henry’s, is a Greek sarcophagus resting on plain marble trestles; but their son, the great Emperor Frederick II., the most brilliant monarch of the Middle Ages, has lions to support his sarcophagus, which is inscribed—“*Hic situs est ille magni nominis imperator et rex Siciliæ Fredericus II. obiit Florentini in Apulia idibus Decembris An. MCCL.*” Along the wall by the tombs of Frederick and Henry are antique sarcophagi; the latter has on it—“*Obiit Catanie MCCXXII. Sicanie regina fui. Constantia conjunx augusta hic habito nunc Federice tua.*” The tomb of the Emperor Henry is inscribed—“*Memoria Henrici VI. Imperatoris et regis Siciliæ Decessit Messana, Mense Septembr. An. MCXCVII.*” Against the wall is the tomb of William the son of the King of Aragon, whose figure, mummified in the Cappuccini manner, is represented on the monument. In front of the tombs is a fine old iron screen, dating probably from the sixteenth century, pointed, with gilded spear heads. At the back of the enclosure is a fine S. Cecilia, by Crescenzo, one of the best Sicilian painters.

These great plain masses of porphyry under their dignified canopies put to shame the rest of the interior. But down in the crypt everything is different. There the noble simplicity of Archbishop Walter’s building remains intact; there, too, are a long line of the tombs of the illustrious, commencing with the archbishop himself and Frederick of Antioch, Roger’s admiral. Antioch supplied more than one great admiral to the Norman rulers of Sicily.

Walter of the Mill’s tomb is a plain white marble sarcophagus, rough behind, and with a mosaic border round the top in front. The tomb, which is likewise an altar, belongs to the African Bishop S. Cosmo. The Norman-looking tomb with mosaics is that of Cardinal John Doria, the Genoese Archbishop of Palermo, who discovered and translated the remains of S. Rosalia; its sarcophagus with the characteristic wave ornament is ancient Greek, like so many

IN SICILY



Photo by Alinari.

CRESCENZIO'S S. CECILIA IN THE CHAPEL OF THE NORMAN KINGS

mediaeval and modern Sicilian tombs. Sicily being one vast cemetery of all ages, the supply of magnificent marble sarcophagi was practically inexhaustible, and ecclesiastics had the convenient habit of pronouncing all ancient sarcophagi to have belonged to holy men, and to be capable of conferring sanctity. One tomb is shown as belonging to the archbishop who was here when Roger came, which argues a very broad mind on behalf of the Saracen Emirs. Archbishop Paterino's tomb has a fine sculpture by Gagini. There was formerly a fresco of S. Cristina, but that has shared the fate of most things removable and been sawn off and sent to the museum.

The granite columns of the crypt, which is the finest piece of Norman, as we know it, in Palermo, have noble antique capitals, but our enjoyment of them was interrupted by boys, with the usual human instincts, who dropped large stones through the gratings while we were standing below with candles. They came so near killing the sacristan's little girl that he left us, with candles as a bait, while he went off to assassinate them.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermerhorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERHORN STREET.



Photo by Sommer.

THE MOSQUE-LIKE CHURCH OF THE EREMITI
FOUNDED BY GREGORY THE GREAT

THE HARBOUR OF THE ANCIENTS

THE MOSQUE-LIKE CHURCH OF THE EREMITI

Only separated from the cathedral by a street at each end, and the square in which the Royal Palace stands, the Piazza della Vittoria, is the most Arabic-looking of all the buildings of Palermo, the exquisite little church and cloister of San Giovanni degli Eremiti. Its five dark red domes rising from the flat roof and flat tower of the little church are the most noticeable feature in any bird's-eye view. Its cloister, in the Lombard style—the style carried from Monreale above Palermo, to Mont S. Michel on the coast of Normandy by the Comacine masters—contests, with the interior of the Cappella Reale and the exterior of the cathedral, the honour of being the most beautiful thing in Palermo. Many features in the church point to its having been a mosque. On the south side is a chapel which is known to have been a mosque. There was a monastery on the site founded out of the proceeds of his Sicilian property by S. Gregory the Great thirteen centuries ago. Both mosque and monastery had fallen into decay when Roger the King came to found the present church, about 1130.

The Eremiti is a spot to hang about, to come back to. Its masonry is superb, its cloisters with their pairs of shafts and Lombard arches, surrounded by rich vegetation and with gourds crawling over them, form a vision of pure beauty, and it has half-exhumed subterranean chambers to excite the curious.

THE HARBOUR OF THE ANCIENTS RAN RIGHT UP TO THE EREMITI

The story of its changes is written on its walls. The very rock on which it stands is full of interest because it is eaten away by the action of the sea. To-day the sea is a mile or two away, and seemingly so far below it in altitude that it appears incredible that the left-hand arm of the harbour of the ancients should have reached this rock and far beyond. I do not know what its exact elevation is, but I cannot help thinking that in this volcanic country there must have been some upheaval since the sea washed the rocks of the Eremiti and mingled with the waters of the dried-up papyrus marsh above the

IN SICILY

cathedral. I am not sure that there is any record of when these two long arms of the Cala, the little land-locked Arabic harbour of to-day, became dry land, but much of old Palermo is built in their beds, and this may account for the extraordinary way in which the old streets wind. The Martorana, for instance, and S. Cataldo, the little ancient churches which, after the Eremiti, show most of the Saracen influence, lie clearly in the basin of the left-hand arm. The present Corso Vittoria Emmanuele which runs from the Royal Palace to the sea, the ancient street, which was the Cassaro of the Arabs, the Via Marmorea of the Norman kings, ran straight up the ridge of high ground which lay between the two arms; the Piazza Nuova, which every stranger knows for its quaint market, on one side of the Via Macqueda, and the Piazza S. Onofrio on the other, lie obviously within the bed of the right-hand arm, one has to descend a good many feet to them.

According to the map of that very able work, *La Topografia Antica di Palermo dal Secolo X. al XV.*, by Vincenzo di Giovanni, the original harbour of Palermo covered the Piazza Marina and all the space between it and the Cala, and also covered all the streets lying between the Cala, the Corso, the new Via Roma, and the straight line drawn from the Piazza S. Domenico to the northern entrance to the Cala. Where the Tornieri runs into the Corso it is split into two narrow arms, one of which, roughly speaking, occupied the site of the present Via Tornieri, Via Calderai, the Piazza Casa Professa, the Via Porta di Castro, and the hollow which runs up the centre of the Duke of Orleans's Park for another half-mile or more. The quarter of the city on the far side of it, which contains Gregory the Great's ancient monastery, the Eremiti, was in Saracen times the Christian quarter, known as the Khemonia. The right-hand arm ran up through the present Porta Nuova, Piazza S. Onofrio, and the low-lying ground to the north of the Via Candelai, widening out as it approaches the back of S. Cristina La Vetere into what is known as the Papireto—the Papyrus Swamp, traces of which extend in the shape of sea-worn hollows almost up to the Via Colonna Rotta, the cross street which leads from the Piazza d'Indipendenza to the Zisa. As I have said, the beds of these two dried-up sea arms seem to have been elevated

THE STORY OF THE MARTORANA

by some volcanic agency. They, running a mile or two up from the sea in land-locked security, gave Palermo its name of the "All Harbour." The space between them formed the original Palermo. The large harbour in which ships lie nowadays is quite modern; it did not even exist in Nelson's day.

THE MARTORANA AND S. CATALDO

The Martorana and S. Cataldo are more mosque-like than the Eremiti, though, according to Murray, neither of them ever was a mosque, the Martorana having been built by George of Antioch, the admiral of both Roger the Count and Roger the King, in 1143, and S. Cataldo eighteen years later, by another admiral, — Majone. The Martorana was in its mosaics the rival, even the superior, of the Cappella Reale, as the mosaic portraits of the King and the Admiral and other fragments show. Unfortunately, the church, which was properly called S. Maria dell' Ammiraglio, was at an early date united with the convent of the Martorana, whose nuns from 1590 to 1726 spent their time in knocking the church about to make one or other tasteless addition. We know that the church was never really a mosque, because its charter of endowment still exists, partly written in Greek, partly in Arabic, partly in



Photo by Alinari.

THE INTERIOR OF THE MARTORANA

IN SICILY

Sicilian. In spite of all the degradations of time and the nuns, the interior has traces of its Arabo-Norman splendour sufficient to give



Photo by Incorpora.

THE TOWER OF THE MARTORANA

it character. The exterior has been obliterated by the Renaissance workmen, with the exception of a Saracenic inscription and the Saracenic tower, the two upper stories of which were rebuilt about 500 years ago with considerable elegance. S. Cataldo, which stands only a few yards from the Martorana, and has three domes and a Saracenic frieze, has preserved its mosque-like character both within and without, and though now it is bare to the verge of desolateness it is a marvel of symmetrical elegance.

The glories of the Martorana inspire one of the

late Professor Freeman's bursts of eloquence in the third series of his *Historical Essays* (Macmillan):—"The church of George the Emir. That church—the memory of its founder is half-forgotten in the usurping name of Martorana—was then fresh with all the splendours of its newly-wrought mosaics. There stood the Byzantine creation of the man of Antioch, the conqueror of Corinth. Its cupola, its towers, its *atrium*, like Salerno or Saint Ambrose; the columns, some of classical work, some bearing legends from the holy book of the Saracen; the rich mosaic of the roof; the more precious portraits of the founder and master—the king standing with bowed head to receive the crown from the Saviour, the aged emir with his white

THE ZISA

beard grovelling at the feet of the Panagia; the legends within and without in the Greek tongue, spoken alike in Antioch and in Palermo—all then were new; the hand of the innovator, the more fatal hand of the restorer, had not touched them. They stood as a witness that in Roger's day, alongside alike of African and European conquerors, the older arts, the older tongue, of Sicily still lived on. Under the equal rule of the Norman, the Greek had in some sort established himself as a conqueror in the Saracen city."

Greek, politically, Palermo never was. The Romans captured Machanat, for that was its ancient name, direct from its Phœnician or Carthaginian masters.

Not a great way from these churches, as the crow flies, raised high above the level of the Corso, at its junction with the new street from the Piazza S. Domenico, is the little church of S. Antonio, of which the exterior is insignificant. It was built in 1220, and restored by the Chiaramonti. It had, till the earthquake of 1823, the loftiest campanile in the city. The same earthquake ruined its mosaics, which have been replaced with painted imitations. It was built square, with a cupola in the Byzantine style, and still retains some scanty Byzantine features, but it has been restored almost out of recognition.

THE ZISA

The five buildings which have more traces of Saracenic art about them than any other, except the Cappella Reale, are the Zisa, the Cuba, the Cubola, the Favara, and, I believe, the Palace of Mimmerno. The Zisa, which means in Arabic "the beloved," or "the splendid," is in far better preservation than any of the others. It was the favourite retreat of the Saracenic princes, though the oldest parts now preserved—the exterior with its Saracenic battlements and window mouldings, the front upper chamber, and the lower hall—are believed to date, not from the time of the Emirs, but from the time when King William I. of Sicily made it his palace. The lower hall, which is in the form of a Greek cross, with three deep alcoves vaulted with Moorish honeycomb-work and ornamented with wonderful old mosaics, is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw.

IN SICILY

The great hall of the Zisa has more of the magic of the East about it than anything in Palermo. From the back wall under the famous mosaic panel of the Archers and the Peacocks a charming fountain gushes out between two little tiers of mosaics in steps surmounted by quaint acorns. It makes a tiny waterfall; its waters are carried off in a little clear channel which runs through two square



THE MOORISH HALL OF THE ZISA

Photo by Pelos.

pools like a string of beads. The mosaics are of the Norman-Saracen period. The ceiling above is in the true Saracenic style, a vault carved into countless facets and pendentives. These Saracen ceilings look as if they were the moulds in which a many-domed and crocketed roof had been cast. Formerly such parts of the hall as were not covered with mosaics were decorated with panels of the beautiful veined white marble known as cipollino, surmounted and divided by mosaic bands and finished off at the corners by six polished

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schormerhorn Street Branch,
11 SCHORMERHORN STREET.



Photo by S. J. Zisa

L. A. ZISA

THE INTERIOR OF THE ZISA

granite columns with white marble capitals exquisitely carved in designs of birds. Some of the panels have unfortunately been replaced by sixteenth- and seventeenth-century frescoes of Amorini and kindred subjects. The two round entrance arches behind the beautiful hammered iron gates have two pairs of pillars with Corinthian capitals surmounted by Arab cushions.

The alcove below, which may have suggested the alcoves so popular in the villas on the Digue at Ostend, has a curious triple opening. Stephana wondered how much of this triptych archway and the Arabic windows were open in the days when the master of the palace was an Arabic Emir. I explained to her that there probably never was such a time, though Saracen secrecy may have been a welcome feature in the pleasure-house of a Norman king. The hammered ironwork of the gates which fill the arches is very fine and old, and the broad band of mosaics which runs all round above the panels is wonderfully elegant.

That glorious old palace, with its great airy, open basement, is as suggestive as anything could be that this was once the pleasure-house of a king who had won Oriental luxury with a Northman's sword.

It is open to the street except for those gates. It now belongs to the Marquis di S. Giovanni, who only allows the lower half to be shown, but was good-natured enough to take me over the upper part of the house himself. There is no first floor in the proper sense of the word. The windows only serve to light a passage running past the upper part of the hall. The noble chamber used by the marquis himself, which occupies nearly the whole of the second floor, has many of the Arabo-Norman features of the hall below, but the central portion of it, by far the largest, has none, because it is not original. In ancient times the palace was, like most Sicilian palaces, built round an open court, the central portion of the marquis's chamber was built over the court in Spanish times. It has none of the graceful columns and alcoves which decorate the original portions, especially the front part of the marquis's chamber. The Spanish additions to the roof which cover the court are highly picturesque, and command one of the finest views in all Palermo, because they sweep the entire

IN SICILY

panorama between Monte Pellegrino, Monreale, the mountains beyond the Gesu, and the sea. The marquis has written a very interesting little brochure about his palace, which is sold by the attendant who shows the public over the lower hall.

In the volume quoted just above Freeman wrote of the Zisa and the Cuba :—" But for the grandest display of ornament of that kind we must go nearer to the city, to the Zisa, the earthly paradise of William the Bad, the best-preserved of all the domestic monuments of the Norman kings. The hall of the fountain, with its columns, its capitals, its mosaics, is a contrast indeed to the sterner buildings of the kings of the same race, whether in their own duchy or in their other great island conquest. And yet, as far as the mere outline of the building goes, there is no small likeness between the Zisa and the square keeps of England and Normandy. But in no square keep of England or Normandy does a wide arch in one side of the tower open to display the glimpse of fairyland which flashes on us as we pass by the house of William the Bad. Be it remembered also that, bad and Sultan-like as he may have been, William did not forget his chapel. It stands detached from the palace, worked into the fabric of a later church,* the only ecclesiastical building in Palermo where the honeycomb drips in stone. And the series of pleasure-houses is crowned by the Cuba of William the Good, and its charming little neighbour the Cubola, the pavilion in the garden, four arches bearing up a cupola. Here too, in the last days of the Norman monarchy, the Saracenic style, alike of palace and pavilion, the honeycomb less well preserved than in the Zisa, the Arabic inscriptions which record the founder and the date of the building, all show how deep was the impress which the arts of the vanquished Moslem had made on his Christian conqueror."

THE CUBA

You see the Cuba only to be filled with unavailing regrets. In the distance its lofty and majestic cube of rich golden masonry (Cuba has nothing to do with cube, it is an Arabic word meaning a dome) leads you to expect another Zisa. Its exterior is built in a purely

* In the sacristy of S. Stefano, the parish church of the Zisa.

THE SCENE OF ONE OF BOCCACCIO'S TALES

Saracenic style, and its parapet bears an Arabic inscription, which leaves the uninitiated in no doubt that it was built by one of the magnificent Emirs of Palermo before the Norman Conquest. Unfortunately this very inscription, when it is translated, informs us that it was built by William the Good in 1182. The Arabic windows, out of which sad Restituta looked for young John of Procida, have all of them been blocked up with rude stonework, which serves to throw into relief the splendid Saracen masonry—the best in Sicily. Inside, its decorations have been almost destroyed by fire, and the fact that it has been used for an artillery barrack has not improved it. It is to be hoped that the municipality will carry out its intention of acquiring it as a national monument, for it is the scene of one of the romances in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and is in character the most Saracenic building in Sicily. The inscription which runs round the battlements in Arabic is worth quoting:—

“In the name of God, Clement, Merciful, pay attention. Here halt and admire you will see the illustrious dwelling of the most illustrious of the Kings of the Earth, William II.” (Not the German Emperor.) A portion of the date also survives: “And of our Lord the Messiah a thousand and a hundred add three to four score.”

William had a fish-pond and a great park here. It continued to be a royal palace under the Aragonese kings, and when there were no longer any kings in Sicily was granted away.

THE CUBOLA

A good deal of the park still exists on the opposite side of the road; it is now a lemon garden belonging to the



Photo by Pelos.

LA CUBOLA, THE GARDEN PAVILION OF LA CUBA

IN SICILY

Cavaliere Napoli. An alley ran through the park, in which were erected dear little quadrangular pavilions with open arches surmounted by elegant domes. One of them still survives, and is known as the Cubola. It is a most charming specimen of Sicilian-Arabic, and seen, as we saw it, when the surrounding lemon groves were carpeted with the pale green leaves and golden, musk-like flowers of the Sicilian weed—the *trifoglio*—it was easy to imagine one's self back in the days of the folk Boccaccio wrote about.

THE CUBA HAS ITS NICHE IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE

The real restorer of Sicilian independence was Frederick of Aragon, who was left as lieutenant in Sicily by his brother James, when the latter succeeded their eldest brother Alfonso on the throne of Aragon, A.D. 1291, nine years after the Sicilian Vespers. Their father, Peter of Aragon, who claimed through his wife Constance, the daughter of King Manfred, the Sicilian hero, and his great admiral, Roger de Loria, had come to the rescue of the Sicilians against Charles of Anjou, the French prince, whose subjects had been murdered at the Massacre of the Vespers. As the French disputed James's claim to the crown of Aragon as well as the crown of Sicily, he arranged to give up Sicily if they gave up Aragon; but Frederick would be no party to the agreement, and with the aid of Roger de Loria and John of Procida established the independence of the island and was crowned king in 1296.

BOCCACCIO'S STORY ABOUT THE CUBA

One of Boccaccio's best-known tales concerns this Frederick. In the island of Ischia, off Naples, which also belonged to him, there was a beautiful young lady named Restituta, who was much admired by a young John of Procida, who, if he could not get a boat, would swim over for the pleasure of seeing her, or even looking at the house in which she lived, when that was impossible. And she loved him as dearly as he loved her. One hot day when she went into a grotto by the seashore which contained a spring, she was seized by a party of Sicilians who had sailed over from Naples.

STORY OF RESTITUTA AND JOHN OF PROCIDA

They carried her first to Calabria and then to Palermo, and, as they could not agree as to who should have the prize, determined to present her to Frederick, whom Boccaccio calls King of Naples, though there never was a "King of Naples" till the present century. The King happened to be ill, and sent his beautiful slave to his garden palace, La Cuba, until he was better. Her lover, hearing of her abduction, followed her to Palermo, and learning where she was, found her so negligently guarded that he could force his way to her. The King, when he recovered, finding the lovers together, ordered them to be tied back to back and burnt before the people. What follows must be told in Boccaccio's own words, as translated by Mr. W. K. Kelly for an extra volume of Bohn's Library in 1867:—

"Accordingly they were seized and bound without the least remorse or pity; and being brought, as the king had ordered, to



Photo by Incorpora.

LA CUBA, THE SCENE OF THE STORY IN "BOCCACCIO"

IN SICILY

Palermo, they were tied to a stake in the great square, surrounded with faggots ready to burn them at the time appointed; whilst all the people of the city flocked to see the sight, the women greatly pitying and commending the man, the men also showing the same regard for the poor woman, everyone highly admiring her most extraordinary beauty. But the two lovers stood with their eyes fixed on the ground, lamenting their hard fate, and waiting every moment for their sentence to be put in execution. Whilst they were kept in this manner, till the time fixed upon, the news was carried to Ruggieri dell' Oria, a person of great worth and valour, who was the king's high admiral; and he coming to the place, cast his eye first upon the lady, and praised her beauty very much. He then turned to Gianni, whom he soon recognised, and asked him if he was not Gianni di Procida? Gianni lifted up his eyes, and remembering the admiral, said, 'I was once that person; but now I am to be no more.' The admiral then enquired what it was had brought him to this? Gianni replied, 'Love and the king's displeasure.' The admiral made him tell the whole story, and as he was going away, Gianni called him back, and said, 'My lord, if it be possible, pray obtain one favour of his majesty for me.' Ruggieri asked what that was. Gianni made answer, 'I find that I am to die without delay; therefore I only beg that, as I am tied with my back to this lady whom I have loved dearer than my own life, and am not able to see her, that we may be bound with our faces to each other, and so I may expire with the pleasure of looking upon her.' Ruggieri laughed and said, 'I will take care that you shall see her to much better purpose.' He then commanded these who had the care of the execution to respite it till farther orders, and went directly to the king. Finding him a good deal out of temper, he spared not to speak his mind to this effect, 'My liege, what have these two young people done to offend you, whom you have now ordered to be burnt?' The king told him. Ruggieri then said, 'Their crime may deserve it, but not from you; if misdeeds require punishment, no less do benefits demand rewards, as well as thanks. Do you know whom they are whom you have sentenced to be burnt?

BOCCACCIO'S PALERMO STORY

The king answered, 'No.' 'Then,' said he, 'I will tell you, that you may see how unwisely you suffer yourself to be transported with passion. The young man is son to Landolfo, the brother of Gianni di Procida, by whose means you are lord of Sicily. The lady is daughter to Maron Bolgaro, whose influence it was that secured your dominion over Ischia. Besides, they have long loved each other; and it was this, and no disrespect to your highness, that put them upon committing the crime, if crime it may be called, for which you are going to make them suffer death, instead of which you ought rather to give them some noble reward.' The king hearing this, and being assured that the admiral spake nothing but truth, not only put a stop to the proceedings, but was grieved for what he had done; he therefore ordered that the lovers should be set at liberty, and brought before him. Then hearing their own case, he resolved to make amends for the injury they had received; and giving them noble apparel, and many royal presents, he had them married, as it was their mutual desire, and afterwards sent them home thoroughly satisfied with their good fortune, which they long happily enjoyed together."

It was Pampinea herself, who proposed the flight from Florence, and proposed the telling of stories, who told this tale. Boccaccio, of course, does not give the date, and unless it is supposed to have happened before 1296, his history is at fault, because in that year both Roger de Loria and the elder John of Procida forsook Frederick and sided with his brother and the French. But it was a far cry from Florence to Sicily in the fourteenth century, and Boccaccio probably felt as safe about the incorrectness of his facts as we feel when we romance about the Western States of America.

The remains of King Roger's Palace of Miminerno at the village of Altarello di Baida I have never seen, but the remaining Arabic palace, the Favara, I know very well.

Freeman says of them:—"West of the city, by the village of Altarello di Baida, rose the summer dwelling of Roger, which, though a summer dwelling, was in those days also a hunting lodge. This was the *Minenium*, of which a few traces covered with the remains of

IN SICILY

later buildings may still be seen in a field, which no one is likely to reach without a guide. The chapel still stands, and, clogged with earth and rubbish, we may still see a room with the same columns and honeycomb roof which we have seen in the palace within the city. . . . Between the river and the hill which shelters the Giants' Cave, King Roger fenced him in a park, and made him a fishpond, and reared a house which still stands, disfigured indeed and in some parts shattered, but which still bears its Arabic name of *La Favara*. Its chief architectural feature is a chapel, built, as it would seem, for the Greek rite, with a small but lofty cupola, rising outside almost into the likeness of a tower. That chapel was the special scene of Roger's penitential devotions. To the Favara the king withdrew to spend his winter and keep his Lent."

THE FAVARA OR CASTELLO DI MARDOLCE

I made it, in the condition in which I imagined it to have been before its decay, the home of my heroine in my novel *The Admiral*. It is far larger than any of the other Arabic palaces, and was a castle rather than a palace, insomuch as instead of being one solid house it consisted of a fortified building enclosing an extremely large courtyard.

If the reader can imagine the older part of Windsor Castle standing on the flat ground instead of on a rock, with the great round tower entirely demolished, and most of the other buildings round the courtyard reduced to decay, partly habitable, partly rehabilitable, he will have some idea of the lie of the Favara. The masonry is good, but not very formidable against a besieger, for the walls are neither buttressed nor very thick. The palace contains a fine chapel, which has been called a miniature of S. Giovanni dei Lebbrosi, to be described lower down. In other words, it is one of the oldest Norman ecclesiastical buildings in the island, and its masonry is not smothered up with plaster. The odd feature in a building so exposed is that its windows are only on the outer side. It is surmounted by an elegant cupola with a remarkable stone cornice.

Many visitors to Palermo miss the Favara, which lies right away

THE SARACENIC PALACE OF THE FAVARA

out at the foot of Monte Griffone, but it should on no account be missed. Its long line of masonry, golden with age and decorated with the pointed Arab window panels, rises out of a lemon grove with a background of lofty mountains—peaks of sun-parched rock under the deep blue Sicilian sky, and close to the blue waters of the Mediterranean, a sight not to be forgotten. It is, moreover, extremely ancient, for it belonged to Kelbita Giafar, who was Emir from 997 to 1019, and was taken possession of by Roger the Count when he was besieging Palermo in 1071. In its grounds are the fine spring and pool called the Lake of the Mardolce, and the remains of a Roman naumachia can still be traced.

The Castle of the Favara was the favourite hunting-box of the great Emperor Frederick II., who loved Palermo better than any place in his dominions. It was down this road, past the ancient Castle of Favara, that the Garibaldians poured from Gibilrossa on the dawn of the 27th May, 1860. I shall have more to say about it in connection with our visit to it on Easter Sunday.

FINDING S. CRISTINA LA VETERE AND THE BAMBOO-FLUTE-SELLER'S

The Cappella Reale and the Royal Palace, two of the most important Arabo-Norman buildings in Palermo, have already been treated, the cathedrals of Monreale and Cefalu form the subjects of separate chapters. Close to the cathedral, in a little *cul-de-sac* opposite the Papireto, is the tiny Norman church of S. Cristina la Vetere, which is worth visiting in every way. The artist will be charmed by the exterior, with its dear little balcony shaded by bunches of leaves from the great vine which arches across the street. The wall is tufted with beards of the little lilac-flowered, mouse-tailed, ivy-leaved toad-flax; and over the wall peep some tall nespoli trees, with their dark geometrical leaves lit up in the spring with clusters of golden fruit. I do not know if the little convent from whose yard admission is gained to the church is still devoted to its original uses, but at all events when you pull the blue-tufted bell-cord an old nun arrives to know your business and eventually to hand over the key. Outside there is the inscription "*Eorum Sumptibus*, 1586," which I take to imply that that

IN SICILY

was the year in which the dear little Norman church was defiled with plaster. We had great difficulty in finding the church, though we asked all manner of people about it, till finally I went in to the humble greengrocer's shop where I had purchased two penny bamboo flutes in 1896. He was still selling bamboo flutes and prickly pears and tweezers for pulling out their spines, price one soldo; he was still beguiling the long intervals between the arrival of customers with



THE AGAVES OF THE PAPIRETO

Photo by Marziani.

playing operatic tunes on his penny wooden whistles. He had changed the tune from the grand march in *I Puritani* to an air from *Norma*, that was all. He of course knew us, and asked why we had brought a different lady and gentleman with us, though he naturally seemed pleased with Stephana.

What was more to the point, he knew S. Cristina la Vetere, of course he did; it was in the Vicolo dei Pelegrini round the corner, he would take us. He took us, pulled the bell-cord with the blue tassel, brought out the nun, sent her for the key, took it from her, unlocked the door, and waved us in with the sublime self-importance of the poor

S. CRISTINA AND THE INCORONATA

Sicilian who has got hold of some foreigners and is showing them round.

THE CHURCH OF S. CRISTINA LA VETERE AND THE CHAPEL OF THE INCORONATA

The church is almost square, except for its sixteenth-century chancel on the west. This was the style of its day, for it was built by Offamillio himself between 1171 and 1174. Its Norman-Arabic arches and vaulting are remarkably elegant but smothered in the offending plaster. There is a little arch on each side of each of the four large tower arches. There are some fine quatre-foils and a queer old altar. Some day or other this church will be stripped of its disfigurements and be another S. Cataldo.

The Chapel of the Incoronata, which was once part of the cathedral and witnessed the inauguration of the Sicilian monarchy in the coronation of King Roger, is only a few yards round the corner. It was terribly knocked about during the Revolution of 1860. It is a charming little Arabo-Norman chapel with some traces of frescoes and of a portico running all round it. The key is kept at the Martorana. The Sicilians have a habit of keeping keys a mile off.

* HOW WE GOT INTO S. GIOVANNI DEI LEBBROSI

We were reminded very much of S. Cristina when at last we succeeded in making our way into S. Giovanni dei Lebbrosi, as it is called in Sicilian. The lepers' church is near where the roads to the Favara and Bagheria divide. It has its niche in history, because it was built by the mighty Robert Guiscard, the "William the Conqueror" of the South, on the spot where he had pitched his tents when he was advancing to the capture of Palermo. A hospital, at first used for lepers and afterwards for drunkards and lunatics (perhaps to inoculate them and get them out of the way), used to adjoin this church. Its buildings have probably been corrupted into the tannery through which you have to pass to get to the church. The gatehouse has a very old arch, and there are marks of a colonnade on the poor little garden with a loose fence of bamboos and a few leprous figs, oranges, and ranun-

IN SICILY

culi. The church is near the water-tower in the centre of the street. A man who was waiting, in Sicilian fashion, for something to turn up, said he would get us the key in a minute, so we drew up and looked at the children sitting on the top of the mossy old aqueduct; at the Egyptian-looking women with heavy square burdens resting on their heads, picturesquely curtained with kerchiefs; at the makers of palm brooms; at the macaroni shops with macaroni hanging in a yellow fringe on rods across the entrance. The shopkeeper was outside; everybody does everything outside at S. Giovanni, except when it rains too heavily and, I suppose, during some hours of the night. We should not have minded waiting, except that the goats were still lying in the place where they had lain in 1896, and, as Witheridge said, the old crusted smell of goat is bad. Also the children, for want of something better to do, began to stone us. The cabman thought that we should have plenty of time to go and see the Favara and the various objects of interest in its neighbourhood, which would take an hour or two, before the man came back. Well, and if he did come back he had nothing to do, and the key had nothing to do but to wait for us. No one else would want to see S. Giovanni dei Lebbrosi.

WERE WE ENTRAPPED BY BRIGANDS?

When we returned, quite two hours later, resting by the battered mossy wall of the aqueduct was a highly interesting family of men and women, riding on mules. All of them, men and women alike, had their heads hooded in red kerchiefs, and were riding side-saddle. We found that not one man, but about twenty, had been waiting for us for an hour past with the key. They did not seem indignant, and conducted us through the garden to a gate opposite the church door. We were followed by evil-looking packs of children and dogs. The men seemed undiluted brigands, and as soon as we were through the gate locked it behind us. Stephana thought we had been entrapped, and was quite pleased at the romance of being captured by brigands. It would be hardly doing Sicily properly not to have a brush with them. I saw no advantage in such an episode, though I noticed that, so long as we were locked up, the children and dogs, who had so far

THE INTERIOR OF S. GIOVANNI DEI LEBBROSI

proved more formidable than the men, could not get at us. As a further precaution, the brigands locked the church door also behind us. The only thing that remained was for us to be shut up in the crypt with scanty provisions until a ransom could be extorted from our friends.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE LEPERS

But in a minute it became obvious that the black-visaged bundles of rags meant us no harm—that the men had merely turned up in force to expatiate on the glories of S. Giovanni of the Lepers to an audience of foreigners. Their church had hardly ever before received the distinction of being inspected by five foreigners at once. It was Holy Thursday, and even the church of the Lepers had its poor little Garden of Gethsemane traced in coloured chalks on the floor, and made lifelike, or vegetable-like, with pots of pale wheat grown in the dark.

S. Giovanni is a quaint and pretty as well as an interesting little church inside. It has a cupola with a small circular arcade below it, and its new plaster hides arches of good Arabo-Norman work. It has an old inscription, "*Panīs de cælo*," and a couple of aisles, but no transepts. Stephana was touched by the pathos of its worn old tiles, its primitive country contrivances like the wheel of bells, and the square green box, with a thatched stair, which did duty as a pulpit. To make up for this it had an extremely fine Holy Thursday catafalque for a church which has fallen on such humble days. It was really rich, but nothing could make up for the smothering of the old Norman columns in plaster piers. The organ loft dates from 1781, when doubtless the restorer's heavy hand was busy. When the church and the gate were unlocked, and we once more felt that we were indeed free citizens of the U.K. and the U.S., Witheridge gravely presented the head man—the man whom we had originally engaged to fetch the key—with half a franc, which was really very good pay for his hour's waiting. The other twenty men and the children and the dogs were conscious that they had done nothing for us, on the contrary, they had had an hour or two's free perform-

IN SICILY

ance by foreigners, in which they probably took more interest than any theatre.

THE BRIDGE OF THE ADMIRAL

There are a group of Arabo-Norman buildings which the tourist will do wisely to take in connection with his visit to the Favara, although in the older three—the church of S. Giovanni, just described, the Bridge of the Admiral, and the church of S. Spirito—the Norman influence is much more pronounced than the Arab. As you go from Palermo the steep-pitched arches of the Bridge of the Admiral rise nobly against the background of tall hot mountains. It is unique of its kind. I never saw a bridge with such a high pitch except in Japan, where they are built of wood. This is built of stone, and paved. It is nearly eight hundred years old, having been built by Roger the Great Count's Admiral, George of Antioch, whose portrait



Photo by Incorpora.

THE BRIDGE OF THE ADMIRAL

THE SICILIAN VESPERS

is still preserved to us on the mosaics of the Martorana Church, in 1113. It is composed of seven arches, whose piers are no longer submerged in water, but in dry ground, the wayward Oreto which it was designed to span having a habit of changing its channel. It was by this magnificent monument of the old Normans that Garibaldi and his thousand volunteers, marching over the ground which Roger and Robert Guiscard and their doughty invading knights had traversed eight hundred years before them, had their first collision with the troops of the Bourbon King on the 27th May, 1860, the day which decided the fate of the Revolution in Sicily.

The name "The Bridge of the Admiral," which it has borne for so many centuries, is a singularly happy one, since George of Antioch was probably the man who gave the title *Admiral* its meaning. As Roger's *Emir* he won such immense distinction in sea-fights that subsequent sea-commanders became known as Emirs or Admirals.

S. SPIRITO, THE CHURCH OF THE VESPERS

It is no great distance from here to that other Norman monument so fateful in Sicilian annals, Offamil's grim old Norman church of S. Spirito—the Church of the Vespers. Its monastery is now destroyed; it belonged to the Cistercian Brotherhood, the favourite order in England, to whom Offamil, being an Anglo-Norman, had presented it when he built it in 1173. It was on Easter Tuesday, March 31st, 1282, that the Sicilians agreed to rise, when Vespers began to ring at S. Spirito, upon the French, who were so grievously oppressing them. The massacre began outside the church, and the citizens, after murdering all the French they could lay hands on in what was then the open country round the church, where they had been holding some sports, crowded into the city through the old Porta S. Agata, which is still standing. The massacre spread till there was hardly a Frenchman left in Sicily. Of course the French exacted an awful vengeance; but even to this day the fear of consequences never restrains the Sicilian from murdering or maltreating when there is no fighting to be done. He is a coward about fighting, but reckless about consequences. Doubtless some of the murdered French were buried

IN SICILY

where they lay, but the cemetery in use to-day was not established till five hundred years afterwards, when it was ordered by the Viceroy Caracciolo. It was filled to overflowing almost in a day during the cholera epidemic of 1837, and its boundaries were consequently enlarged. It belongs to the Confraternity of S. Ursula. In front of the church are buried Revolutionists who died for their country in 1848 and 1860.



Photo by Alinari.

THE CHURCH OF THE SICILIAN VESPERS

The church itself is divided into a nave and two aisles with arches, which rest on rather heavy columns. Signor Natoli supposes that Offamil adapted his church from an earlier building. The church has been intelligently restored by the Royal Commissioners of Antiquities. The cloister is entirely destroyed. The roof is new, except for the apse; the rest of the elegant little church is very Anglo-Norman in its character. It has round English piers to support the dividing arches, but the capitals are not English, and the church, like most Sicilian churches, has no transepts. When we got to the church

THE VESPERS CHURCH AND ITS CEMETERY

in 1898 the interior was quite bare; they had been cleaning the plaster off the ancient masonry. But the exterior is ornamented with a black and white braiding, in the Taormina style, over the arcades on the north side; and the exterior of the east end, with its three apses, is decorated like the cathedral at Monreale, with interlacing arches of black lava. One of the most charming features about this ancient historical church is its situation on the lofty banks of the rushing Oreto, from which it is only separated by a narrow strip of churchyard and a low parapet. Across the river rises a glorious panorama of mountains. Palermo is enclosed between a horseshoe rim of lofty mountains and the sea.

THE CEMETERY OF S. SPIRITO

It is difficult to imagine a more appropriate place for the long sleep than this graveyard of the Vespers Church at Palermo, for within the swift, golden river and the mountains which stand out clear against the sky, as clear as the nimbus of a saint, there is a quiet God's acre where marble and flowers fill the spaces between the closest and most solemn cypress avenues I have ever seen. All sorts of burial-places crowd the cypress alleys, and very few of them are in the shocking taste which is so rampant in the Campo Santo of Genoa, or indeed the average campo santo in Italy. A few there are, such as the bust of Pietro Gangia, with its absurd mutton-chop whiskers; but scarf-pins and billycock hats are laudably absent. There is one exquisite angel and child. The feature of this cemetery, like that of S. Maria di Gesu a little further out, consists in its noble chapel tombs, which have altars and seats for the mourning family as well as niches for the wealthy and lamented dead. Some of these chapel tombs are the work of the best architects, and cost as much as two thousand pounds. Family pride can be traced on some which bear no name, but only a coat-of-arms which every Sicilian may be expected to recognise; others are full of mementos, from black and white metal flowers to photographs and bead crosses.

The beautiful cypresses, in quadrated rows, do indeed shelter all sorts and conditions of tombs. At least four confraternities have

IN SICILY

club burial-grounds, in which a member is buried before a long procession of his fellow members, dressed in the *misericordia* costume of a cloak, generally white, which envelops the whole person, and another which goes over the head with piercings only for the eyes and nose. The cemetery proper belongs to the Confraternity of S. Orsola, but it is adjoined on the south side by the catacomb enclosures of the Confraternities del Angelo Custode, del Paradiso, and del Rosario. Perhaps the two most striking features in this most majestic of the graveyards of Sicily are an English Protestant tomb, erected in a separate enclosure next to the church at a date when in most parts of Sicily Protestants could not be buried in hallowed ground, and had to be hidden away in private gardens or caverns, like the catacombs of Syracuse, to escape being violated, and an English Bible text on an Italian tomb.

THE MASSACRE OF THE SICILIAN VESPERS

The Massacre of the Vespers began before the unfinished west front of the church. When we stood there last, six hundred years and more after the massacre, the front was still unfinished. Stephana thought that the blood of the murdered French must have risen in judgment against it. Most people have read, in the pages of Gibbon, how a French soldier insulted a noble Sicilian damsel, and was killed; how the military exacted at first a bloody revenge; and how at a given signal the people in their desperation rose on their invaders. As a matter of fact, they had been waiting for such a signal for two years, during which a conspiracy had been sedulously fanned by John of Procida, and kept a successful secret in that land of secret societies.

It is a beautiful sight, this ancient and symmetrical church, with its elegant arcading of alternate brown stone and lava, standing against a background of lemon groves in tall, rough-cast walls. All the open space to which the Palermitans came on the Easter Tuesday of 1282 for the sports, at which the revolt was to begin, are now covered with the cypress graveyards or expanses of lemon groves.

THE TOWER OF S. NICCOLÒ

S. NICCOLÒ ALL' ALBERGHERIA AND S. NICCOLÒ DA TOLENTINO

The remaining Arabo-Norman buildings, except a few towers and façades, belong to a later date. There is a charming antique tower in the Via Porta di Castro, that of S. Niccolò all' Albergheria. Once upon a time it was the watch-tower near the head of the ancient port, and a flood which reached thus far is recorded on a tablet. The sea of course not only went as far as the rocks on which the Church of the Eremiti stands; the hollow park of the Duc d'Orleans, away beyond the Royal Palace, was once covered by the waters of the harbour. The tower of S. Niccolò is very graceful. It has Arabic windows and lava courses, but the feature of the tower is the extraordinary little loggia, with a broad, beetling roof, perched on the edge of its top. This was the watchman's sentry box in the days when the tower frowned on the harbour. We had a curious experience with this tower, which is in a part full of narrow, winding, ancient streets, little visited by strangers or the fortunate cabbies who cater for their wants. We saw it and loved it in 1896, but for the life of me I could not find it when I wished to show it to Stephana. We searched and searched for it, but did not find it till Holy Thursday, when we told the cabman to drive us to S. Niccolò da Tolentino, which we found eventually in an unfrequented part of the Via Macqueda. This is a church much loved by the pious of all degrees for its wonder-working image of the dead Christ; it has consequently an elaborate Garden of Gethsemane on Holy Thursday. Of course, as we told the stupid cabby to drive us to S. Niccolò da Tolentino, he drove us straight to S. Niccolò all' Albergheria, and, lo and behold! we had found, not the desired Gethsemane, but our long-lost tower! While we were in the midst of enjoying its beauty I saw an amused smile creep over Stephana's face. My eyes followed hers, and found in a line with the tower a narrow, low-browed shop, which bore the inscription, "*Here sells itself herbs for fevers and donkeys' milk.*"

IN SICILY

THE PALACE OF CONTE FEDERIGO AND THE FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR

As we were so near, with a mere trifle of cross-countryside to do through a maze of little ancient streets, we drove on to the palace of the Conte Federigo, in the little street of the same name which leads up to the back of the Palazzo Sclafani. I do not think anybody knows who Conte Federigo was, or, apart from the evidence borne by the old stones themselves, when he built his palace. Its ancient tower is up a quaint little court, and contains an exquisite lava and sandstone window surrounded by four small ones. The tower has for its neighbour a fine old battered Renaissance palace, and not far from it, in a little piazza near the Piazza Bologna, is the old Palazzo Speciale, built in 1448, which has most elegant Gothic windows in its façade. Almost due north of the Palace of Conte Federigo, in the Via Protonotaro, is an old façade (Arabo-Norman) which has several splendid double windows with their mullions perfect, and a blocked-up doorway below. There were two churches here erected in early days on the same land. One was the little Church of the Saviour, built between 1071 and 1073 by Robert Guiscard himself, for the first nuns' convent in Palermo. It belonged to the Greek Church till 1501. The other was the ancient church of S. Senator, S. Victor, and S. Cassidorus built in 1012. Nobody knows which church the façade belonged to, but its beauty and decay are undeniable.

THE PIETRATAGLIATA PALACE AND THE NORMAN HOUSE

With this façade and the tower of S. Niccolò it is natural to mention the twelfth-century tower of the Pietratagliata Palace, in the Via S. Basilio, which has some very beautiful window mouldings, and is the most ancient palace, still perfect and inhabited, in the heart of the city. It is occupied by the Duchess of Pietratagliata—the duke is dead. I have not been able to discover any particular history attached to it. The remaining Arabo-Norman palaces—the Palazzo Sclafani, opposite the Royal Palace, and the Palace of the

THE NORMAN HOUSE IN SALITA S. ANTONIO

Inquisition on the Piazza Marina, and the Casa Normanna in the Salita S. Antonio, and the palace at the bottom of the *Via del Celso*—belong to a much later date. It is best, perhaps, to take the Casa Normanna, in the Salita S. Antonio, first; it is probably the earliest in date, and there is less to say about it. There are no records, I believe, except in the style of the architecture, to determine when this magnificent fragment of the Middle Ages, which backs on the church of S. Matteo in the Corso, was built. It has not even a name, except just simply the Norman House, and it is very difficult to judge the age of a building accurately in Sicily, where successive conquerors bade the conquered build this or that in the old style admired in some existing building.

The interior of the Casa Normanna, though very old, has no original features, but its exterior is superb. There are eight great Arabo-Norman windows canopied with a wonderful braid of Norman carving, and the masonry has other very ancient and picturesque details. It has never been properly photographed, because the Salita is so narrow that no camera can be brought to bear on the front except diagonally. I made several desperate attempts to get at any rate one of the windows with a kodak. An obliging tailor, who lived on the first floor opposite, put his balcony at my disposal whenever I chose to go there. I dodged the sun almost every hour of the day between a quarter to eight in the morning and a quarter to six in the afternoon, but it was always behind a cloud when it might have shone, through the narrow opening the street afforded, on to those grand old windows. There is no chance of getting this photograph without a time exposure, and a camera with a patent apparatus of mirrors for correcting horizontal and vertical deflection would be very much to the point. Inside the old doorway one day, while I was prowling for the sun, I saw a priest sitting in the dark and mysterious little cortile. Here, I thought, is our chance. He will belong like the Casa Normanna to S. Matteo, and will probably know the story of the house. Like most Sicilian priests, he hardly knew anything, nor had he any connection with the S. Matteo. He was superintending a new hat which was being hand-made for

IN SICILY

him. Only the shape was ready ; there were no signs of the beaver being applied. The shape seemed to be made of waxed cardboard, as thick and heavy as linoleum. A kind of charwoman, who was more intelligent than the priest, suggested that the sisters opposite might know. We went into a large hall or antechamber in the old convent building. A tinkle of music came through the grille, and, looking in, we saw a nun practising on a sort of spinet. She was worse than the priest, for she left the room directly we spoke to her. Clearly there was nothing to be known about the house, except that it had the most splendid *tout ensemble* of Arabo-Norman windows in Palermo. There are other houses in the Salita said to be as old, but their exteriors have lost all distinctive features.

THE PALAZZO AREZZO

There is, however, backing on the Salita, the Palazzo Arezzo, which has a fine tiled fifteenth-century recess and a very elegant, though plastered over, staircase. No artist should miss this palace.

THE DOGANA OR PALACE OF THE INQUISITION

There was great rivalry between Matteo Sclafani, Count of Aderndò, and the mighty Chiaramonti family, who came near attaining the crown of Sicily in the fourteenth century. This led to the foundation of the grand Sclafani Palace opposite the Royal Palace, for Manfred Chiaramonte I. had already, in 1307, founded the magnificent palace on the Piazza Marina, known variously as the Palazzo Steri, Palazzo Chiaramonte, Palazzo Tribunale, Palazzo del Inquisizione, and most commonly as the Dogana. The vast fabric of that palace alone took thirty years to rear, and its interior decorations were not finished till 1380, in the time of Manfred Chiaramonte III., the admiral. Only a dozen years afterwards, Andrea, the new head of the house, who threw in his lot against the Aragonese king, Martin, was taken and beheaded as a traitor in front of his palace, which was confiscated, and became first the palace of the kings and then that of the viceroys. In the sixteenth

THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION

century the viceroys migrated to the Royal Palace, and the Steri, which is a corruption of the Low Latin *hosterium*, passed over to the custom-house and the Inquisition. It remained in the possession of the latter for nearly two hundred years, till 1782, when the Viceroy Caracciolo abolished the Inquisition, and made over the palace to the law courts and the custom-house, who occupy it still. The stately old palace, one of the most imposing monuments of the Middle Ages left in Sicily, almost rivalling in massive grandeur the Palazzo Pubblico at Perugia, has been terribly knocked about, but the enormous clock dial and the balcony, which must have been such blots when they were added, have now toned down into the mellow mass of masonry.



Photo by Peiss.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION

THE INTERIOR OF THE DOGANA AND ITS MAGNIFICENT WINDOWS

Up to a few years ago the chief glories of the palace were supposed to consist in its vast façade decorated with beautiful though ruinous window arches, and the wonderful illuminated ceiling of the great hall in which Alfonso and Charles V. convoked the Sicilian Parliament, and in certain similar paintings in the chamber where the archives are kept. To these have been added the magnificent windows recently discovered facing the court. The roof of the

IN SICILY



THE ROOF OF THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION

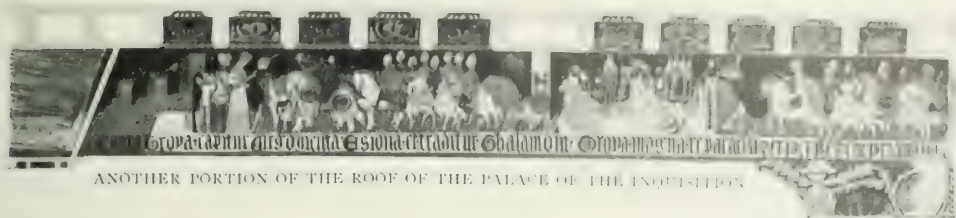
The Rival of the Bayeux Tapestry

great hall was painted 1377-1380. It is made of wainscoting coffered and supported by twenty-four flat beams of fir resting on corbels, like the roof of the great Hall of Sluys, and richly painted with mediæval scenes, like the Bayeux tapestry, of the highest value for the glimpses they give us of mediæval life. The roof is fortunately dated.*

"ANNO MILL(esim)O TRECENTESIMO SEPTUAG(esimo) SEPTIMO INDICIONE QUINTA DECIMA MAGNIFICUS (domi) N(u) S. MA(n) Frede De CLAROMO(nte) PRESENS OPUS FIERI MANDAVIT FELICITER AMEN." And in the other, which begins in the north-west corner, is written: "ANNO D(omi)NI MILL(esim)O CCCLXXX PRIMO JULIJ TERCIE IND(icionis) HOC OPUS COMPLETUM EST." They were painted by two Sicilian artists, Mastru Simuni of Corleone and Mastru Chicu of Naro, and, though their exact subjects have not been deciphered, they evidently illustrated historical or legendary scenes of the feudal times, probably relating to the ancestors of the chief noble houses of the time. There are no inscriptions to say what the picture is intended for, but the drawings are full of spirit and, painted as they were only half a century after the death of Giotto, they are marvellous. For the study of mediæval life there is nothing of the kind of greater value, except the Bayeux tapestries themselves. The roof itself is divided into five hundred little compartments decorated with shallow carvings brilliantly coloured, similar in style to the Saracen roofs of the Norman period. It would not be too much to say that, apart from the unique interest of its subject, it is the finest

* I am quoting the admirable article which appeared on the subject in the *Arte Italiana* of May, 1899.

THE RIVAL OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY



ancient coloured roof in Europe. A few years ago you could only see a small part of the roof, the rest was covered by a miserable canvas ceiling, and the noble chamber was cut in two by a barbarous brick partition. Professor Patricolo, the famous architect, who is Director of the Royal Office for the Preservation of Monuments in Sicily, by freeing the old roof from modern obstructions and alterations and putting it into condition, has merited the recognition of all students who are interested in feudal art. The corbels have a very Saracen appearance with their pendentives. The better part of the room has been screened off, and has busts of the King and Queen at the end. The broken portions of the roof have been very well restored. Indeed, the restoration of the whole palace has been undertaken with great taste, and many charming moresque arches are being recovered from the plaster. So full is this building of Saracenic beauties that you almost



THE CORTILE OF THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION

IN SICILY

wonder if Manfred Chiaramonte did not incorporate in his palace portions of the palace of the Saracen Emirs of Palermo, which formerly occupied its site. In the centre of the palace is a fine cortile with moresque arches, which are carried up another story with columned cloisters. All the columns have different capitals, and the cloisters are filled with large windows which throw open.

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WINDOW THE FINEST IN SICILY

The glorious window whose discovery has been greeted with such enthusiasm faces the courtyard, and is perhaps the richest as



THE FINEST WINDOW IN SICILY

Photo by Pelos.

well as the most perfect in Sicily. The famous window in the Palazzo Montalti in Syracuse may rival it in the impression of elegance, but in beauty of detail it is not comparable. There is perhaps no lovelier Norman window in the world; it is the combination of the Arabic and the Byzantine genius for ornament with Norman majesty which has achieved this *chef d'œuvre*. Slender Saracen shafts support capitals of exquisite richness and delicacy. These in turn carry three stilted arches with the richest and airiest Norman mouldings. In the masonry between these arches and

the nobly-moulded confining arch are three circular openings of incomparable tracery arranged trefoil-wise, the two lower circles resting on the inter-sections of the lower arches, the upper circle fitting into the

WINDOWS OF THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION

point of the arch above. This is not by any means the only inside window; there is another fine but damaged example just beside it. In the room behind the Supreme Court there is another fine window of the same character but double-arched, and with the dividing shaft gone; black lava enters very gracefully into its composition. There are two other fine windows beyond that, and a charming tier of them above.

The Dogana has a rich red marble staircase, something like that in the Royal Palace. The windows on the first floor outside the judges' room have black and white introduced into their mouldings very happily; the windows above them are divided rather capriciously into two or three lights, and above them is a Saracenic battlement. In the cortile below there were formerly arches and columns, and the cloister on the first floor was formerly spanned from the windows to the wall by a succession of Moorish arches. There is probably no palace in Sicily more capable of effective restoration, for the Chiaramonti filled their palace with graceful Moorish arcades. The custom-house and the law courts ought to be cleared out of it; it would make a museum of itself if there were nothing in it.

The beautiful little Norman church of S. Antonio Abate behind the palace is at present rather ruinous and disfigured with plaster. But, frescoes and mosaics apart, it could easily be restored to something like its original condition. It was built by the Chiaramonti at the same time as the palace, with which it communicates through the gallery, to act as the chapel.

THE PALAZZO SCLAFANI

It was this mountainous mediæval palace which Matteo Sclafani sought to rival. He did not succeed, though he added one of its noblest monuments to Palermo. His palace may be more symmetrical; it lacks the daring originality of the other. The east side, which unfortunately only faces on a narrow lane, has a number of beautiful Arabo-Norman windows, but they are not comparable in richness or majesty to the windows of the Dogana. The most effective feature in the exterior is the spiritedly carved coat-of-arms

IN SICILY

on the blind wall over the south door, but nowadays the *chef d'œuvre* of the Palazzo Sclafani is Antonio Crescenzo's magnificent fresco, "The Triumph of Death." This fresco, with Death on a pale horse, is well known through reproductions, and is the finest in Sicily. There were two others, equally famous, formerly in the palace—"The



Photo by Alinari.

ANTONIO CRESCENZIO'S FAMOUS FRESKO "THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH"

Paradise" of Pietro Novelli, the remains of which are now in the museum, and "The Last Judgment," destroyed in 1713 to make a staircase.

We are not likely to forget the Palazzo Sclafani. It was impressed upon our memory by some forcible language from Witheridge, directed, not against ourselves, but against an extremely respectable-looking man who offered to get us the key to see the fresco. In an ill-advised moment we lent him our cab, and ranged up in a row outside the southern façade in the little square, very appropriately called the Piazza of—I forget how many—Victims. For awhile we were happy enough in our enthusiasm over the fine Gothic doorway and the

"THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH"—FRESCO

picturesque obliquity of the blind window over it, and the coat-of-arms, and the black and yellow arcading, and the double-arched windows with their slender shafts, round the corner. The key, he said, was kept at the Municipio, which was at the outside five minutes' drive. He was away more than an hour. Doubtless, having a cab at someone else's expense, he was taking a drive in the Macqueda, like a gentleman, with his arms folded. The worst of it was that we had only hired this man because we had not the cheek to go into the palace, which is now a large barrack, without him; so we hung about the outside, trying to find fresh features to admire, and consigning the guide to a place beyond Purgatory. Just as we were dying of ennui, a *bersagliere*, barracked at the palace, came to our rescue. We evidently wished to see the palace, and there were smart ladies in the party, one of whom was extremely pretty. Some gentlemen privates, with an Italian weakness for the more ornamental sex, invited us into the palace, and when they found that we were in search of Gothic details, showed us what there were to be seen in the interior, and where the fresco had been sacrificed to the staircase. Witheridge did not see these details; he was more interested in a *bersagliere*, who was not a gentleman private, and was freeing a fat puppy of fleas, with his fingers, for the honour of the regiment, as it was going to be a regimental dog. I do not know how Witheridge kept up the excitement, unless he was having bets with himself as to the number which would be caught. Witheridge was very fond of making bets with himself; he did it in cigarettes. He knew that it was not good for him to smoke more than twenty or fifty, or some such number, in a day, and he used to bet himself so many cigarettes off, or so many cigarettes on, if such a thing did or did not happen. On an unlucky day he hardly smoked at all, and after a lucky day his indigestion was aggravated. He would have preferred betting with somebody else in the coin of the realm of Italy; but his knowledge of Italian was not equal to the task of getting up a bet with a native who was not expecting the suggestion. At last the guide came back; of course he had not got the key. We might have expected that, but he was very humble about

IN SICILY

it, and quite content with a fourpenny-halfpenny tip in view of his ill-success. We did not see the fresco till some time after this, when one of the *custodi* from the Martorana stopped us in the street outside to say that he had the key with him—would we like to see “The Triumph of Death?” This palace was a hospital for more than four hundred years, and it has its points, but no one could call it a successful rival of the palace of the Chiaramonti.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MONREALE

THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL DISAPPOINTING AT FIRST SIGHT

WITH the exception of the cloister, I believe I was rather disappointed in Monreale ; it had been so dinned into my ears. It has not the beauty of the little Cappella Reale ; it has been so much more restored, and it is too like S. Paul's-Without-the-Walls at Rome. The cathedral at Monreale does not look as if it was used ; I am speaking, of course, about the interior. The exterior is delightful, but not so remarkable. The cloister is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw ; it is perfectly proportioned, perfectly mellow, and as perfect in repair as it could be without losing its picturesqueness. You do not even mind the Vandal Spanish soldiers having picked out the mosaic bands of the columns with their bayonets, to pass the time. The cloister of Monreale is such an old religious place.

HOW TO GET TO MONREALE

Till the recent opening of the cable tramway Monreale was not so easily accessible from Palermo as it should be. You had your choice between taking a cab the whole way, which cost five or six francs, and was deadly slow, or taking the tramway to Rocca, twenty centimes, and walking from there, or hiring a cab, which cost about two and a half francs out and back. And such cabs you never saw, or such horses. The cabs looked as if they had been confiscated in Naples during the last century, and lain in a lumber-room ever since ; the horses looked as if they had been left

IN SICILY

for dead on a field of battle. They were covered with wounds, and their bones were protuberant. They were, of course, filthily dirty, and driven by *lazzaroni*. We have tried all ways of going to Monreale; we have even walked from Rocca with two *carabinieri* to protect us from possible banditti who took the form of beggars with violence on the Monreale road.

No one would have the courage to walk from Palermo to Rocca, one long dusty unrelenting hill, with the Cuba and the Cubola, the Villa Tasca and the Cappuccini Convent lying off it at intervals to tempt his feet to stray. It is wearisome enough to drive in a carriage. So you took the tram from the Piazza Bologni opposite the post office, which carried you past the cathedral and the Royal Palace, and out of the Porta Nuova. The road above Rocca is rather a good one for seeing Palermo carts, for it runs along the edge of the Conca d'Oro, which is one vast lemon grove broken only by the flat-roofed, yellow,



THE CABLE TRAMWAY UP TO MONREALE
WITH THE EXTRA MOTOR FOR THE STEEP BIT

WALKING UP THE HILL TO MONREALE

Arabic-looking farmhouses which you meet round the outlying suburbs of Naples. The rugged mountain-side overhanging the road is much devoted to prickly-pears, which have a curious gleam upon them in the sunshine.

WALKING UP THE HILL OF MONREALE

Stephana thought she would like to walk up so as to let Monreale grow upon her gradually. The *carabinieri* might not have thought everybody in need of protection. They were going to Monreale in any case, and beggars might be troublesome, the tall one said. Then the other pointed out the lemon groves on each side, and the prickly-peary crags above, and some vases which evidently betokened a gentleman's garden, but she could not quite catch what he said. The tall one turned upon him in the most superior way, and informed him that *forestieri* cannot understand dialect. I perceived that we were in the presence of one of Sicily's burning questions—the way in which it is overrun with North Italians, especially Milanese. The Milanese has an utter contempt for poverty-stricken Sicily. The Sicilian says, "Why don't you stay at home? we don't want you." The *carabinieri* and the army of occupation are necessarily largely composed of Piedmontese and Lombards. If Sicily were garrisoned with Sicilians it would be in a chronic state of rebellion. The soldiers would take the part of the people against the Government; they only serve under protest. Stephana asked if the Conca d'Oro got its name from the millions of golden lemons growing in the groves which line it as closely as moss. The *carabiniere* naturally did not know, but he agreed with her, and thought it a nice idea, and pointed out the picturesque little guard-house with a red-domed roof. He did not think about the scenery, and yet earth has hardly anything to show more fair. Looking downwards you see Palermo stretching along the borders of the sea, and creeping up the valley towards you in the distance. Its yellow colour, its flattish roofs, its many domes, give you the idea of an Eastern city. There is a distinctly Oriental cast, too, about its domes. If you look up you get a matchless vista of the valley of the little hills, with Monreale dominating them like Dinan.

IN SICILY

The flowers you pass are of the spurge and asphodel habit, which would not shrink from a dust-heap. Every foot of fertility has its lemon or nespoli trees, and the jagged prickly-pear and the picturesquely-quilled palmetto usurp the hills above.



Photo by Incorpora.

THE APPROACH TO MONREALE

THE ROADSIDE FOUNTAINS

There are many signs by the roadside of the departed glory of Monreale. At the first turn of the road a quaint fountain, with arms on tall stelæ, and a grass-grown inlaid pavement charms the eye by its picturesque decay; and at intervals up the road there are other fountains on the hillside. They are always on the hillside, because they are not proper fountains at all, but façades of masonry, which catch the tiny mountain streams and drop them through their mouths.

THE EXTERIOR OF MONREALE CATHEDRAL

When the streams dry up, which is very often the case, there are no fountains. They recall Sir Walter Scott's fine metaphor: "A summer-dried fountain when our need was the sorest." But after all, it is only two miles from Rocca to Monreale, and there are lemons to steal all the way, which are not jealously guarded. They are only worth five francs a thousand when they are picked and packed.

Stephana soon became aware that if you wish to see the scenery it is not a good plan to walk on a Sicilian country road. When a girl is picking her way between little boulders she looks at the road and not at the view. And the road to Monreale resembles nothing but the dry bed of a mountain stream between two tall plaster parapets.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE

But soon the presence of an agave hedge told us that we were growing near. Almost the first thing you see is the back of the cathedral. It is worth while climbing the hillside a little to see the great church rising above the nest of brown-roofed houses against the line of dark mountains opposite. From there the lemon trees below look as close as heather.

The cathedral of Monreale, like those of Palermo and Cefalu, ends in an apse. Its exterior has an interlaced arcading of black lava, which is not very happy in its effect, for after seven centuries of mellowing down it still looks like a zebra. Nor is the north side, which you see next, very impressive at first sight, though it has fine bronze doors of the twelfth century under its portico. These doors were executed by Barisano da Bari. The finer bronze doors under the west portico, covered with scenes of sacred history and inscriptions in old Sicilian, are extraordinary things for the time. They are by Bonanno da Pisa, and are contained in the famous ancient sculptured doorway. The effect of this magnificent portal is rather spoiled by the fact that some monster in 1770 built a debased classical portico in front of it, to connect the two odd, old towers which jutted out like guarding giants, one on each side. The

IN SICILY

bronze doors of Bonanno are to be compared with the finest examples in the kingdom of Italy, such as those of the Baptistery at Florence; they date from 1186. At the back of the terrace over this portico may be seen interlacing arcades, something in the style of those on the exterior of the apse. The south aisle of the cathedral has nothing notable about it, except that its bottom is concealed by the northern range of that incomparable cloister. The southern tower at the west end of the cathedral is best seen from the cloister; it has been shorn of its height, because the lightning struck the other tower, but even yet it is very soaring and magnificent, and the effect of its two top tiers, with their elegant Arabo-Norman windows, being much smaller and airier than the two bottom tiers, is very happy. Through these wide open lights, which have never been glazed, you see the brilliant sunshine or the deep blue Sicilian



From a photograph.

THE SOUTHERN TOWER FROM THE CLOISTER

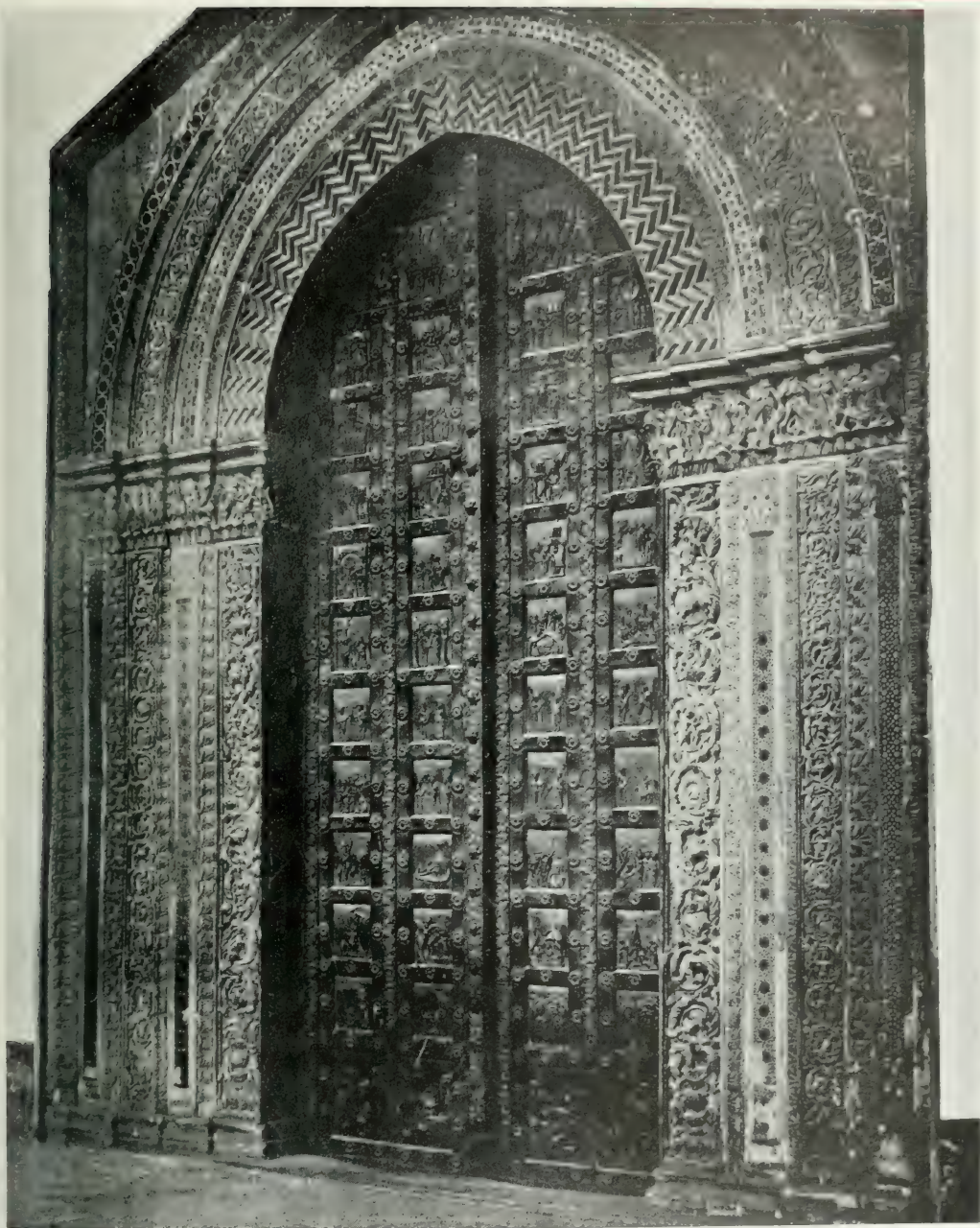


Photo by Incognita.

THE DOORS OF BONANNO

THE MOSAICS OF MONREALE

sky, according to the time of day. The four little turrets at its corners suggest that, when perfect, it must have resembled the western towers of the sister cathedral at Cefalu, which are finished off with dwarf steeples rising out of square, central turrets.

The interior of the cathedral at Monreale is infinitely more imposing than the interiors of Cefalu and the Cappella Reale; it is much larger than either, and at Cefalu the mosaics are confined to the ill-lighted choir, while here they cover almost the whole interior, and are perhaps grandest in the brilliantly lit and airy nave. The Norman kings of Sicily never contemplated the use of coloured glass.

THE DIMENSIONS OF THE THREE MOSAICED CHURCHES

It may be interesting to give the dimensions of these churches. Monreale is 334 feet long and 139 feet wide; the Cappella Reale at Palermo, which is half a century older, is a little over 100 feet long and about 40 feet wide; the cathedral at Cefalu is 243 feet long by 92 feet wide; but the mosaics have only been preserved in what we should call the choir. Some idea of the extent of the mosaics of Monreale may be gathered by the fact that they cover 80,000 square feet, though the average mind does not reckon very easily in square measure.

A SUMMARY OF THE MOSAICS

Fergusson has described them at length, and says that they alone entitle the cathedral to rank among the finest of mediæval churches. Their subjects are, of course, taken from sacred history, and, roughly speaking, may be divided into Old Testament scenes foreshadowing the Messiah, scenes from His life, and scenes from the lives of the apostles—thus summarised by Baedeker:—

“The nave contains Old Testament subjects down to the wrestling of Jacob with the angel, in two rows of twenty tableaux. Each aisle contains nine and each transept fifteen scenes from the life of Christ. On the arches of the transept are subjects from the lives of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the tribune is the bust of Christ with the inscription in Greek, ‘Jesus Christ the Almighty’; below it is a

IN SICILY

Madonna in *trona* with two angels and the apostles at the side, under these are fourteen saints. In the niches at the sides are St. Peter and St. Paul. Above the royal throne is portrayed King William in the act of receiving the crown direct from Christ (not from the Pope). Above the archiepiscopal seat he is represented as offering a model of the cathedral to the Virgin."

MONREALE COMPARED WITH THE CAPPELLA REALE

Though I have admitted that I am not carried away by Monreale as I am with the Cappella Reale, it is impossible to deny its gloriousness. It gives you the same sense of openness and airiness as S. Sophia, and all the decorations are in such exquisite taste. The arches, in shape and colour and texture of the mosaics, are perfect. The mosaics are like encrusted gems, and the great Christ in the apse, as I have suggested earlier—Christ as He was handed down by tradition from the days of those who knew Him in the flesh—is superb. He looks like the founder of a faith with His Oriental calm and His suggestion of the hidden fires of a fanatic. The effect of this vast area of gold mosaic is indescribable, and it is enhanced, as it is in Palermo, by the lining of white marble panels, divided up with mosaic ribbands, which reach from the floor of the aisles to where the great mosaics begin; just under which there is a band of that same pattern of mosaics conventionalised from the female figure which I have noticed at Palermo.

The nave is divided from the aisles by tall Byzantine arches resting on magnificent sculptured capitals and ancient monolith columns. The faces of the arches, and the walls between them and above them, are covered, every inch of them, with mosaics which have the effect of jewels when arranged in geometrical patterns. Where Monreale yields to the Cappella Reale is in mellowness of tone and the blending of marble and mosaic. Owing partly, of course, to the great fire everything at Monreale is fresher; also, they clean the mosaics there. But for all this, and for all that the inlaid parapet in front of the choir is unequal to that at Palermo, and that these tiers of jewelled steps are modern, the effect is



THE CHRIST OF MONREALE

COMPARE THE CHRIST OF THE CAPPELLA REALE, PAGE 77, AND THE CHRIST OF CIVITÀ, PAGE 475

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS AT MONREALE

glorious, especially when you stand on the steps of the choir and look back at the long-drawn nave and aisles with their glowing mosaics.

THE INTERIOR AND THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

Just the touch that is required to set off these and the Alexandrine marble floors, is supplied by the solitary kneeling figures of the townswomen in their black *mantos*, or peasants in their shawls,



Photo by Incorpore.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE

IN SICILY

or perhaps a little procession of priests and acolytes issuing from the sacristy. The mosaics are, of course, in the bold Byzantine-Norman style, and are not wanting in grotesqueness, as, for instance, the picture where the ark rests on two mountain-tops like cradle-rockers, and the rainbow is like a teapot handle, or the birth of Eve, or Rebecca's camels.

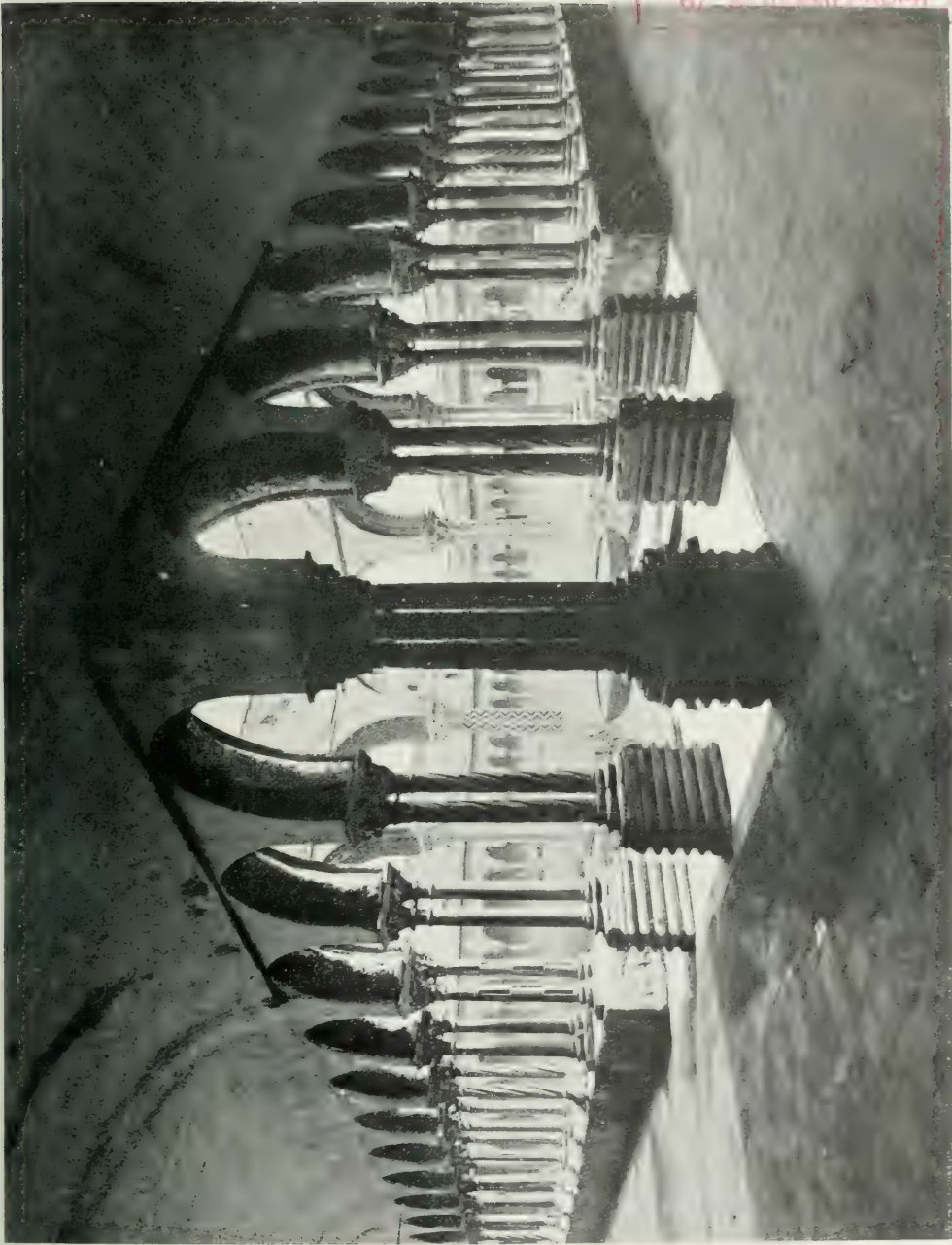
It is not necessary to describe the interior in great detail, the main effect is that of Santa Sophia at Constantinople—a large, open-looking church with glittering golden walls. The thrones of the king and the archbishop, the huge silver seventeenth-century altar of beautiful design, the fine wood carving in the Chapel of the Crucifixion, the gorgeous though terrible baroque chapel, need but bare mention. But here, as at Palermo, there are tombs of Norman kings, the two Williams—Good and Bad. William the Good was the builder of the cathedral.

Only one of the tombs is original, the other dates from 1575; they are in the same style as the royal tombs at Palermo. Hard by, in a fifteenth-century tomb, are buried the entrails of S. Louis. For about a quarter of a century it was the fashion for great men to be buried, as they were born, in several places. Our Richard I. was buried in three places, and we all know about the heart of Bruce. The only difference is that they *were* buried in various places though they could only have been born in one. There are a few other Norman princes buried here, but their tombs are not of a nature to detain you from the cloister.

THE CLOISTER OF MONREALE AND THE CAMPO-SANTO AT PISA

There is only one other cloister which appeals to me like that of Monreale, and that is not a regular cloister, I refer to the Campo-Santo at Pisa. They have only two points of resemblance—their cloister-garths, and their solemn atmosphere. To enter either of them is an act of worship; your soul takes a deeper breath. There are no glorious mediæval frescoes at Monreale. There are only flowers growing at their own sweet will in the deep grass that clothes the cloister, right up to the bases of its arcades.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermerhorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERHORN STREET



THE CLOISTER OF MONTREUIL

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CLOISTER

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CLOISTER IN THE WORLD

But the whole cloister is the choicest flowering of Arabo-Norman art. The little pairs of columns, with their incomparable capitals and tall, stilted arches, show the arcade in its highest grace, and the Moorish fountain in one corner is so ineffably beautiful that words fail you, and you feel inclined to pay your tribute in tears. On a sunny day, stand where the water bubbles up through that tall, dog-toothed shaft and drips through the mouths of lions into the richly-carved basin hung half-way down it. You will find yourself in a little square chamber open to the sky, and cut off from the cloister square by a duplication of the arcading, and you can hardly help imagining yourself back in the Alhambra in the palmy days of the Moors. Once, as you see by the width of the pillar capitals, the arches were filled in with wooden lattices, a kind of Mashrabeyah work, perhaps, to exclude the sun. They were, therefore, quite unlike our finest examples of cloisters, such as those at Magdalen, Oxford.

The roofs are plain vaults without groining.

The architectural nobleness of the cloister lies in its great size (169 feet square) and in the extraordinary variety of its columns and capitals. No two capitals are alike, and most of them give some sacred or historic scene, such as William the Good offering a model of his cathedral to the Virgin, or what the guide called the Babylonian Forteress.

The guide, seeing that we were English and Americans, and therefore likely to give him a present beyond the statutory fee, decided that we were proper victims to hear the story of each capital. It was in vain that I tried to rescue Stephana, who was a model victim, such a charming creature to talk to, and so incapable of paining a bore. I preferred going round with Witheridge; he said it was much better fun deciding what things were for yourself, and I was willing to take them on trust for the beauty of their carvings. I did not really care what they were about, they were the most beautiful pieces of carving in all the architecture of the twelfth

IN SICILY

century which we English lump together as Norman. I also wanted to see how it was possible to secure such a variety in the columns. There were two hundred of them, arranged in pairs, and very few

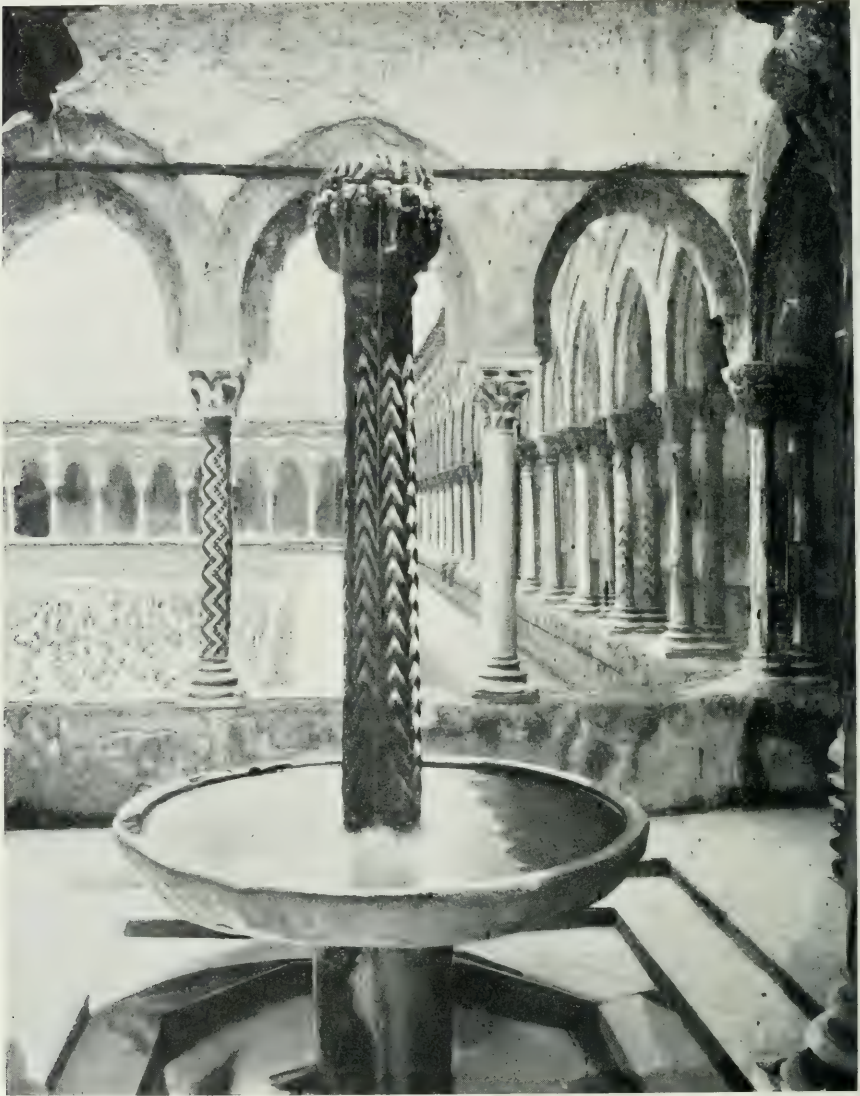


Photo by Incorpora.

THE MOORISH FOUNTAIN AT MONREALE

THE CLOISTER-GARTH OF MONREALE

of them were alike. To begin with, every other pair were inlaid with mosaic ribbands, variously disposed, the intervening ones being of pure white marble. Sometimes the marble was left plain, at others it was exquisitely diapered. On the garden side the effect of the arches was heightened by the imposition of a false arch of inlaid lava. The



A CAPITAL IN THE CLOISTER OF MONREALE.

cloister-garth was covered with mesembryanthemum—pig's-face, from whose thick grey-green foliage emerged ruinous stone Maltese crosses, anemones, grape-hyacinths, and a few palmettoes, aloes, and agaves, with here and there a common English wild flower, such as bird's-foot trefoil, or crane's-bill. Under the whole of it ran a vast rain-water cistern, for the great Benedictine monastery, of which these cloisters form part, had to find its own water.

Behind one side of the cloister rose that stately tower of the cathedral, behind the opposite side were a range of curious lancet windows marking the ancient dormitory of the Benedictines. When

we passed into the ruined dormitory we could see that the windows of the far side had charming shafts, each shaft having a different capital. The dormitory, which contained eighty beds, occupied the story above the level of the cloister; it was supported by vaults; part of the centre vault and part



THE GARDEN OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY.

IN SICILY

of the side vault are left ; one capital gave the angel pushing Adam and Eve out of the garden, another depicted Noah sitting on the end of the ark.

The cloisters at Arles, in the south of France, come nearer Monreale than any others, but they are neither so large nor so beautiful ; both of them perhaps were the work of the same wandering band of Comacine workmen.

Stephana talked of putting up at the Albergo at Monreale, and spending the rest of her time in Sicily in that cloister.

"Why, you can't sketch," said Witheridge, "and I don't see what you could do, unless you took a photograph of each capital separately."

"You stupid, it would be enough to dream."

"You could dream about it when you go away," said her practical lover.

"I often shall," sighed Stephana.

THE REST OF MONREALE

Monreale is not much of a town. Outside of the cathedral square there is nothing in it of note except the archbishop. And that is doing pretty well, considering that he is not much over four miles from the other archbishop at Palermo. The cathedral square is quite pretty with its palm trees and its roses and the sixteenth-century north portico of the cathedral. On the other side of the square we saw a place which looked like a casino ; it had the kind of men a casino would have outside ; and from time to time one of the inevitable and innumerable priests' schools, like ants in cassocks and beaver birettas, would trail across it, or a little procession of splendid illustrated carts full of women and lemon-wood boxes.

THE RETURN FROM MONREALE

There was also a wayside fountain, besieged by donkeys as big as ponies. I was looking at them when I was suddenly attracted by Stephana's voice raised in anger. She was refusing the only cab because it was drawn by a white horse with red sores. It was more

THE CONCA D'ORO

red than white, but this did not prevent a fat German, who had been going over the cathedral just behind us, from taking it. Nothing pleases Germans better than to take the only cab; it is an assertion of the supremacy of the Fatherland. Stephana pointed out the horse's sores, but they treated her with stolid silence. We were delighted at the jump that the animal gave when it was starting; it nearly threw them out. The peculiarly disgusting feature of the situation was that the girl was so pretty and sweet. She had been behaving like a love-bird all the afternoon—like a German love-bird.

Once started, the horse went off at the top of his speed to drown his pain. Down a hill like that it possibly reached six miles an hour. A bicyclist with sufficient nerve might do the whole four miles in five minutes; a railway truck would go the whole way without an engine. As Witheridge said, it isn't a road, but a chute made exciting by a particularly sharp turn at the fountain before you get to Rocca.

We got a better horse, in time, and as we drove down, having no boulders to distract our eyes, we were able to take in the whole beauty of the Conca d'Oro—the nearer groves showing their black young leaves and white flowers and golden fruit, and the farther looking as close as gorse, from which Eastern, smokeless farmhouses stood out in relief against the opposite line of hills. And presently we could see to a point, somewhere near the Villa Tasca, where the tongue of green stretching down from the mountain and the tongue of yellow houses stretching up from the sea, met.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

POPULAR CEMETERIES

THE VIEW FROM THE CROSS NEAR THE GESU

WITH all its glorious memories of Sicilian independence and its beauty of arrangement, S. Spirito, the Cemetery of the Vespers, is not the most popular cemetery at Palermo. Anyone who can afford it likes to be buried at the Gesu. S. Maria di Gesu lies outside Palermo, at the foot of the mountains, on the Via Oreto, which is a continuation of the Via Macqueda. There are lots of queer old buildings outside Palermo, including some charming little disused rural chapels of good early Renaissance. One such there is not far from where you cross the Oreto on this road, but it yields in charm to the little roadside cross with double capitals half way up it, a sort of little circular column with a market cross base and one lamp swinging from it in front of its saint, which might have been put there to draw attention to the marvellous view you get from its base of the ancient Church of the Vespers with its majestic cypresses; of the Porta Nuova, with its glittering roof of old Spanish tiles; of the vast mass of the palace, culminating in its solid Norman tower, which is really another Zisa or Cuba in the midst of later buildings; of the long, fantastic line of the cathedral; and the rim of peaks like the Rocky Mountains behind.

THE HOUSE WITH A PRIVATE CATAFALQUE

While I was taking in the panorama, Stephana, whose fair smiling face and golden head were welcome anywhere in Sicily, was peeping, with a charming mixture of shyness and assurance, into the house

THE CEMETERY OF THE GESU

next door, where there was a grand Easter catafalque, which would have done for quite a well-off church. But the very next minute she had the flavour of it quite taken out of her mouth by the approach of a lemon grove with broken glass on the top of its wall. This shocked an American even more than us, for any kind of garden wall is little short of high treason in the United States. The villas we passed had most of them romantic names; one of them, the Villa Eleanora, has stuck in my memory because it had so many donkeys, all of whom suffered from distemper if not mange.

THE CEMETERY OF THE GESU

The Cemetery of the Gesu has a very impressive approach—a wayside cross, old olives, and a tall stone pine—but the cemetery part, for all its broad-tiled terraces, is touched with the tar of vulgarity. Probably it is in the very points which jar upon an Englishman that it considers itself the rival of the Campo Santo at Genoa; and justly, for here, too, you have the portrait busts which reproduce so faithfully the style of clothes in vogue at the date of decease; the cypresses cut into the shape of columns; the bronze flares of old Pompeii adapted into railings; and two-storied temples which cost their fifty thousand francs, and remind you of the new boathouse at Cookham, to receive the ashes of the wealthy dead. The Florio who founded the fortunes of the family reposes in a regular two-storied house with Ionic columns, but there are jolly green and blue tiles for you to walk on between the tombs. "Jolly" was Witheridge's epithet; I should not have thought of applying it to a graveyard, but it was the right epithet, and after all does not jar amid such surroundings.

It was an inexpressible relief to turn from them to the mad old fountain with peeping cherubs, and the rich fifteenth-century Gothic doorways of the mediæval church, the best of its date at Palermo. One had what Stephana called a dear Virgin, rather in the della Robbia style, and there was a della Robbia ware saint in the handsome Monteleone chapel-vault, which interested Witheridge more than anything else on account of the duke's connection with our pension.

IN SICILY

THE INTERIOR OF THE GESU

The inside of the church, even if high architecture and high art do not reign there, is, like the cathedral at Girgenti, extremely picturesque and interesting. From the right aisle, with Japanese adaptiveness of natural features, the monks have made a row of half crypts branching out of the church into the caverns of the mountain-side. This presents great advantages for shrines and relics, of which there is a fine array over the westernmost altar. There is a mummy, four hundred years old, arrayed in its robes, and resting on a sort of bed in a glass case ; it was Bishop of Girgenti while it breathed.

Under the altar opposite the door is an extraordinary recumbent Virgin in rich robes. The pose is very natural, though everything else about it is woefully modern and gaudy. Over the high altar the sacristan proudly drew our attention to an Easter Christ, whatever that may mean. We were more interested in the famous fresco in the chapel of S. Bernardo, executed in a good Florentine manner by Lorenzo da Palermo ; it is unfinished, but very beautiful—a treasure in a land so ill off for good pictures as Sicily. All the time that we were listening to the good monk who showed us round we were pestered with beggars and flower-sellers, but I doubt if we should have learnt much more if we had been able to listen to him more closely, for he was very ignorant.

TO THE BELVEDERE AND THE MOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS

He excused himself from accompanying us up to the more sentimental part of the cemetery, where the graves are dotted about the steep mountain-side in the midst of the richest tangles of wild flowers which stay your feet round Palermo. The mountain rises very sheer. He just unlocked a gate and waved us through, past a splendid old gebbia (plastered Saracenic water-tank), and a queer, semicircular, beam-battlemented, open-air apse, such as you come across on the way to Monreale, which might have been used for anything, though you could not say what.

Sicily should by rights be the land of repose, especially in such a

OUT AT THE GESU

spot as this, but what with monks, beggars, and flower-sellers there is no repose for the living here. We took one flower-boy as a guide; he seemed to know more about the place than the monks, which was not difficult, and he was a pleasant thing to look at, more like a Girgenti or Taormina boy. The rich marigolds and vetches of the little belvedere built on to the seaward face of the rock had not been suggested to his parrot brain, though he pointed out, as if they were a feast to him, the panorama—the sea, Monte Pellegrino, Monte Gallo, and the other mountains whose names he had not learned; the smokeless city in the midst of the Conca d'Oro, and one yellow convent against the mountain-side. These, of course, had all been shown to him by somebody else to whom he had acted as guide. There was evidently nothing he enjoyed so much as having foreigners for guides to the beauties of his haunt. He was enchanted when Stephana invited me to revel in the colour of the young carob leaves, which was the richest brown conceivable. The top of the tree was level with the little precipice on which the belvedere rested. He climbed out in spite of her remonstrances to a dangerous jut, from which he



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

A CAROB TREE

IN SICILY

could gather her a bunch. When he came back he had taken us into his favour. There was no checking his garrulity, though staring him in the face was a tomb with the beautiful inscription: "Here reposes in the peace of the Lord——." Perhaps he could not read. As an idea, I pointed out to him a tall yellow flower, half-way between a mullein and a hollyhock, up near the top of the precipitous hill. I said that Stephana was very fond of yellow flowers, he should pick it. Of course he was her slave; one could see the admiration in his eyes, and he would win her ha'pence as well as her gratitude. So he flew, and we could enjoy the deep peace for a quarter of an hour. When he showed signs of coming down I pointed him out a kind of yellow lily, with needle-shaped leaves like the Richmond Park rushes. It was on another eminence and meant a further respite, which we enjoyed in resting half buried in a tangle of oak-leaved convolvulus; gorgeous crimson wild gladiolus; bright blue borage blossoms as big as half-crowns; velvety peas and vetches, with dozens of different combinations of colour; huge purple acanthus flowers; great, purplish, fragrant wild stocks; and a wonderful pink flower with an apple-green leaf like maidenhair fern. We picked only the gladiolus and stock to fill the Greek-looking pitchers used by the water-sellers, which we had told the waiter to put in front of us at table in the place of the Brompton Road glass flower vases, which were the pride of the proprietor's heart.

THE BLINDNESS OF THE SICILIANS TO NATURAL BEAUTY

All of a sudden our dream was rudely broken by the apparition of the boy with one of each of the flowers we had pointed out to him, and about two hundred dandelions and buttercups. To him all yellow flowers were the same; if you liked them, why, you did like them. They, of course, had no value or real beauty; no Sicilian ever picked one except to sell to a foreigner. They have no taste whatever for flowers, or scenery, or antiquities, or, I think, even music. The Sicilian cares for nothing except intrigues, gambling, and fine clothes. Doubtless he enjoys the sunshiny beauty with which he is surrounded, but he takes it as a matter of course. Nor is he lacking in discrimination.

POOR SICILIANS AND POOR JAPANESE

Once drill into him what you want to see, and he is very quick and sure in finding you specimens. It is just that he takes everything for granted till the foreigner pays him as a guide.

THE POOR JAPANESE IS SO DIFFERENT

In this the poor Sicilian is utterly different from the poor Japanese, whom he resembles in so many points. The Japanese, however poor, worships beauty, especially in flowers and scenery. A man who has nothing to eat will walk a day's journey to see the iris or tree peony at its best in some famous garden. You wonder why the Sicilians do not have an almond blossom festival to correspond to the cherry blossom or chrysanthemum festivals of the Japanese. The combination of sheets of soft pink almond blossom and temples as golden as the sunset at Girgenti is, I think, superior to any effect of the kind in Japan.

SICILIAN NOBLES VERY ACCOMPLISHED

A few Sicilian nobles, on the other hand, especially when they have not got enough money to think about dress, are very proud of the beauties of their country, and are sometimes very learned. If I wanted any special information I generally got it from a prince. The grand seigneur of the island, the Prince of Trabia, is most accomplished, and the Marquis Antonio de Gregorio is a savant of almost European reputation. We rebuked our boy, and explained the difference between common and choice. We also gave him a liberal reward. He departed blessing us, but rather abruptly, as I thought. However, as we were climbing into the cab, he arrived with more specimens of every flower we had gathered for ourselves, and asked if we were coming back again the next day. By this time the sky was turning to evening, but one does not have to think of malaria at Palermo. We could give ourselves up to the enjoyment of seeing the mountains grow clearer. They stretched round the whole welkin except one bit of sea. They grouped themselves harmoniously round one great Adam's peak.

IN SICILY

We told the cabman to try and hurry home, but no Sicilian cabman ever did hurry, except to some evening entertainment for which he had engaged himself for the same hour to two parties living in opposite directions, so we ambled home past the green water-tower at the fords of the Oreto, which was covered with maidenhair, though it was thirty or forty feet high, and had its wild fig growing out of it. We looked back for a moment at the huge stone pines and tall, black cypresses outlined against the grey screes above the Gesu, and it was dark enough when we passed the street of the copper-smiths to see the red glow under the black arches where men were still working.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POPULAR CHURCHES

S. DOMENICO

THERE is no church so constantly in evidence as the church just below our palace—S. Domenico. The poor people love it almost as much as the Gancia. It is right in the heart of the city, and it is the Santa Croce of Sicily, where the great men of the island lie—Giovanni Meli, the poet; Pietro Novelli, and Giuseppe Velasquez, the painters; Marvuglia, the architect; Villareale, the sculptor; the astronomer Piazzì; the historian La Lumia; and many others famous in the arts; and Ruggero Settimo, the President of the Provisional Government in the Sicilian Revolution of 1848, who lived to be President of the Italian Senate, and who, in this



Photo by Alinari.

THE PIAZZA OF S. DOMENICO

IN SICILY

very church, inaugurated the Sicilian Parliament. The church has a bas-relief by Lucca della Robbia, near the staircase of its monastery, a painting by Pietro Novelli, two little statues by Gagini, and two beautiful fourteenth-century *benitiers*. It was built in 1300, but restored out of all recognition in 1640. As M. Natoli observes, it is the largest church in Palermo, and holds 12,000 persons. There is nothing older than 1640 about the church except its paintings and sculptures, its huge monolith columns purveyed from some temple of antiquity, and its beautiful but ruinous old cloister of the Monreale pattern. But for all that it is pleasant to look on. Its tall façade has gone such a golden yellow, and its odious towers have rather elegant little domes. Two great palaces fallen from high estate occupy two whole sides of its much-frequented piazza, from whose centre rises a tall marble column surmounted by the immaculate Virgin in bronze. All through Lent its great bare basilica is crowded with kneeling worshippers, and there is a still surer test of popularity outside. Nowhere else in Palermo can you see such rows of stalls where they sell saints and rosaries and other cheap accessories of religion, by the hundred; in no other piazza are you more likely to run across a fortune-teller or a quack dentist.

THE ORATORIO DEL ROSARIO

There is a little chapel called the Oratorio del Rosario, somewhere at the back of S. Domenico, but I never remembered to go into it, though it contains the famous Vandyck, in which the artist allegorised his being driven away from Sicily by the plague. A boy is holding his nose and running away from a skull which has startled him while he is picking flowers.

THE OLIVELLA

There are two other popular churches quite close—S. Zita, in the Via Bambinai, and the Olivella in the piazza of that name. The church of the Olivella does not belong to a good period, architecturally, though its Chapel of the Crucifix is a blaze of agate, jasper, lapis lazuli, and topaz, and cost about £10,000. Its façade is the most charming



Photo by Alinari.

GAGINI'S S. ANTHONY IN S. CITA

S. ZITA AND ITS GAGINIS

wholly Renaissance façade in the city. It is light and elegant and soaring; it was not finished till the end of the eighteenth century. The Olivella, which has one noble picture, is a popular church in a different sense—it is the church to which the upper classes crowd at festivals; the convent adjoining, with its beautiful cloisters, now used for the national museum, belongs—not to the Olivella—but to the oratory of the Filippini. It was built by Marvuglia in the eighteenth century, and is one of the most beautiful Renaissance cloisters I ever saw.

S. ZITA (*S. Cita*)

"S. Zita stands on the site of a church built in 1859, but it was rebuilt from the foundations in 1603," so Witheridge read out. I think he meant 1369, the usually accepted date. The only portions of it worth looking at are the works of art which came from the old church, such as the beautiful coloured bas-relief by Gagini representing in its panels S. Anthony with the Centaur, and S. Jerome, above which are a charming Virgin and Cherubs, and some graceful arabesquing. It is worth while going to Sicily to study the works of the Sicilian sculptor Gagini, if for nothing else.

If he occasionally falls short of the chasteness of outline of the great Florentine sculptors like Verrocchio, he is excelled by none of them in the soft beauty of his Virgins. "Too pretty," is the charge easiest to level at him, but prettiness which has stood the test of four hundred years is, as Witheridge said, getting along nicely. He has two other works in this church—the superb marble altar which fills so much of the apse, and a tomb he made for Francis Zappetta with an alto-relievo of Jesus in limbo. The altar is a superb mass of delicate carving with three screen panels, four full-length saints, and many heads, and is contained in the arch of a very large and richly carved frame. Size and delicacy of workmanship taken into consideration, there are few finer pieces of carving in Sicily.

SS. ANNUNZIATA AND THE CONSERVATORIO

Almost opposite S. Zita is the little late Gothic Church of the Annunziata, whose façade is dated 1501, but whose interior is one

IN SICILY

hundred and fifty years older. It is in the Sicilian-Gothic style—a basilica divided into three naves by a dozen columns. It has a painted ceiling, divided into coffer, attributed to Tomaso Vigilia, one of the greatest Sicilian painters, but the restorations have effaced his touch. The arches and columns with their tall capitals are poor, but there is a charming group of four arches suggesting the ceiling of the hall-staircase of Christ Church, Oxford, at each point of the choir. The adjoining convent, which has a Sicilian-Norman doorway, is now a conservatory of music.

S. GIORGIO DEI GENOVESI

Next door to the Annunziata is the church of S. Giorgio dei Genovesi, one of the most elegant Renaissance churches to be found in Sicily or Italy. Its style is pure, simple and elegant, and it has pictures by great Italian artists like Jacopo Palma and Luca Giordano. The Palermitan guide-book remarks with charming naïveté that the church is open on Sunday mornings. It is certainly never open at any other time. We spent a most entertaining hour before we could get into it. None of the poor people in the neighbourhood took any great interest in it, and they probably think it should be left to the Genoese if there are any in Palermo. There are plenty of Milanese.

At last we found a man who said that the priest lived over the church, and pointed to the door which led up to his apartments. The door was locked and the bell missing—evidently the priest only wished to be disturbed at his own times, of which this was not one—but the cabman having made sure of his window threw stones at it until he opened it, and then yelled at him to throw the key down. The priest, who had been in his bed, knew a trick worth two of that. If he came down he would be surer of getting his money offered to him in the name of the poor-box; so down he came, after hastily dressing, to let us in. The arms of the Republic of Genoa were over the west door—in fact, they were pretty well everywhere—and there was rather a good Genoese picture of S. Stephen. The poor priest was very apologetic about his church; it was nothing,

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

he knew, compared to some of the churches in Palermo, but he pleaded its poverty. Really it is quite a charming church, with admirable Renaissance frames to the pictures, and very gracefully proportioned pillars. When he let us out he hobbled across the road to the herb shop. Perhaps we had caught him in bed from fever. A minute later, when we had driven off, Witheridge gave a guffaw of appreciation; it was only the name of a street—S. Giosafat. He used it as a swear-word for a week afterwards, it was his only word of Sicilian.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—THE PIEDIGROTTA—S. GIACOMO ALLA MARINA

As we were having a drive round the popular churches we did not include the neat little red-brick Anglican church near the Politeama. For one thing it hardly came under the definition of popular, and for another, Stephana thought it was wrong to make a sight of your own church. There were no other churches of note farther north, but we decided to go back on our tracks as far as S. Giorgio and round by the Piazza of the Castello, so as to peep into the little sixteenth-century church of Piedigrotta, which has a tiny grotto enclosed in a chapel and an eagle which was on the poop of the Sicilian admiral's galley in the great victory over the Turks at Cape Corvo. From here we arrived in a roundabout fashion at the beautiful little church of S. Giacomo alla Marina just above the Fonderia, which is also called S. Maria La Nuova. It was founded



Photo by S. Brown.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH, PALERMO

IN SICILY

in 1339, but rebuilt in 1520. In its general effect, and especially in its porch, it bears a strong resemblance to S. Maria della Catena, but it is less elegant, though it, too, is a charming piece of sixteenth-century Sicilian-Gothic. The little house built across its angle at its north-west corner, moreover, adds a fascinating bit of colour, which makes this church eminently paintable.



Photo by Alinari.

S. GIACOMO ALLA MARINA

S. MARIA DELLA CATENA

S. Maria della Catena, which it so closely resembles, stands, between the Cala and the Piazza Marina, at the head of a noble flight of steps, and is one of the most prominent objects in the city, alike from this and from its position. Its porch having two side arches added to the three front arches has a much lighter effect than its rival's, and its two little square turrets connected by a parapet of flamboyant tracery are undeniably effective. It derives its name, as I have said, from the chain which formerly extended at night from its base to the Castellamare across the mouth of the Cala. The

S. MARIA DELLA CATENA

church, which is in the Sicilian sixteenth-century Renaissance-Gothic style, is very light and elegant in the interior as well as the exterior, and has fine marble columns acquired in the usual way. It has a charming Sicilian-Gothic shafted opening over the lower side arches. At its east end it has some very curious and debased arches with gilt capitals, half Corinthian and half Ionic, with one set of pillars standing on the tops of the others. But the effect is still charming. The church is mentioned as far back as 1330, but it was rebuilt in the sixteenth century. It contains some bas-reliefs attributed to Gagini, but, all said and done, its principal charm consists in its delightful porch overlooking the busy little harbour full of tall feluccas backed by the picturesque loggia of the Castello and the noble crown-like mass of Monte Pellegrino.



Photo by Sommer.

S. MARIA DELLA CATENA

IN SICILY

S. ANTONIO (*not Abate*)

Then we drove up the Corso to S. Antonio, the tiny church already mentioned as having once been like the Martorana and S. Cataldo. We had to climb a tall flight of temporary wooden steps to reach it. Once inside, our attention was distracted from its woeful modernisation, its painted imitations of mosaics, by the elaborate funeral service which was going on over the remains of its late priest, whose coffin was lying with its end tilted up, surrounded by tall tapers and a weeping congregation. Indeed, hardly any of its interior decorations were visible, it was so swathed in black cloth. S. Antonio is a very old church, founded in 1220, and restored by the Chiaramonti, who gave it the tallest tower in Palermo. Some of its original features are capable of exhumation.

S. MATTEO

We drove from it a few yards further up to S. Matteo, a frankly seventeenth-century church, with nothing to show but a couple of pictures by Pietro Novelli. Then we crossed the Corso, and drove into the little piazza surrounded by three famous churches and the Teatro Bellini.

S. CATERINA

Two of these churches, the Martorana and S. Cataldo, I have already described among the Arabo-Norman churches; the third, S. Caterina, is about as great a contrast to the other two as could possibly be imagined. It is almost as frankly baroque as the cathedral at Girgenti. It was founded in 1312 by the daughters of the hero of the Sicilian Vespers, Roger Mastrangelo, but it was enlarged and entirely rebuilt in 1566. As baroque churches go, it ranks high, on account of the splendour of its marbles; it has also a statue of S. Catherine by Gagini, and a picture of the Virgin by Vandyck. Its marbles remind one of nothing so much as the kaleidoscope; they are simply bewildering. Carvings, some of them of quite beautiful faces, are muddled up with inlays of multi-coloured marble, scrolls, bodies, and wings, in a jumble most

S. CATERINA ; S. FRANCESCO ; THE GANCIA

distressing to the northern mind. A priest was putting his ear to the gilt-brass colender in the north transept for a nun, and heavy gilt grilles all round the church betrayed the presence of the galleries, from which the nuns who own the church are compelled to hear the services. The crowning indiscretion of the marble workers was a very striking panel of a white marble Jonah, thrown out of a brown marble two-decker into a blue marble sea, and threatened by a red marble whale. The ship might have been the flag-ship of Admiral Gravina, the Palermitan who commanded the Spanish at Trafalgar. The panel is well worth looking at.

S. FRANCESCO (*de' Chiodari*)

From S. Caterina we drove through the maze of small, old streets which lie between it and the Via Cintorinai to the church of S. Francesco (*de' Chiodari*). This is another thirteenth-century church which has been wholly rebuilt at various epochs. The interior is, with the exception of its decorations, new, but there is some excuse for that, as it was wrecked in the earthquake of 1823. But the principal entrance, built at the expense of the builders of the Palace of the Inquisition, the magnificent Chiaramonti, still stands as it stood in 1302, and there are some fine but much perished seventeenth-century frescoes by Pietro Novelli, and some fifteenth- and sixteenth-century decorations in some of the chapels. But the glory of the church are the splendid choir stalls put up in 1520 at the expense of the nobles of Palermo; each stall bears the arms of the family which paid for it. This is a popular church with the better classes at festivals. From S. Francesco to the Gancia, the most beloved of all churches by the poor people, is no distance, if you go down the little Vico-Merlo across the Piazza Marina, and turn up the short Via Quattro Aprile, where all the foreigners go for baths.

THE GANCIA

The Gancia is a fifteenth-century church, and preserves a great deal of the character of that date, though the fine cloister has been

IN SICILY

spoil. It is a large church and very smelly, full of wax offerings representing sore eyes, diseased knee-caps, and so on, presented by the faithful who have been cured. The Lenten veil drawn in front of its high altar while we were in Palermo gave a very striking representation of the night after the Crucifixion on its dusky blue-grey ground. Anyone could see that the poor Palermitans loved this church; there were always filthy little children playing round while their parents worshipped as well as they could without the Japanese system of paper prayers sold at a halfpenny each for deposit in the offertory trough. Occasionally the children would get tired of playing, and would make Robinson Crusoe expeditions to some chapel, one of which, at least, had a real cave. Nobody paid much attention to the high-reliefs of Gagini, though his "Annunciation" is really beautiful in a Carlo Dolce way, nor to the brown coffered roof studded with golden stars, nor to the grand tombs, of which this church possesses a great many. But the black stage and canopy with the crucifix erected for Lent were regarded with great awe, for this was within their ken. In the revolution of 1860 Francesco Riso and his companions raised the standard of revolt here, but Riso was killed, and most of his companions were taken, and the convent was sacked. Two of the insurgents escaped the massacre and hid themselves in the crypts of the church, whence they issued five days afterwards. The opening by which they escaped was called the hole of safety (*buco della salvezza*), and has been closed with a marble tablet bearing an inscription. It is quite well worth while to look into the Gancia whenever you pass; you are sure to see something typical of the life of the people there.

S. MARIA DELLA VITTORIA

Not far from the Gancia in the Piazzetta dello Spasimo is the ancient church of S. Maria della Vittoria, where some repairs disclosed the old Saracen gate whose name was changed to the Porta della Vittoria in consequence of its having been the gate through which Robert Guiscard forced his way into the city. The church was built round it, doubtless to preserve as something sacred this

S. MARIA DELLA VITTORIA ; THE MAGIONE

scene of the triumph of Christianity. But succeeding generations forgot all about it, and covered it up with an ordinary wooden altar. It is in the first chapel to the right. What a sarcasm to forget the very object which the church was built to enshrine!

The reader might imagine that this round of the churches took days. As a matter of fact it was all compressed easily into a single day, because we had examined the churches of great architectural interest already, and on this occasion were just paying brief visits to churches we wished to see, because they were popular, or because they had some tradition attached to them, or some individual decoration of merit.

THE MAGIONE

From this we drove a few yards on, past the imposing mass of the Spasimo Church, begun four centuries ago and never finished yet, to the Magione, which is Sicilian for mansion, this church having been attached to the mansion of the Teutonic knights. It was originally built by the Cistercians, but the Emperor Henry VI. when he was King of Sicily confiscated it from them, and presented it to the famous order so intimately connected with the origin of the kingdom of Prussia. The church preserves the old Sicilian form of the three naves and its ancient arches, but all its mosaics and marbles are gone, and its principal feature of interest till the other day was the group of fifteenth-century tombs bearing in bas-relief figures of the knights in their monks' robes. But now all is changed—the stripping off of the later plaster-work has revealed the well-preserved masonry of an Arabo-Norman church, almost exactly like the Cappella Reale in its plan, and inferior to no other church in Palermo in elegance. It has also a tiny cloister, in the same style as that of Monreale, built into the adjoining houses, but with three sides not substantially injured, which will yield the best results to the restorer. The Teutonic knights were a religious order, like the Templars and Hospitallers.

THE CARMINE AND THE CASA PROFESSA

From the Magione we drove through another maze of small streets to the Carmine, which really has nothing to recommend it

IN SICILY

except Gagini's beautiful statue of S. Catherine, some pieces of sculpture of the fifteenth century, and a picture or two, though it is quite a landmark in the city with its lofty and brilliantly coloured dome, and has a large piazza. A very few minutes brought us from there to the Casa Professa, a gorgeous baroque church belonging to the Jesuits, founded on the site of several previous churches, including Robert Guiscard's church, dedicated to the Madonna of the Grotto. It is a noticeable church outside from its group of fine palm trees. It dates mostly from the seventeenth century, but it has a charming fifteenth-century tower and cloister, which you have to approach from another street, the Piazza of the Forty Martyrs. It is such a roundabout way from the church to the cloisters that it is difficult to believe that they have any connection. The charming campanile has machicolations half-way up, and an elegant fifteenth-century window. The cloister, which has a fine Sicilian-Gothic window, minus only its central shaft, is likewise machicolated. Few people see this, much the best part of the Casa Professa, which is one of the most notable churches in the city, in the eyes of Palermitans.

S. GIUSEPPE

The Biblioteca Comunale adjoins the Casa Professa in a building which formerly belonged to the Jesuits. From here we drove a few blocks to the church of S. Giuseppe, which stands at the south-west corner of the Quattro Canti, another baroque church of great size, which has a charming but incongruous cupola on its exterior like the little round temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli. But the interior is for the most part one of those miracles of expensive bad taste which they perpetrated in the seventeenth century. It has another church underneath it, and it is much frequented because it stands in the very centre of the city.

THE QUATTRO CANTI

From the steps of S. Giuseppe, if anywhere, you can make a comprehensive study of the Sicilian loafer of all ranks, from the stockbroker to the match-seller. Any business man or idler who

S. AGOSTINO ; S. MARCO ; THE RENAISSANCE

has nothing to do stands about the Quattro Canti with a cigar, which looks like a long twig, stuck in the corner of his mouth. It is a sort of open-air club, to which no one pays any subscription except his time. The university is just round the corner. The churches which lie between S. Giuseppe and S. Agostino are not important.

S. AGOSTINO AND S. MARCO

S. Agostino has already been alluded to for the beauty of its rose window, and the building adjoining has a fine Gothic exterior. The interior of the church was wrecked in the seventeenth century. Close to it, facing the huge Mercato degli Aragonesi, is the dear little church of S. Marco, which is now a furniture maker's workshop. As its name betokens, it belonged to the Venetians in Palermo, just as S. Giorgio belonged to the Genoese. At the door of S. Marco we gave the cabman the order "Home," to the infinite relief of Witheridge. I do not think we had missed much of note, though it is difficult to be certain in a place where there are more churches than there are lamp-posts. It must be borne in mind that I started out with a very narrow point of view.

A TRUCE TO THE RENAISSANCE

Nothing later than Gothic architecture appeals to me unless it is in itself beautiful or splendid. The details of Renaissance architecture only interest me when they have real beauty. In the same way I pay no great attention to Italian pictures after the age of the great Venetians. I am not a connoisseur of paintings, and the large style wearies me.

The antique, the Gothic, and the historic are what I seek in Italy or Sicily. Life is not long enough to take in the later buildings of Italy and Sicily. They never pull anything down, and they never build anything small. Dwellings and offices of every degree are collected in blocks of sufficient size, and combined into a palazzo. In Italy they have practically been running up blocks of flats since the days of Raphael.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOLY THURSDAY AT PALERMO

THE SEPULCHRES OF HOLY THURSDAY

ONE of the curious customs they have at Palermo is that of making artificial gardens in their churches on Holy Thursday. These gardens are, I suppose, intended to represent the garden mentioned only in the Gospel of St. John, in which Christ's tomb lay, but it is confused with the Garden of Gethsemane in some churches, such as the Gancia and S. Matteo, the church which has the Casa Normanna at its back. There they had a Judas. In most of the churches the body of the dead Christ, sometimes naked, is exposed near the garden. The garden is erected in the nave. First of all the artists in coloured chalks and coloured sands are called in. The latter is much the grandest. He lays out a square garden of gay parterres with paths between them. Round the edges of the parterres are arranged pots of wheat, grown, I presume, in the dark, because they are always blanched. Inside of them are arranged the artificial flowers with gilt and silvered leaves, taken very likely from the altars, and tall tapers. Sometimes fairy lights are stuck about the garden at intervals. Sometimes a Child Christ will be lying in the garden playing with a little cross or a star, at other times the dead Christ after His deposition from the cross. Sometimes, too, there were symbols of occult signification. There was generally a boy watcher, but we never could find out whether he represented the watchers of the dead or was keeping an eye on the offerings.

THE HOLY THURSDAY SEPULCHRES

One thing was clear, that there was a correct conventional way of arranging these gardens, with which most of their makers were not very familiar. At the back of the garden there was always a huge catafalque of brilliantly coloured silk, carried up nearly as high as the ceiling of the nave. The people swarmed in to see these gardens and the kind of services that went on in them. The poor people went more than the rich, but a good many of the rich went also. The poor people went from church to church as they went from booth to booth at the Easter Fair, trailing all their children with them. When the garden was particularly gorgeous in the matter of coloured sands or fairy lights their feelings quite carried them away, like the rich Frenchman and his wife who pressed each other's hands in silent rapture when they saw the big hotel at Beaulieu with "Maple and Co." on the gable. They felt it was the finest thing they had ever seen, and gasped with gratitude.

Where there was a wonder-working image of the body of the Lord they went down on their knees and kissed its feet, the richest as well as the poorest. It requires a good deal of faith to kiss wood clammy with the kisses of a thousand beggars. But the Sicilians are ardent believers, if they are lax practisers, except on special occasions. Where there is such an image the priests sell little paper prints of it, which you buy for a halfpenny or two.

THE GARDEN AT S. NICCOLÒ DA TOLENTINO

There is such an image at S. Niccolò da Tolentino, which for some reason or other is the most popular of all the Palermitan churches on this Garden Thursday. As I have said above, it is a church of the poor; few cabmen know the way to it. Our cabman took us to my long-lost S. Niccolò all' Albergheria by mistake for it.

The church itself has no features of interest. It stands back a few yards from the road, a little beyond the university on the opposite side of the Via Macqueda.

Its garden was a very good imitation of a carpet with a bound Christ standing on the centre of it. The wonder-working image of the dead Christ lay on the bed with His feet towards the worshippers,

IN SICILY

naked except for a white loin-cloth. He had a lace pillow and a silver wire nimbus, and rich and poor almost fought to kiss His feet.

THE GARDEN AT S. DOMENICO

S. Domenico was really better, it had such an enormous catafalque of blue, yellow, red, and white spangled silk, and a sort of gilt paper cupola behind; it reminded one of the pavilions of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and had tapers innumerable lit in front of it. The garden here was a combination of chalk outline and sanded flower-beds and walks. It had real flowers and corals. At the corners there were marvellous flower-stands culminating in agave flowers fully fifteen feet high. The tapers in the garden were unlit, but the whole thing looked, as Witheridge said, a most festive arrangement for Lent, though if you turned round and saw the enormous dusky veil in front of the high altar reaching from floor to roof, a hundred feet high perhaps, you were brought back to the solemnity of the season by its misty Crucifixion and Deposition. The church was crowded with peasants—the women with Paisley-coloured shawls and headkerchiefs of all the colours of the rainbow, the men in cheap black. They like coming to the city for the great Church ceremonies. They bowed all the time, first to the garden and then to a Virgin in black opposite, who was pierced with a sword and had a white lace cushion in front of her. The design chalked on the floor was a purple cross with sun-rays in front. At the sides were Christ lying on a bed, dead, with scenes in the clouds, and an Infant lying in a manger with a black cross skilfully indicated on its breast and a crown of thorns in coloured clouds above it. Men with white tuckers and tiny children were calling out something which we could not understand. The fine gilt organs on each side made impressive foils. The great west door was almost blocked with sellers of sweets and sellers of dead Christs. It was all so like Japan. When we left the church we went down towards the sea to go to S. Maria della Catena.

THE "SEPULCHRE" AT THE GANCIA

THE SHRINE OUTSIDE S. DOMENICO

The shrine outside S. Domenico, a sort of cavern, the most picturesque shrine in the city, had its floor thickly strewn with laurel leaves and wistaria blossoms, and had a few poor tapers burning. It always gave me a thrill of pleasure to see such a survival of the Middle Ages in broad daylight in a public thoroughfare. And this street down from S. Domenico to the Fonderia is one of the chief thoroughfares of Palermo.

THE GARDEN AT S. MARIA DELLA CATENA

As might have been expected, the decorations of S. Maria della Catena did not err on the side of good taste. The garden there was arranged like a dinner-table with jellies of coloured flowers—prettiness is the keynote of this church. But the Gancia was the best of all the churches for its Holy Thursday Garden.

THE GARDEN AT THE GANCIA

It had its sepulchre, with a gold and red Gothic arch and gilt and white pillars. There was a passage right through the arch to a sanded garden within, and in front another garden was chalked with figures representing the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, surrounded by many vases of flowers and tall tapers, and great round baskets of growing corn, the same blanched corn you see everywhere. There were pots and pots of it, often with artificial flowers stuck into them, brought in as offerings by the poor people, and wild, lovely little Sicilian city Arabs with great dark eyes were playing about or looking at the ceremony as the spirit moved them, while their mothers crowded round, gazing at the angels on each side of the tomb and the angel holding a cup and sending shafts of light down on the face of the Christ in the Agony. The surroundings here were even more impressive than at S. Domenico. The church was very dark with its brown coffered roof; and its quaint wax offerings of the sick and maimed added to the weirdness of the scene. Here, again, was a most impressive Lenten veil of vast size, and a long sort of tribune

IN SICILY

covered with black, on the side of the nave opposite the garden. The children had a Christ of their own here, a twisted brown figure lying on a cushion under a great black cross, with the Virgin wringing her hands at its side. There were crowds of boys in front of it, one singularly beautiful boy with a blue cloth wound round his head like a Japanese head-towel.

THE GARDEN IN THE CHURCH OF THE PIETA

From the Gancia we went to the church attached to the nunnery in the old Abatelli palace. Here there was a variety in the garden, which consisted of a piece of tapestry surrounded by alternate flower-

vases and candles, while in front of the high altar were rows and rows of pots of stiff flowers and grasses. The dimly-lighted east-end made a very impressive background, and the effect of the voices of unseen nuns pouring out from gratings and galleries all over the church was quaint. There were various side-peeps from the church, one into a chapel of nuns and nuns' priests, another into a little chamber where a cross old nun sat shaking a crow-rattle to make the faithful bring their offerings more quickly. There was no crowd here, and since most of the people connected with the place were behind gratings and hatches, the children were unusually natural; one of



THE NUNNERY OF THE PIETA (PALAZZO ABATELLI)

From an old print in "Pictures from Sicily," 1853

THE CLOTH IN WHICH OUR LORD WAS WRAPPED

them was trundling a hoop up and down, quite unobserved—an iron hoop, too, which rang out distractingly on the stone flags.

THE GARDEN AT S. GIUSEPPE

At S. Giuseppe bad taste was naturally rampant. There was a man standing on the steps, outside its door, tapping a soap-box to attract worshippers. S. Giuseppe has a great attraction in the shape of the cloth in which our Lord was wrapped while He lay in the tomb. By the well-informed it is admitted to be a copy, but the priest who showed it to us and to various pious but unintelligent worshippers did not incline to this view. He would not go further than to admit that there was another such cloth at Messina, and another at Turin, and that Turin would, of course, have the best one. S. Giuseppe's frank baroquity is pleasing. The plaster ornaments on the ceiling are so large and coarse that they look as if they were going to come down on you, and the pair of angels supposed to be coming down from heaven on each side of the door look as if they were tumbling. But the blending of colours is really rather agreeable.

THE GARDEN IN THE OVAL CHURCH

One of the best Holy Thursday pageants was in the little oval church lying between the Corso and the Teatro Bellini, called, as far as I could make out, S. Giovanni di Bio, where there was a fine Saviour, with a gilt crown of thorns, lying on a bed, and a Virgin robed in purple looking at Him mournfully. The church was almost as dark as night, relieved only by the six tall tapers burning round the bier, and the lights at the end of the choir, which threw up into strong relief the black figures in front of the altar. Some very good singing came from a hidden gallery, a white linen cloth hung on the cross over the Saviour, and there was a very good garden with all its tapers lit. Taken altogether, the effects of this little church were perhaps the best managed of any we had seen, and the crowning effect was an unstudied one—a tiny child, wandering round by itself, went and prostrated itself at the Saviour's feet and kissed them, a poor little waif with no one to look after it.

IN SICILY

THE GARDEN AT S. MATTEO

Just across the other side of the Corso was S. Matteo, attended by a good many substantial business people. It had in consequence a very ambitious Gethsemane, with a Judas whose beard was black, not red, though he had the expression of a betrayer, and a Saviour with the traditional chestnut beard. The garden bore an inscription:—

“Giuda Con un bacio tradisce il figlio dell’ uomo
Dio ti salvi o maestro e baciollo.”

They had very fine music here. They even had rocks and shingle paths in the garden, and olive branches strewed all round; but the effect of the high altar was distinctly impaired by its being decorated with common, opaque gas-globes with nightlights inside them.

What a contrast it was to pass through the church to that glorious Norman house at the back, with its rich frieze of fruit and leaves carved by Saracen workmen, and resting on sculptured corbels; and that magnificent range of moresco windows. It was so old; everything there was so genuine compared to the oleographic effects of the church.

THE VALUE OF THESE HOLY THURSDAY GARDENS

I think Stephana was better pleased than we were with the Holy Thursday pageants; she had a sneaking respect for any large and gorgeous church, even of the eighteenth century. She had not been so surfeited as we had with domes, and gilt and crimson curtains, and silver-foil flowers, and Chinese puzzles of coloured marbles. Italy, which she had never visited except for a day or two ashore at Naples, has such an *embarras de richesses* of ecclesiastical decorations that we had learned to pick and choose, and sigh for Gothic repose. But I will confess freely that these gardens and sepulchres gave me immense pleasure. It meant the survival of one more typical and ancient custom. It is lovely, when the world is growing more prosaic day by day, to find one corner of it in which they still keep up observances that may have been handed down from misty ages, when the memory

“SEPULCHRES” IN SICILY AND ROME

of the Saviour of mankind was as real and near to people as the memory of Christopher Columbus is to this day at Genoa.

They call these gardens Sepulchres at Rome, but the custom is fast dying out there. I could only hear of about five-and-twenty churches where there was any attempt to represent the garden, and only one or two of these had any merit. At only one had coloured sands been used, and even there not to represent a garden, but a carpet. The Roman idea of representing the garden in which Christ was buried is a flowered carpet with two or three pots of azaleas or vases of cut flowers placed on it, and plenty of fairy lights. Where any idea of the original is retained there may be a Cross on the floor, composed of pots of blanched wheat. In only one Roman church, Santa Maria Egiziaca, which is built into the ancient Roman Temple of Fortuna Virilis, had the Christ been taken down from his Cross and laid on the floor in the fashion observed in Sicily. At Rome the custom has become a mere conventionality.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GOOD FRIDAY AND THE PROCESSION OF THE PIETA

THE CATHEDRAL—MAKING A FUNCTION FOR THE CARDINAL

GOOD FRIDAY opened rather disappointingly ; twice over the waiters fetched us away from breakfast to the balcony of the salone to see Good Friday processions, and each time the procession was out of sight before we got there. There are magnificent distances in Sicilian palaces. When we went out, before ten o'clock, all the services seemed to be over. S. Domenico was quite empty ; we flew in despair and a threepenny cab to the cathedral. There was always something going on there. When we arrived, to our delight, we found some tall brass-helmeted guardsmen with grounded rifles. We quite felt that the king must be there, but there were no signs of anybody in particular, and when we asked the sacristan what the guards were there for, he replied, "To make a function for the cardinal." A little sort of school of very small boys in white blouses and blue skirts, presumably choristers, trailed across the cathedral to help. The cardinal himself, with two other magnates, was behind the great Lenten veil, and everybody else was praying with their backs turned to us. A red novice came leisurely down the centre of the people ; he looked as if he were doing something, but, when he saw us, he determined not to do it, and offered to show us over the tombs of the kings instead. We had seen them before, but Witheridge liked the idea of taking him off his proper work so he insisted on going over them again.

WHILING AWAY THE TIME

They were using the pulpit, as is usual in Palermo, for singing-boys. There were groups of soldiers standing nonchalantly, and

THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO



Photo by Incorpora.

THE CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO (EAST END)

beggars the reverse of nonchalantly. We did not give them anything, but waved our hands, or rather wriggled our fingers, at them to express the negative. I always enjoy looking at the tombs of the kings, so we forgave the absolute flatness of the service. Presently I could stand it no longer, and I got up and went out to look at that rose-orange porch with its rich Arabic ornament, which was once, tradition says, a Saracen mosque. But the beggars would not leave me in peace; they consider themselves privileged, during the great Church festivals, and worry on till they get something. They come out and stand between you and what you are looking at. We went home and had lunch. Good Friday, of which we had expected so much, was going to prove quite an ordinary day, as it had so often proved before when we had raised our hopes highest. After lunch we drove out in despair to the Saracen Emir's Castle of the Favara and

IN SICILY

the mountain cemetery of the Gesu. Once at the Gesu we could always while away hour after hour on those sunset slopes cushioned with rare wild flowers. So it was quite dusk when we found our way back along the Macqueda blocked by the biggest crowd we had yet seen in Palermo.

IN SICILY CABS MAY DRIVE OVER ANYTHING

In Palermo they do not stop horse-traffic because there is a crowd; in Naples and Sicily alike it is the prerogative of the cabman to drive over anything that gets in his way. It is the only way you can keep the streets from being turned into a restaurant with no rent to pay. Mere human beings melt away from in front of the cab, but occasionally it comes into contact with something of a more unyielding disposition. Once, when a cabman who had another engagement for the same hour was driving me home from Malfitano, he charged straight into a heap of curb stones, mistaking them for goats. His pride was followed by a most disastrous fall. The horse and the front half of the carriage got safely over the barricade, the last half remained with me. The windows snowed upon me in fragments, but luckily without cutting me. The top and bottom of the cab had been unequal to the strain of holding together. The cabman reeled from his box and fell; my feet went gently through the collapsing bottom on to the flagged road. The low resisting power of the cab might have been due to the fact that Sicilians, unless they are very rich, mend their cabs and carriages at home—with paint. They would colour a crack with ink rather than send the vehicle to the carriage builder.

We had got to the Piazza Pretoria when the crowd closed up; this was a vantage point. People could stand on the fountain and its steps when they were not in the front row.

THE PROCESSION OF THE BODY OF OUR LORD

"What is it?" I asked the cabman.

"The Blessed Body of the Lord."

I looked at him.

"Il processione," he explained, and then I grasped that we were going to see after all what we had so eagerly desired.

THE PROCESSION OF THE PIETA

"It is the good Body," he continued, with perfectly reverent irreverence, "the one from the Solidad."

"Shall we get out?" I asked.

"By no means," said he; "you will see better from the *vettura*." He was afraid that we should pay him off, and saw his way to another hour or two's hire. The people all round, instead of being angry at the intrusion of our cab, were anxious that we should remain in it, so that the *forestieri* (foreigners) might see their beloved procession at its best.

Our cab drew up at the south-west corner of the Quattro Canti, where we could see up the Corso to the Porta Nuova, and if night had not fallen too far, to Monreale, westwards, northwards along the Macqueda to Monte Pellegrino, and the other way to Monte Grifone.

I do not think we looked to see if the mountains were at their



Photo by Incipiani.

THE QUATTRO CANTI

WITH THEIR SPLASHING FOUNTAINS AND ARMOUR'D FIGURES OF SPANISH KINGS

IN SICILY

blackest against the sky or already melting into the black of the night; they are always clearest in the last minutes of the day.

THE CAR OF THE VIRGIN

We had hardly taken up our position when the noise of a clapper, something like a policeman's rattle, told us that the procession would be on us in a few minutes. The crowd of the soldiers and people collected between the four corners, with their splashing fountains, and armoured figures of Spanish kings, and huge white marble escutcheons on the line of the evening sky, held their breath with expectation. The music of a splendid band marched nearer and nearer, and then a mountainous object swept round the tall front of S. Giuseppe, borne on the shoulders of forty men dressed in black velvet worked in silver with the armorial bearings of the proudest families in Sicily. It was a kind of bier like the Mekoshi, the sacred car on which the image of Iyeyasu, the deified founder of the Tokugawa dynasty, is carried on his annual pilgrimage from his lordly shrine at Nikko in Japan. Both were vast platforms on carrying-poles, with lofty throne-like superstructures, only this was far higher than the Mekoshi and covered with rich black velvet and flowers and tall flaring tapers. At the top of it all rose the sad image of the Virgin weeping for her only Son, but robed in a magnificent black velvet cloak richly embroidered in gold by the hands of the first Queen of Italy. She towered above the second stories of the houses, above the heads of the Spanish kings, and many knees were bent before the mournful figure as she passed. A Sicilian crowd leaves itself room to be reverent, and I noticed that the wealthy on the balconies of the piazza and the Corso were as reverent as the poor below. The procession was headed by a great black cross draped with two white cloths, perhaps representing the grave clothes of the Lord. It loomed up dark against the sky, but before the weeping Virgin came men swinging antique lanterns from tall staves. She was followed by her music and many priests and plumed *carabinieri*.

THE PIETA : WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION

THE BODY OF THE LORD

Then came what was to us Protestants the most imposing part of the procession, a miracle-working image of our Saviour lying naked after His deposition from the cross. He was carried in a crystal shrine set in gilt woodwork, and decorated with huge tapers and flowers and one tall plume of palms, and His bier and the black banner, embroidered with His Virgin Mother in a golden dress, were escorted by pikemen wearing the mediæval armour from the national museum. The band behind the bier—there were two bands, one following the Mater Dolorosa and one following the bier—was playing Chopin's funeral march so exquisitely that not one of us had dry eyes.

WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION

We had a splendid view, for at the Quattro Canti both the enthroned Virgin and the bier of the Saviour halted while the priests went through some portion of the processional service, and in the gathering gloom their chanting was almost as appealing to the emotions as the music of Chopin.

It was such a still night that when they were halted the flames of the tapers burned as clear and true as if they were in a room, and when the bier drew up the breathless crowd of soldiers and peasants fell on their knees and worshipped.

From our coign of vantage we could command both the Macqueda and the Corso; and the receding procession, closed, as it had been preceded, by a great black cross, was almost as beautiful and imposing as it had been in its approach.

"What shall we do now?" I asked the cabman, who had shown so much intelligence that we felt safe in leaving ourselves in his hands. "Shall we follow them?" "No, signore," he said; "I will drive you to the Via Protonotaro; they will come back that way, and then you will see something better."

He had sat bareheaded all the time that the procession was passing. We drove up the Corso and took a commanding place opposite the mouth of that ancient street where Robert Guiscard showed his

IN SICILY

wise Norman clemency by building for the Greek rivals of his own Latin Church the chapel whose elegant façade is still one of the tit-bits of Palermo that lovers of good architecture have in quest. As we sat here we were never out of earshot of the alternate music and chanting of the procession as it wound its way round. I do not know how long we waited, but I know that we were very glad when the thickening of the crowd and the increase in the volume of sacred sound told us that the procession was once more drawing near us.

This time we were prepared to enjoy it with increased ecstasy. If we were to see better than we had seen already, no service in any church of our own faith could have brought us nearer the Heaven in whose presence we may stand when but two or three are gathered together in His name.

The sea of brown Sicilian faces, the women's kerchiefed heads, the lean bodies of the men in their faded blue cloaks, gave the little quiver which betokens the moment of arrival. The Via Protonotaro is so narrow (and broad balconied, like all Sicilian streets), and the confusion of the narrow black lane, with the glittering houselights, was so puzzling that the head of the column was upon us as soon as we realised its approach.



Photo by Mr. Alexander Smith.

A PALERMO PROCESSION
THE CAR OF S. ROSALIA

THE PROCESSION BY NIGHT

THE RETURN OF THE PROCESSION

It had grown since it passed us at the four corners, for now it was headed not only by martial *carabinieri*, but by torch-bearers and crowds of little Marias, white-veiled and wreathed, and carrying tapers and flowers. These little Marias generally imply a collection, but I saw no collection of money going on. Then came the little choristers in black and white; then the great black cross and the officiating priests, all carrying their crosses or tapers; and the vast car of the Virgin, which seemed to fill the narrow street from side to side, from bottom to top. You could not believe that it would not tear the very sides out of the streets, it was so vast, and the passage-way so narrow. With its rising ranges of tall tapers, its effect against the black background was splendidly majestic.

THE BURIAL GUILD

Then came the most impressive new feature in the procession—a burial guild in its scarlet and white-hooded *misericordia* robes, headed by a crucifix and tapers of its own. It was so touching and natural that the Lord should be taken to His grave like a member of the guild. Then came more torch-bearers in red hauberks, and the men with the stave-lanterns and the pikemen with their armour flashing red in the torchlight as they escorted the banner of the Virgin and that wonderfully natural alabaster image of the dead Saviour. The band, which followed with a swarm of *carabinieri* and more little white Marias, closed the procession. It was playing a soul-uplifting march.

I cannot do justice to the scene presented by the Via Protonotaro when the tall car of the Virgin had passed outside its end, and, craning our necks round from the corner as we stood up on the seats of our *vettura*, we had the rest of the procession crowding upon our view—a sea of scarlet and white and black, and pikes and torches framed in by the night overhead, and the great Spanish balconies filled with eager figures. And even the pageant hardly equalled the combined effect of the rich vibrating music, and the

IN SICILY

rising fragrance of the censers, and the suppressed breathing and sobbing of the great multitude.

THE EFFECT OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL

Almost the best was yet to come, for the procession turned up the Corso and swept towards the cathedral and the Porta Nuova. Headed as it was by the soaring lights of the Virgin's car, as it went up the hill with its long line of tapers and flaring flambeaux we could realise the whole better than at any previous moment. It might have been a picture by some Van Eyck, or Roger Van der Weyden, with Gherardo della Notte effects.

We bade our driver follow close on the heels of the procession to see the brilliant picture illuminated by the dazzling electric light of the Cathedral Square. It was worth it, for the great cathedral itself, with its noble long line of roof and its innumerable shoulders of arabesque masonry, made so superb a background. In the half light its clusters of little domes lost their modern effect and melted back into the Oriental and mysterious, and the fretted south porch looked more the mosque it had been. All this was not without its significance. The silent, lifeless buildings of the Orient represented the dead and gone religion of the Saracen lords of the island, which is now no more than a picturesque background for history.

THE CHRIST CHILD

The procession swept round under the soaring archway—no archway really, but a delicate aerial bridge which unites the cathedral to the palace of the archbishop. We did not follow it, nor did most of the crowd. Instead, we descended to look at the people and to ask a few questions from anyone who could speak Italian. One man was holding up in his arms a tiny boy with bare hands and feet marked with the stigmata, purple and bleeding, and with a crown of thorns on his pale little forehead. Drops of bloody sweat were painted on his forehead and cheeks. He was dressed in a cheap velveteen robe of royal purple—a poor little wizened thing. He

LEAVING THEIR BABIES ON THE WINDOW-SILLS

was not long for this world, and perhaps, therefore, dedicated to our Lord in this way; and the man who was carrying him, presumably the father, was poor, poor, poor, paid at whatever rate in Palermo corresponds to the fourpence-halfpenny a day of the poor rural districts.

LEAVING THEIR BABIES ON THE WINDOW-SILLS

While we had been waiting at the corner of the Via Protonotaro Stephana's heart had bled for the babies lying on the window-sills—it seemed such a cold and heartless place to leave them. But there was really no risk; they were swaddled too tightly to move or feel the chill of the stone. It was a good early training for the stoicism which the Sicilians are expected to display in after life. They spend their days in waiting.

When we had dismounted, a Palermitan gentleman, noticing the deep interest we took, began talking to us. It was he who told us that the silver armorial bearings on the black velvet of the forty men who bore the Virgin's car belonged to the great families. Formerly, he said, the heads of the families themselves carried it; now they pay men to take their places and wear their badges.

The cabman told us that if we got through our dinner by eight o'clock we should be in time to see the procession end its course at the chapel of the Solidad, to which the miraculous image belonged. So we drove home hastily, though we were sorely tempted to linger for a moment to take in the effect of the yellow pinnacles of the Olivella standing out against the richest night blue we had witnessed since our arrival at Palermo.

HOW THE PROCESSION ENDED AT THE SOLIDAD

When we came out of our hurried dinner we found him waiting for us, and he certainly lost no time in driving us to the Solidad. For one thing, Palermitans always drive faster up hill than down. They have not the most elementary ideas about brakes.

When we arrived at the chapel we found everything most ominously dark and silent. Providentially the door was not locked. At such

IN SICILY

an hour we might have wasted half the night in finding the man with the key. We entered into the beautiful little chapel. One taper threw a dim reflection on the elegant fan-work of the roof. The wonder-working image was lying right out in the nave, as if it had been left there in a hurry. One small boy, who held the single taper, was bustling round. In a minute he told us that we must go out, because he had to shut the place up. Then he blew the taper out nonchalantly, and the image was left to reflect on the hollowness of all things human.

CHAPTER XL

RENDING THE VEIL—EASTER SATURDAY

SHALL WE VENTURE INTO THE CROWD AT THE CATHEDRAL?

WITHERIDGE, in his bluff, almost gruff, way, really was very fond of Stephana. He showed it on the Easter Saturday morning between ten and eleven o'clock when we halted outside the mosque-like south porch of the cathedral, swithering as to whether we should go in or not, to see the Rending of the Veil there. We had been assured that the ceremony of the rending of the veil was better there than anywhere else; that the cardinal-archbishop would perform it in person, and that there would be a great crowd. About the great crowd there could be no manner of doubt. When we peeped in we saw fifteen or twenty thousand people. Stephana began to move in in the most unconcerned manner; she had a beautiful faith in the world's unwillingness to deal roughly with a pretty, trusting girl. Witheridge was divided between the danger of giving her a disappointment and the danger of having her hurt in the press. He drew an awful picture of ladies emerging from a crush, all bruised and bleeding, with their clothes in ribbons, and their shoes trodden off their feet.

She insisted on going in; besides, the beggars were getting very troublesome. All the offensively ulcerated people in the city crowd round church doors on such an occasion to besiege the pity of the pious, and they considered that we were standing there merely to give them the opportunity of emphasizing their claims by catching hold of us.

IN SICILY

THE CEREMONY OF BLESSING THE WATER

Whatever was going on for the time being was evidently in progress at the west end, in the north-west corner, to be more precise, for everyone was moving that way. The chief priests blessed the font, and various attendants—some in grand uniforms, some in rags—were filling every kind of imaginable vessel from it and handing them to their owners, who at once gave their entire families drinks of the holy water. The chief priest, in the interval, walked about waving a silver sprinkler. Witheridge swore that he sprinkled holy oil into the font; but the bottles were passed round eagerly, so perhaps it was not oil, but water from the Jordan, as Stephana suggested. We asked the *Suisse*, who had a very grand red pig-tail wig and red and gold robes on, but such a very drunken complexion, that he looked like a villain in a costume play.

He was unable to take any notice of heretics on such an occasion, so we stood there patiently looking at the little bare spots on the backs of the choristers' heads, which always gave me the creeps, they were so natural. There were a lot of priests and choristers collected round the font, and when one had poured pails of water into it, another lifted pails of water out of it, and brought them for the crowd to fill their bottles. Some people had two bottles—one for themselves and one for a sick friend. Even the babies were given some to drink, which seemed to me rather a rash proceeding. The choristers were given their holy water from a glass jug on the top steps. The cathedral was oppressively warm, so probably was the water.

A CHRISTENING

The priests with their own hands gave it to many of the babies. Then the chief priest poured something out of a little silver vessel, shaped like a coffee-pot, into the font, and stirred it with his hand.

"That's oil, I'll swear," cried Witheridge.

Perhaps it was a baptism. I hoped it was going to be something more interesting. The poor people looked so very hot in their black.

A BAPTISM IN THE CATHEDRAL

Why do people wear black to church in hot climates? Presently a priest appeared with a five-inch taper.

"It must be a christening," decided Stephana.

The officiating priest read a few words from the book and bowed down to kiss something; it was a baby. The *Suisse* standing at his side looked for all the world like the pantomime uncle of *The Babes in the Wood*. They choose their *Suisses* very carelessly in Palermo; both the cathedral *Suisse* and the Cappella Reale *Suisse* have ridiculously red faces for a country where red-faced men are not half so common as princes. The choir boys meanwhile began to behave with unconscionable levity. One was throwing his hat in the air and catching it, the attention of his superior being concentrated on the baby. Finally, the baby was carried up by an assistant, in a uniform like a postman's, to the bottom stair of the altar. The priest mounted the other four or five so as to be able to peer into the font, and then, taking a very little of the holy water out with a long silver ladle, poured it over the baby's head, and handed a lace handkerchief across for its face to be wiped. Some woman, the godmother, I presume, because children are christened a few days after their birth in Italy and Sicily, held a candle. I noticed that the lower part of the five-inch taper had a cross with the five silver bosses on it which contain the five grains of incense blessed on Holy Saturday morning; only about eight inches of it was real candle, the rest was wood. It was impossible, at the distance which separated us, to tell if some of the ceremony did not belong to the elaborate blessing of the font, with the infusion of oil and chrism, and the baptism of Jews or Turks, which is such a feature on Holy Saturday at the Lateran in Rome.

Stephana asked me whether there was not some mysterious oiling of the child and touching of its tongue with salt going on, but I did not know. All I knew was that the little choir boys were growing very tired of taking no active part in the service.

"Just think of what these poor little things must have endured all Lent," said Stephana. "I could eat them, they look so nice." She had made this remark before.

IN SICILY

THE LAST HALF-HOUR

They looked so relieved when the time came for them to light their tapers and head the procession, chanting. First they came, then the novices, then the *villain*, then priests, and then the high ecclesiastics in mitres. It was now half-past eleven, and I was in a sort of panic in case they should have another christening. I could not believe that the great moment was approaching in only half an hour. Nor could I help admiring the cleverness of filling up the interval for the enormous crowd which had arrived two hours before the time.

All of a sudden our hopes rose, for we heard the great west door groaning, and the brass-helmeted soldiers who were there to preserve order, or perhaps to make another function for the cardinal, waved the crowd gently back from the orbit of the doors. There was no pushing, as there would have been in England; it was not necessary, not one of the guards scattered through the building had to raise his finger except here, to prevent people being injured by the ponderous doors.

Open swung the doors and the sunlight poured in, while through the veil shone light after light on the high altar.

As soon as the doors were flung open three fine priests in purple robes, one with a silver censer, entered. They had barely taken up their position when they saw us standing in the door, and instantly left their places to order chairs for my wife and Stephana and Witheridge and myself to stand on while the cardinal passed.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE CARDINAL

"Cardinale Cetesia, Arci-vescovo di Palermo," said one of the priests, observing that I had a note-book. Seeing that they were affable I produced my kodak and said that I should like to photograph the cardinal at the psychological moment. They smiled and colluded and pointed with their eyes to a place within six inches of where he would pass.

Then the fine metal outer gates were flung open and the arch-

THE ENTRANCE OF THE CARDINAL

bishop came across from his palace, but, to Stephana's infinite disappointment, not in his cardinal's hat; he wore a square seed-pod-shaped biretta.

He stopped at the threshold to bless the people; he was preceded by a tall silver crucifix and three servants in mediæval dresses, like the old Venetian dresses reproduced at Olympia. He was escorted by three priests.

As he left the little Gothic postern in his palace opposite the west doors of the cathedral, our three friends in purple stepped forward to receive him, and the long procession, formed to precede him, started its stately march up to the altar.

I wondered why they had not adapted the electric tapers in use at Montreal—the Canadian Montreal. The French call Monreale Montreal as well. How well I remember that great ceremonial tendered by the French of Montreal, in the Canadian Notre Dame, to the exiled King of France, the late Comte de Paris. There, until the very moment when the Host was elevated, the whole east end of the great church was in darkness, and at the tinkling of a silver bell a thousand brilliant lights shone out of the darkness with the flash of lightning.

As the cardinal's procession passed up, the gigantic brass-helmeted



Photo by Crupi.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND THE CATHEDRAL

IN SICILY

guards, dotted about the crowd to keep order, formed up in two long lines at attention. The crowd had been so orderly that they had really only been making another function.

All over the church people sprang on their chairs, as we had done, and children were held high in arms. Twenty thousand pairs of eyes were straining their utmost, and the plumes on the ladies' hats—Sicilians love fine feathers—tossed like cavalry plumes.

THE RENDING OF THE VEIL

Far off, silhouetted against the altar, were the figures of the cardinal and his staff, as still as if they had been carved out of stone. They too were waiting for something. It was the first stroke of twelve, and it had not vibrated away before, at a touch from the cardinal, the great grey veil—a hundred feet high, with its sad picture of the Crucifixion—had fallen as plump as a stone falls down a well, and as soft as snow.

And Lent was over. Apse and altar blazed with a thousand lights. The people cheered and flung up their hats, and all the bells in Palermo rang out, and the organ began to roll with joy at the sad season having passed for another year, and the great church emptied itself as if its crowd had been water.

This is the manner of Italian crowds. There were twenty thousand people here, nine-tenths of them belonging to the lower classes, and yet they flowed out without a check. Why does an English crowd behave like a horse with its stable on fire? With such a crowd it seemed superfluous to have the great west door six or eight inches thick.

THE STALLS OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

"Why do they sell balloons to-day?" asked Stephana, when we had made our way round the exterior from our position at the west door to see the crowd pouring out from the south porch.

"Why in particular," I replied, "are they selling brass wire and toys and sweets to-day at the stalls by the cathedral door?"

THE DAY OF THE RENDING OF THE VEIL

"I could understand a brisk sale in saints and rosaries and reliquaries," she observed.

All I could reply was to observe in the same inconsequent fashion that it was just what the Japanese did at the stalls in their temples.

And then we set up a mutual wail, for there never had been such a splendid row of stalls in front of the cathedral. And the sun had just found time to skip round a shoulder of the great church, and leave them all in the shade for the rest of the day. To get a spirited photograph one must kodak them instantaneously ; in time exposures they manage to look so limp.

CHAPTER XLI.

SOME OTHER PALACES IN PALERMO

THE MAZARINO PALACE AND CARDINAL MAZARIN

AFTER lunch, having nothing in particular to do, we took a cab to show Stephana some of the other palaces, beginning with the Mazarino (formerly Trabia) Palace in the triangle between the Via Trabia and the Via Macqueda. A mutual friend had got us permission from the count to go over it; he himself was away.

It has a noble cortile with a vaulted arcade, and vast and very fine windows with red stone lintels facing the courtyard. There is also a broad red cornice in the Spanish style below the top story, which has a striking effect. The first floor has sun galleries on two sides, and a fine domed hall which the count, who is very wealthy, because so much of new Palermo stands on his property, uses as a kind of museum in the ordinary way. Here he keeps an ancient coach belonging to his family, of which the famous Cardinal Mazarin, the great French minister, was a member. The cardinal was born in Palermo in the old Mazarino palace still standing on the Corso side of the Piazza Garraffello. The cortile is flagged with lava, and contains beautiful marble well-heads.

As I have said before, the palace has many art treasures, notably the mediæval silk hangings for which the looms of old Sicily were famous.

THE TRABIA-BUTERA PALACE

The present Trabia Palace is not in the Via Trabia, but down facing the Marina, next to the Hotel Trinacria, which formerly was

THE TRABIA-BUTERA PALACE

included in the palace, and made it one of the hugest even in Palermo. Exteriorly, it is only noticeable for its size and for its magnificent terrace, which has a Chinese pavilion at each end, and encloses a couple of courtyards. The view is, of course, superb, for it includes the whole sweep of the matchless Bay of Palermo, and the glorious mountains at each end of the bay. It also looks on the public promenade known as the Mura dei Cattivi, the wall of the bad men, because widowers are supposed to walk here.

We made our entry into this palace more impressively. We were taken there by a friend of the Prince of Trabia-Butera, who is one of the chief personages in the island, for his family has played a great part in the history of Sicily, and he himself is a most accomplished and distinguished man. He is also brother-in-law of Signor Florio, the Rothschild of Sicily.

We were met at the door by three majestic servants, who conducted us up a short stair into a fine entrance hall. The Prince being away, we were shown everything. Stephana was particularly delighted to see the Princess's bedroom, and really it was very interesting to see the best bedroom of the typical Sicilian grandee. It was a huge square room, big enough for a ballroom, panelled in gilt and a sort of red lacquer, with enormous and very fine baroque mirrors. The doors were gilt, and rather in the style of our own imitations of the Oriental in vogue at the beginning of the last century.

The furniture of the bedroom presented a tasteful blending of sumptuous modern luxuries and fine old baroque pieces.

It is not necessary to describe in detail the suite of great reception-rooms with their panels—some arched and filled in with mirror or Genoese silk hangings; some in richly gilt baroque frames with brackets for china. One had a magnificent gaselier of clouded white Venetian glass. All had tall doors of a width half their height, reaching two-thirds up to the ceiling, with the remaining third occupied by a square panel containing a picture.

The second ballroom is panelled with Genoese silk, except the doors, which have gilt panels. The principal ballroom is now a

IN SICILY

theatre, with Chinese silk decorations and pictures of Ferdinand, Maria Caroline, and "The Woman taken in Adultery."

One of the finest rooms in the palace is the council-room, with its splendid velvet baldachin, its tall white stove, its sedans of the last century, and its tarsia seats. A columned staircase of red marble admits to it, which, at the great Trabia ball, was lined by servants in the antique silver liveries of the family.

Not far from the Trabia Palace and the Porta Felice is the House of the Moor, which has a blood-curdling legend attached to it; it really gets its name from the two black marble heads on its exterior.

THE PALACE OF PRINCE GANCI

"It seems to me," said Stephana, "that the Prince of Trabia is the typical grand seigneur, who does everything *en prince*."

Our friend smiled, "You would think so, if you met him," and carried us off to the palace of Prince Ganci, overlooking the little Piazza S. Croce dei Vesperi, where the cobbler's raven sits all day long over the burial-pit of the French killed at the Sicilian Vespers. Prince Ganci's palace is, though not so large, much more imposing in its exterior. The cortile is elegantly arcaded, and has a grand outside staircase—one of the best palace staircases in Palermo—leading up to the principal story. The palace suffered severely, in the Revolutions of both 1848 and 1860; but its baroque decorations, though they are florid art, are nevertheless among the best examples of their kind to be found in a domestic building. Cups and china figures are perched about gilt scrolls, with an orange tawny ground; and the ceiling is likewise extravagantly baroque. The rooms of the public suite are noble chambers, as baroque chambers are apt to be, and contain some very fine pieces, such as the huge tortoise-shell casket, standing on a gilt rack, arabesqued with mother-of-pearl, which had its panels filled with scriptural and mythological subjects. There was also a cabinet, in the Arabo-Norman style, of black wood, inlaid with ivory and embattled round the top; and a fine black cabinet with saints and great men (of brown wood) in niches all over it. Michael Angelo and Tasso were there, I

THE PALACE OF PRINCE GANCI

remember, but I forget the rest. I was very interested to see in one of the rooms a portrait of Agata Valguarnera, the beautiful heiress, who was such a conspicuous figure in Palermo about a century ago. Her princely inheritance has decayed. The representative to-day of the Valguarneras and the Villafrancas and of the Prince of Gravina, who commanded the Spanish at Trafalgar, is the Prince of d'Ucria, who lives in the historical Villafranca Palace and the Villa Valguarnera.

The Villa Valguarnera is out at Bagheria. Prince Ganci has a castle on the seashore, a conspicuous object in the landscape just beyond Solunto, which almost adjoins Bagheria.

In the tortoise-shell casket were some visiting-cards of the eighteenth century, belonging to the Principessa di Valguarnera of that day. They were printed on pieces of paper four inches long by two and a half inches wide, and, besides the name Principessa di Valguarnera, had Roman scenes.

Prince Ganci had an aerial garden at the top of one side of his cortile, in the conservatory of which he had a gorgeous rock-lily from New South Wales. As we were making our way through the palace to this garden, under the escort of the Prince himself, who received us most hospitably and explained everything, we met quite a patriarchal number of servants. The Prince spoke to each, asking them something about their families, to show that he had all his dependants in his memory.

"You can get a better idea here than in most households," said our friend to Stephana—the Prince did not understand English—"of the patriarchal way in which the great Sicilian nobles, all of them, lived until the beginning of this century." The Prince is a most erudite man.

THE SCALIA PALACE

From his palace we drove to that of the Prince Scalia, which has a most enviable position, for it is in the more open part of the Via Macqueda, near the Politeama. Here the eldest son received us, and showed me some rare books connected with the history of the Nelson

IN SICILY

and Maria Caroline period. He has a personal interest in collecting everything which refers to the residence of Ferdinand in Palermo; for the Scalia Palace belonged to the King, and the salon has the very furniture he used, kept up just as he left it. I forget why Ferdinand had another palace within half a mile, or, at any rate, within a mile of the Royal Palace, which is about the size of Downing Street.

SIGNOR FLORIO'S PALACE—THE VILLA BUTERA

From King Ferdinand's palace our friend took us purposely to the villa of Signor Florio, which was the villa of the Prince of Butera, who was such an intimate friend of his Queen. Here, again, everything is left, except for necessary repairs and renovations, just as it stood when the King and Queen and Nelson and the Hamiltons attended its pageants. Signor Florio, the principal financier of Italy, is the better able to do this because the Butera villa is only one of the five houses which have been united in his villa. When the Czar, Nicholas I. of Russia, visited Sicily, it was here that he resided.

Signor Florio's villa differs from all the other old villas and palaces in one important particular. He has had all the *bassi* taken out of the ground floor and replaced by a splendid suite of rooms, as his steward expressed it, in the European style. These open on to the garden with great glass doors. The big ballroom was prepared but not finished by Maria Caroline's Prince of Butera. It has a music-gallery and a supper-room, half as big as itself, leading out of it, with a little frescoed alcove to act as an ante-room. These rooms are kept empty, but on occasion their hangings are put up and chairs put in for receptions. There is no need to describe the house in detail. The drawing-room, which is exactly as it was in Nelson's day, has its effect enhanced by columns rising through its centre. Probably they were put in to take the place of a wall, whose removal jeopardised the floor above. Nearly all the rooms lead off each other, and have frescoed and moulded ceilings, and are hung with silk arras in the style of Maria Caroline, who, as will be remembered, was the sister of Marie Antoinette. Most of the rooms have mirrors, in white and gilt frames, and chandeliers of Venetian glass. There

SIGNOR FLORIO'S RESIDENCE—VILLA BUTERA

are innumerable small rooms in the house, which is like an English stucco house, with regular rows of windows, divided each of them by a shaft in the old Sicilian style. There is also a Moorish tower and two smaller towers with effective minarets. The windows are a sort of combination of the Venetian and the arabesque, with dressings round them in the Arabic style, and the roof has Arabic battlements shaped like fleur-de-lis. But they are not old, and there is no attempt to carry out the Arabic idea even to the extent that the Chinese pretence is kept up at the Brighton Pavilion.

But for the fact of its containing the rooms, and the very furniture, used by Maria Caroline and her Court, the house would only be a great rambling house with a few picturesque eighteenth-century imitations of the antique.



Photo by Incorpora.

YUCCAS AT THE VILLA BUTERA

IN SICILY

THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA BUTERA

The garden is better. They understood gardens in Maria Caroline's day, and planted fine palms and yuccas and bamboos. One yucca has a treble stem, each member of which is a yard through, and the garden is full of marbles. There is a toy temple on the top of a little hill. Stelæ of red marble support fine vases of pure Greek patterns. There is a tiny lake, and a beautiful little coffee-house, the exact copy of a Moorish mosque. It is characteristic of Mr. Florio that he had the lake moved and the mosque built in less than a month.

The garden is full of tall palms and stone pines ; it has ilex groves full of statues, orchards of figs and loquats, and shrubberies of pittosporum and barberry. Many of the torsos scattered about are real antiques of great value, as are the Corinthian capitals. Mr. Florio bought a collection of them, quite possibly as an act of charity ; he is extremely generous in case of trouble.

THE SHOWER-BATH TRAP IN THE GARDEN

The garden is strewn with torsos of the antique, and charming Renaissance statuary in the fountain style, and grottos lined with seaworn stones, but its *tour de force* is the rosetum, which has a number of fountain jets converging on it, when a secret spring a little way off is trodden on. The unsuspecting visitor was lured into its centre, and the jets were then turned on. This kind of joke was very much in favour with the set which the Prince of Butera and King Ferdinand inspired, and must have been particularly annoying in the days when even apple-green silk was admissible for a gentleman's coat.

THE VILLA SERRADIFALCO

The impression one carries away from the exterior of the Florio and Serradifalco palaces, which were really villas till the spread of the city drove wealthy people further out, is undeniably effective. The Venetian and Saracen styles have been so success-

THE VILLA BUTERA AND VILLA SERRADIFALCO

fully laid under contribution in the matter of windows and battlements and balconies and little towers, and their gardens are full of superb semi-tropical shrubs and trees. But they are, of course, strictly private, and about the only glimpse the ordinary tourist gets of them is the big porter in a green Alpine livery who stands outside the Duke's gate, like the big men outside Whiteley's and John Barker's.



SUPERB SEMI-TROPICAL SHRUBS AND TREES

CHAPTER XLII.

EASTER SUNDAY IN PALERMO

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING SIGHTS

WE were up early on Easter Sunday morning, because, to put it mildly, the bells made such an infernal clatter. There is not much music about the bells of Palermo except the cathedral bells, because ever since that French edict they ring them with a hammer instead of with a bell-rope. Tang, tang, tang, tang, tang, go the bells as if there was a fire station in full blast every hundred yards. As soon as we could persuade the waiters to give us our tea and coffee, we hied off to the balcony of the salon on the chance of seeing a procession. The first procession was a man carrying a whole dinner in a box on his head—chicken, fish, radishes as big as turnips, lettuces, cut fennel, raw broad beans, and a cake covered with candied fruits. There was nothing mean about the way in which the cake was covered; there were whole oranges among the other candied fruits. Lettuces are cheap in Italy; at Siena you can buy enough lettuces for a halfpenny to make a salad for twenty people if you are a native.

The first signs we saw of its being Easter Sunday were the women hurrying past in the sort of black silk domino which is the professional dress of the Sicilian woman for church.

THE GOAT'S CLUB

Next came the fact that a flock of goats were lying down in our piazza, instead of being conducted back to Monte Pellegrino, where

LIFE IN THE PIAZZA MONTELEONE

all the milk goats of Palermo seem to "find" themselves. And here we were confronted by the question, Had these goats overeaten themselves? which did not seem likely, considering that they had been driven in from the mountains at daylight—or did the omnivorous goat draw the line at the succulent but bitter lettuce? The lettuces, it was true, were the outside leaves committed to the boxes of ashes which do duty as dust-bins in Palermo; but then goats do not object to dust-bins. The dust-bin is the goat's club, where she goes and



Photo by]

[the Author.

THE GOAT'S CLUB.

has a snack and meets her friends. They are such wicked old things. And I do not think that they had overeaten themselves, for they were taking a good deal of needless exercise, like fencing with their horns and licking the walls of the public-house opposite, which I so dearly loved. Not that I ever bought drink there. But I bought up all the small change the landlady took in from the rather humble *clientèle*, whose ways and means afforded me endless amusement.

THE LIFE IN THE PIAZZA

Mules laden with pig-skins full of oil and goat-skins full of wine; yellow Palermo carts laden with lean-bellied wine casks; quite ordinary everyday vans laden with syphons (very humble people use syphons in Sicily, they only cost three-halfpence) used to bring their wares to the door. The man with the tin stove in a basket (for frying fish) used sometimes to squat down and do a little business outside the door, but this was doing rather a blackleg kind of a business, of which the trade union of licensed victuallers would not have approved, for the Trattoria was a cook-shop as well as a drink-shop. But the sellers of raw vegetables—peas, beans, and

IN SICILY

artichokes—did business with it as well as with the other inhabitants of the piazza. I was going to say court, the people who lived round our piazza ought to have lived in a court, they were that sort of people; they sat outside their doors spinning or tooth-combing their children's hair, and hung red bed-clothes out of their windows, which were French windows, and opened almost as wide as the rooms. The *padrona* of the Trattoria bought so many vegetables that I think she must have had what the boarding-house keepers in Fulham call "paying company" in her house. The man with the pottery barrow bought some peas too, and put them into one of his pots.

A boy came round selling palm-brooms made from the wild palmetto, the same boy who came round on Palm Sunday selling crosses plaited from the palmetto, and decorated with daisies or dandelions. The common people liked their crosses much better when they were brightened up with a few dandelions or marigolds.

SIGNOR CRISPI'S POLITICAL MEETING

The advent of the cart with the hundred chairs on it told us that Signor Crispi, whose headquarters were in our palace, had no objection to meeting his supporters on a Sunday, even Easter Sunday, and his supporters soon began to drop in in shiny black frock-coats and trousers, evening waistcoats, little black shoe-lace ties, and bowlers. This is the uniform of the professional politician in Italy, and Crispi is what we should call M.P. for Palermo.

STRAWBERRIES ON APRIL 10TH

Lots more of the Palermo cakes began to pass, and a few more boxes of dinners and large baskets of wild strawberries, with their handles wreathed in roses. Evidently Easter Day in Palermo was like New Year's Day in Japan, the season for *cumshaws*, which are the far-Eastern equivalent of *baksheesh*.

I rushed downstairs and bought one of the strawberry baskets, which had only half a kilo of strawberries left in it. I wanted the basket more than the strawberries, though it was a pleasant surprise to get the pleasant little Alpine fruit on the 10th of April. I wanted

FORTUNE-TELLERS AND STREET FOUNTAINS

to buy a splendid pewter oil jar, but it belonged to S. Domenico, and the oil was doubtless on its way to being blessed. The pottery man had some noble jars of old Greek patterns. You could buy a large one for fourpence, even if you were a foreigner, and the vendor showed his belief in his wares by laying them on their sides and sitting on them.

FORTUNE-TELLERS AND STREET FOUNTAINS

Evidently something was going on at S. Domenico, for police were passing with their blue knots on their shoulders. We went downstairs and hurried after them, and found life peopled with a new terror; the beggars had provided themselves with bells, and as you passed rang them sharply to remind you of your duty, and made fingers like capital C's. We found the fortune-teller with the hollow fishing-rod in the piazza outside the church. She always sat with her eyes blindfolded, and we never discovered the basis of her extraordinary popularity, but she did a fine business.

If the dust-bin is the goats' club, the fountain is the club of the women and children, but not at the same time. The children play round whenever the fountain is not wanted for its legitimate use. Our fountain was a sink as well as a fountain, so you never knew whether its legitimate use was to quench thirst or wash vegetables. Anyhow, more water was used over the vegetables than over their human devourers, who drank wine. We saw fennel being washed all day long.

THE FAVARA OR CASTELLO DI MAR DOLCE

In the afternoon we drove out to see the Arab Emir's Castle of the Favara, which, sooth to say, was probably none of it built in any Arab Emir's time, but merely by Saracen workmen for a Norman king. The old yellow palace, with its low dome-like tower, is almost overshadowed by the wild rugged mountain which contains the Caves of the Giants, and the three great arches of Saracen workmanship of which no one knows the exact meaning. The giants whose bones gave the caves their popular name, though their official name is the

IN SICILY



Photo by Incorpora.

THE FAVARA, OR CASTELLO DI MAR DOLCE

Grotta of Ciro, are really the bones of elephants and hippopotamuses and such large deer. S. Ciro, from which they are called, is a rather elegant Renaissance church gone to ruin, and not worth much trouble in procuring the key in a land where such monuments abound. Almost opposite is the Mar Dolce—"the pool of good water"—from which the castle gets its popular name of Castello di Mar Dolce. The castle, in its ruin, conferred her name on the heroine of my novel *The Admiral*—Donna Rosalia di Mardolce. The *Sweet Waters* of Europe, and the *Sweet Waters* of Asia, near Constantinople, likewise only mean good drinking-water. To-day the Mar Dolce is a little three-cornered pool, clear but full of waving weeds at the bottom, which is of whitish stone. It is crossed by two wooden aqueducts. I did not examine the remains of the Roman naumachia which exist here. The cabman knew nothing about it,

THE SCENE OF MY NOVEL "THE ADMIRAL"

and we met no one except a girl with a copper cooking-pot, elegant enough for a drawing-room, and some absurd goats with beards like bell-rope tassels on each side of their chins. There was maidenhair by the mile on the aqueduct.

Every cabman that we ever tried persisted that we could not enter the Favara. It was the private property of Count Something or other. We pictured to ourselves a modern mansion built in the mediæval style, like Mr. Joshua Whitaker's new Venetian palace, for harmonious incorporation with the ruins. But if the Count lived anywhere he lived in the ruins. There were portions of the immense range of low buildings round the castle courtyard still inhabited. We found a bell, and rang it, and were immediately waited on by a pleasant and intelligent-looking peasant woman. Yes, she would show us what there was to be seen. I at once asked if there were any cortile, any fine hall like that of the Zisa.

She evidently did not grasp what I meant, for she said that the cortile and sala were closed for the Count, and immediately afterwards led us to the only cortile which the Favara possesses—a huge castle yard full of goats and children. There were a few arches in one corner, and an outside stair, from the parapeted top of which three pretty girls, whose appearance showed them to be of much higher station, peeped with timidity and undisguised curiosity at the *forestieri*. Foreigners do not go much to the Favara. We could go into the chapel, she said, and it was well worth going into, for it was built with a noble and symmetrical simplicity which recalled S. Cataldo. Its Arabo-Norman window panels, though plain, were beautifully proportioned, and most elegant in shape. Our observations of its interior were, however, cut short because the number of chickens which inhabited it meant millions of fleas.

WHY I CHOSE THE FAVARA AS THE HOME OF THE HEROINE OF "THE ADMIRAL"

One side of the Favara has been eaten away by the sirocco till you hardly know whether it is plaster or stone. The lemon orchards

IN SICILY

grow so close to the old castle that you cannot walk round it without stooping under their boughs.

Its antiquity, its elegance, its matchless position between sea and mountain, its embosoming lemon groves, combine to make the Favara one of the most romantic of the ruins round Palermo.

It was for this reason that I chose it for the home of my heroine in *The Admiral*. In a place where money is so scarce as it is in Sicily, buildings go to ruin very quickly; there are villas at Bagheria, not much less ruinous than the Favara, which must have been in their full splendour in Nelson's day. I took certain details which I needed for my story, and which do not exist at the Favara, from the Villa Valguarnera at Bagheria, and one or two from elsewhere. But in the main features the Favara of my story is much what the Favara would be to-day if it had not been allowed to fall into ruin. There is another Norman Favara in the south of Sicily, near Girgenti, which I have never seen, but which is in much better preservation.

VILLAGE LIFE OUTSIDE PALERMO

The villages you pass on the road to Favara are typical of



Photo by Mr. E. B. Cochrane.

A VILLAGE OUTSIDE PALERMO

the more interesting villages round Palermo. In them you will see the men who are not at work standing stolidly on the edge of the road; the women laundrying in the gutters or the aqueduct, if there is no washing-place handy; the goats waiting for something to turn up; the children playing about like little Japanese, and fastened into cane baskets, half-way between a crinoline and a lobster-pot, if they are not old enough to take care of

VILLAGE LIFE OUTSIDE PALERMO

themselves. This keeps them out of mischief, and teaches them how to stand. Across the road will be hung festoons of drying under-clothing, much too fine to belong to the villagers, who must be washing it for somebody in Palermo. The two-storied houses have each their shallow balcony, ornamented at intervals with spikes, on which are impaled elegant green-glazed flower-pots overflowing with carnations. You will see a shrine or two very much out of repair, a humble church, and perhaps a fat priest on a donkey, who will be dirty and unshaved. There will be a forge where they shoe horses and make the beautiful hammered ironwork which appertains to the illustrated carts, a cart-builder, and possibly an unfinished cart outside, built of solid oak and richly carved.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE VILLAGE BARBER

You will see a barber or two, no matter how small the village, and a lottery office, and a post office. You can form some idea of the forsakenness of these villages when I say that I once saw the post-master sitting outside his door for sheer want of something to do—an unheard-of thing in Sicily, where all the unemployed spend their time in registering letters and sending things by parcels post; the absurdity of the situation being enhanced by the fact that very few of the people who send the letters can write them. When a Sicilian has nothing to do he goes and posts something. I have always thanked Heaven that no credit is given at the post office, otherwise it would never be empty, night or day. Italians love their post office; they make a sort of club of it, where they see each other and have the entertainment of talking to foreigners.

THE SICILIANS ARE THE JAPS OF EUROPE

The eating-houses in these roadside villages are the exact counterpart of the eating-houses we used to draw up at, on the pilgrim's road between Nikko and Utsonomiya in Japan—shallow booths with rickety, overhanging roofs supported by verandah posts to shelter their patrons from the weather. Both nations are fond of macaroni

IN SICILY

and beans, and the offal of the sea. And their sunburnt peasantry have some curious points of resemblance. The men of both are fond of tying up their heads in kerchiefs knotted under their chins. The rural Sicilian, like the Japanese coolie, is addicted to the use of a kind of butchers' blue. Both wear a huge kind of poncho cloak in cold weather. If they only had rikshas in Sicily you could swear that you were back in Japan, and the cocks and hens imprisoned in bamboo crates heighten the likeness.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE EASTER FAIR AND A PRINCESS'S BALL

A JAPANESE FAIR AT PALERMO

AT Palermo, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, they have a wonderful fair in the Piazza Castelnovo, on the opposite side of the street from the Politeama.

In 1898 they called it a Fiera Italo-Giapponese. I do not know whether they have a Japanese fair every year, but I am quite sure if they had only known how truly Japanese it was they would have altered the name. One might very well have been back in Japan with the little, low, plain deal booths hung with cheap flags and Japanese-looking lanterns, and filled mostly with just the usual kind of rubbish they have at the innumerable Japanese fairs, though there were important exceptions.

DOLL KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR

In Japan, for instance, they do not sell dolls in armour, but in Palermo these knightly marionettes are the principal attraction of the fair, because they act all round the year in the marionette theatres off the old market, but are only for sale at fair-time. They act in wonderful historical plays founded on the Crusades, or Roger's victory over the Saracens, or the Sicilian Vespers, or the adventures of Christopher Columbus. The action of these dramas is rather stilted, as might be expected where the characters are suspended by strings, and have their sword-arms worked by other strings. But the bills outside the theatre are painted in a blood-curdling,

IN SICILY

Japanese vein, to make up for any deficiencies in this line. I have seen one in which a young man was being put through a mincing machine. His legs had become sausages before he was absorbed farther than the shoulders. This struck me as an exceedingly novel situation for a drama. But I must get back to the fair and the men in armour. The dolls, from a foot to two feet high, are made of wood, clad in armour cut out of old kerosene tins, and very realistically made. Some of the suits of armour are quite works of art; no one would have guessed that they had once held kerosene, or tomatoes, instead of knights. We had been wondering for two or three weeks past what all the tin shavings outside the poor peoples' houses came from. Now, when we moved strings, and visors were raised, and mailed arms drew swords, we understood.

BUYING KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR—THEIR NAMES

Stephana asked how much a rather imposing-looking knight was, and the man said five francs, but before she had concluded her bargain I saw a boy buy one exactly similar at the next stall for one franc fifty. This you ought only to pay for a very good one; a franc is a fair average price. I at once informed the man that he must give it for one franc fifty, telling him why; he demurred, but when he saw by my eyes that we should go to the next stall he

said, "Very well, any one for one franc fifty, except the black one, but he is more."

"Why is he more?"

"Because he is Sultan Saladino."

"No, thank you," I said, "I do not want Saladin. He has not such good armour as the others. He has no helmet."



Photo by the Author.

KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR AT THE FAIR

THE EASTER FAIR: TOY MEN IN ARMOUR

"He must have a turban," said the quick-witted dealer; "that's where the expense comes in."

"No, I will have the next one, with the red plumes to his helmet. Who is he?"

"That," he answered, "is Ruggiero, who conquered Saladin."

"Which Ruggiero is that?" I asked. "I never heard of a Ruggiero fighting Saladin. Is it Ruggiero Settimo or Ruggiero Primo?"

His face lighted up. "Ruggiero Settimo, signor," he answered proudly. Here he felt on firm ground, we were standing opposite the Piazza of Ruggiero Settimo. How was he to know that Ruggiero Settimo was not Roger the Seventh, but a worthy Palermo citizen of the family of Settimo, who took part in the Revolution and lived to be President of the Italian Senate? Clearly he imagined that he was the seventh in descent from Roger the Great Count and Roger the King. Stephana bought Tancred and Godfrey of Bouillon, and Ferdinand the Catholic, all for three francs, and Witheridge, who had no taste for collecting, but only bought things for the pleasure of bargaining, got Saladin in for one franc, instead of one franc fifty, by satisfactorily proving to the man that the black warrior was not a Christian.

THE COPPER POTS AND KNIVES

There was not really much else to buy, except a green earthenware lamp made in the shape of a fashionable lady with a Grecian bend, and copper pots and queer Sicilian knives. Witheridge had already bought practically every variety of the latter. You can buy your lamp in the shape of a soldier, or a cat if you prefer it; a trombone-player puffing out his cheeks is the most effective variety.

The coffee-pots, however, were distinctly fascinating, but then the prices were too outrageous. The only way we could do any business with them was to go up and watch the country people who were making purchases. Miss Contadina knew the exact price, and we suddenly changed from watchers into purchasers, and said we would have the same. They are sold by weight, but it takes an expert

IN SICILY

to know which have the proper amount of copper in them and are not copper-plated frauds. Their three-eared copper saucepans are of a beautiful antique shape, handsomer than any of the copper flower vases used for holding drawing-room-table palms in the Albert Hall Mansions.

THE SHOWS OF THE FAIR

"Christopher Columbus!" cried Witheridge suddenly, "I'm blessed if they haven't got a *petits chevaux* table in the middle of all this polywog!" But we were



Photo by
the Author.

WATER-SELLERS (ACQUA).
AT THE FAIR

deaf to the voice of the seducer. A punchinello with his trumpet called us to the fascinations of the "Gabinetto di Varieta of Chanters," while the Sicilian merry-go-rounds, the *acqua* man, the sellers of roast beans and entrails dipped in batter, the proprietors of ninepins, eighty-one-pins, quoits, and throwing rings and circular bagatelle boards, were all of them making frantic appeals to us with horns and clappers be-

cause we were the only well-off-looking people in the fair. The sellers of pigs' ears, saints' images, and dolls' beds, of little green trunks and cakes and wooden horses, and the old women at the poor little sweet stalls, had evidently small hopes of us; but the sellers of Sicilian dolls and dolls' furniture, not always of a mentionable order, and cheap toy copies of the Palermitan carts were most insistent. Foreigners needed such mementos of Sicily. At first Stephana was for going into every show, but after one or two experiments she recognised

THE SIDE SHOWS AT THE EASTER FAIR

that the other spectators with whom we were rubbing shoulders were of a kind to exchange her gems for germs ; so she reluctantly passed by the booths with tempting pictures of *Amphitrite Vivente*, the *Grotta di Manfi*, the *Neptuna Fantasia la dea delle Onde*, and, worst of all, the booth with a high platform in front of it, on which a woman stood folding an eight-foot boa constrictor round her neck, for all the world as if it had been a mink boa dyed to resemble sable ; and a man carefully wiping the pale stomach of a little five-foot crocodile which he had taken out of the water to exhibit to a gaping public. The snake was a most docile and obliging and highly-tamed beast. When its mistress asked it, it settled its tail comfortably round her waist, and stretched itself out at right angles to her body as stiff as a sign-post.

THE SCENE AT THE FAIR AT NIGHT

By this time there was such a noise as never was ; we had made the first acquaintance of the fair at night, which is the best time for any fair, even at Oxford, where the S. Giles's fair out-Cecils Sicily. The electric lights shone out brilliantly between pepper trees with their pale green, feathery fronds and branches of pink pepper-corns. The water-sellers and the men who fried fish in baskets, tin-lined baskets, had lit their flares, or handsome antique brass lamps which gave less light than a cheap nightlight. The fortune-teller had begun his antics with a hollow rod ten feet long, and the fair was assuming its proper hum of penny excitement when a woman came along with a green box ; she seemed as if she was going to open it and begin some mysterious trade, then she changed her mind and went on. We followed her to see what was in it ; she was always stopping and going to open it, and then changing her mind. As we followed her our eyes ran along the unending landscape of cheap china and metal, toy carts, fiddles, rosaries, cutlery, copper, bamboo flutes, squeakers, baby-chairs, mechanical mice, drums, men-in-armour, and Palermo carts.

IN SICILY

THE FAIR SO LIKE JAPAN

We could not have believed that we were not back at the little Japanese Exhibition near the Temple of Ueno, which we had haunted eight years before. There is nothing, of course, to correspond to the gorgeous *carabinieri* in Japan, and there were inscriptions here and there like "al Gran Bazar," instead of the riotous spiders of the Japanese alphabet; but the ordinary police, the Civil Guards, dumpy little things in shakos, and long bluish-grey cloaks and spats, were ineffably Japanese. You could not tell the difference unless you saw them side by side. It was only when you came to look at the women and the goats that you noticed a real substantial difference.

GOATS FAIRING

The goats, who ought to have retired to rest on Monte Pellegrino hours before, were probably there because their herds did not wish to waste time which might be spent at the fair in going up the mountain. The goats really seemed to take a more intelligent interest in what was going on than anybody else; they poked their wicked old noses into everything, you saw strings of them going from stall to stall, and anything even moderately digestible, like plumes of dyed grass, had to be dragged into the interiors in sudden alarm.

SICILIAN WOMEN

But the most un-Japanese feature about the fair were the tall, well-formed Sicilian women. They are generally handsome, and always fine women. The Japanese mousmee has a perpetual giggle; the Sicilian woman is grave, but her rare smiles are bits of sunshine. And the women, not the children, carry the babies in Sicily; they do not carry them on their backs, but in their arms, so swaddled that they can leave them on a window-sill in perfect safety. The Sicilian baby is mighty like a Chinook baby in its moss-bag in far British Columbia.

THE MOORISH-LOOKING PALERMO COFFEE-POTS

BUYING ONE OF THE MOORISH-LOOKING PALERMO COFFEE-POTS

Stephana having bought all the men-in-armour she could do with, even in American luggage, and a large but not very fine Palermo cart, was rather at a loss what next to spend her money on, till she saw one of the very Moorish-looking brass Palermo coffee-pots, with its ample belly, peaked nose, and domed lid. She had often admired the row of these standing on the kitchen stove in our palazzo. Coffee was about all that they did cook there; the meals came up from below in some mysterious fashion. Everything went on below. She chose the smallest pot; it would serve equally well for a specimen, and take less room in the ark for which we had not covenanted when we agreed to her going with our party. Of course he wanted five francs for it. Five francs is the statutory price to ask a foreigner for a cheap thing in Palermo. He would not come down below three, so she paid him three. I got one twice the size for two francs fifty at a shop on the Piazza S. Domenico, a few yards below our own house.



A. Ordinary water-jar of Saracenic shape.
B. Acqua man's water-pitcher, with syphon.
C. Palermo coffee-pot of Saracenic shape.

AMERICAN BOX-BROOMS

In the middle of all this, in the very next booth to that in which they sold the impossible green-glazed, clay figures of supposed fashionable ladies, which are really lamps, Witheridge lighted upon some memories of home which had come across the deep blue sea—box-brooms from Grand Rapids, and Connecticut nutmeg-graters. It was here that the principal crowd gathered of stolid policemen, gaping soldiers, talking students, common people making their purchases of the year, and a few better-class lovers who were getting an evening's fun out of the act of buying.

"I shall go straight away to the telegraph office," said Witheridge, "and telegraph to the yellow papers that America still leads."

IN SICILY

KODAKING AT THE FAIR

We went back in the morning to take kodaks, but there seemed to be nothing to kodak except the water-sellers' stands, and a stray cooking-basket. There was no crowd. Almost the only patrons of the bazaar were a few country people who were giving themselves an Easter holiday in town, and they were not of the picturesque sort. But when we had been there a little time the beggars emerged from their lairs, and as all the beggars in Palermo were there we kodaked some particularly fine ones, including a blind beggar who was held by two friends for the operation. We came to the conclusion that Sicilian fairs do not bear daylight.

THE PRINCESS'S BALL—THE APPROACH TO THE BALLROOM

Between our two visits to the fair we had a very different experience. A Palermitan princess who had been in mourning at carnival time, and was now just out of it, was celebrating the termination of Lent by giving a grand ball in the old style.

Her palace was one of the finest in Palermo. Parts of it were ancient; other parts of it were brilliant reproductions of yet more ancient buildings. Contrary to the usual custom, this palace had a broad, sweeping flight of steps from its principal entrance into the hall, from which a series of notable chambers led into the ballroom, or indeed ballrooms, for there were two. For this occasion, as the family had not been able to entertain for some time, the ancient liveries, two or three hundred years old, had been brought out of their chests and filled with servants. In the old days, it seemed, you did not get liveries for your servants, but servants for your liveries.

Anyhow, the effect was gorgeous in the extreme, for these mediæval personages lined, both sides, the whole way from the front door to the first ballroom, where the guests were received by the Princess and her sons and daughters—the sons very smart, the daughters very blue-blooded. Stephana was much impressed by the chambers through which we passed; the guard-room was

A BALL AT THE BAUCINO PALACE

embellished with arms and armour, instruments of torture and highly-polished fetters, all of which probably came from some country castle of the family, because no part of the present palace looks as if it had been fortified. Then came two or three rooms, one of which was a dining-room, whose handsome glass cases were full of superb majolica. There was one cracked plate, for which the late Prince, whom they were just ceasing to mourn, had given two thousand francs—a piece of Maestro Giorgio. Then came the *tour de force* of the palace, a Norman room imitated with great fidelity from King Roger's Norman room in the Royal Palace, and furnished with ivory seats made and inlaid by modern Moorish workmen exactly in the style which obtained under the Norman kings in Sicily. These seats and some inlaid ivory coffers and tables had been prepared regardless of cost, and the combined effect of the room and its furniture was one you would never have expected to see except in the palace of an Indian maharajah.

IN THE BALLROOMS

The ballrooms were in the Arabo-Spanish style, copies of two of the principal chambers in the Alhambra. They were very daring and brilliant, but in inferior taste compared to the Arabo-Norman room adjoining. We arrived there between ten and eleven, but there was not the smallest sign of any dancing till long after twelve o'clock. As our hosts did not speak English and our Italian was timid, we soon drifted off by ourselves to watch and wonder. We had been to many other balls given by Sicilian nobles, so we knew that the delay was not in pursuit of any particular custom.

By degrees the room filled with all the most notable people in Palermo. Something was evidently wrong, but everybody was too well-bred to show that they noticed anything. Presently one of the English residents in Palermo came up to speak to us. As the Sicilians danced such a different step from the English, the advent of Stephana, who, although she was American, could adapt herself to the English step, meant a good deal to him, and though there were many extremely good-looking and elegant and well-dressed Sicilians in the room, few

IN SICILY

men could have thought of comparing them, with their clear, colourless cheeks and delicate dark beauty, to Stephana, whose greatest charm of all was her glowing health and colour, and who had the American girl's trick of, with perfect unconsciousness, looking as if she was the principal personage in the room.

"May I have a dance, Miss Heriot?"

"Are there going to be any?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "Haven't you heard why we are waiting?"

"No; I don't speak Italian well enough to hear."

"Oh, it's for the band of the opera; the Princess paid them not to have any opera to-night, but they thought so many people would go on Easter Monday that they have sent round word that they are having an opera and the band cannot come till afterwards. Palermo is like Naples," he added, seeing her mystified expression; "they decide to have or not to have an opera at the eleventh hour in the most off-hand way, almost at the whim of the prima donna sometimes."

"They are coming?"

"Oh, certainly; and they keep things up to so very late here that beginning after midnight does not really matter much."

The band did not turn up till between half-past twelve and one, but in the interval the Prince of —, one of the greatest personages in Sicily, went up into the gallery and thrashed out splendid music on the piano. He quite filled one ballroom. It was just another specimen of the splendid courtesy of the Sicilian aristocracy that a man of his rank should come to the rescue.

THE COTILLON

I could only dance with Stephana, because none of the Sicilian ladies could dance the English step. When the cotillon came we took good seats in the second row to rest and chat while we were watching. I was not going to talk to her more than I could help, because, as Witheridge did not dance, I looked upon the cotillon as his. The Princess, however, came up and begged us to sit in the front row and join in the dance. I explained, with some confusion, that we knew no more of the cotillon than of the Sicilian language. She said it did not

THE RICHNESS OF COTILLON PRESENTS

signify, that we should get through without any trouble if we watched the others. It did not occur to me to ask Stephana if she could dance it.

But American girls have a habit of being prepared for all contingencies, and at the very first class seminary where she had been educated they had quite likely considered the contingency of the young millionairesses adorning a circle where cotillons were the vogue. She said, "Oh, I can dance the cotillon—leastways, all they teach in America."

Of course she did, and, though she was a most unaffected woman, directly she was on the stage, as it were, and under the public eye she behaved with simply regal assurance.

The spirit and elegance with which she danced it cut two ways, one of them being practically my extinction. She suddenly became the rage, and a girl who becomes the rage in a cotillon does not see much of her partner. But I was glad for her sake. She entered into the fun of the thing with such zest, and three-quarters of the fun consisted in the difficulty she had in conversing with three-quarters of her partners. She could talk Italian, using only nouns and verbs, pretty glibly to guides and cabdrivers, and she had learned French in the seminary along with cotillons, but she spoke it too badly for Sicilians to understand much of what she was saying.

THE RICHNESS OF THE COTILLON PRESENTS

However, the difficulties of language do not much signify in such a histrionic dance, and when we went away, long after daylight, it was all both Witheridge and I could do to carry her favours without dropping them. Sicilians are very generous about cotillon favours. When we spread Stephana's trophies on the table on our return to the Palazzo Monteleone, we found that they included a gold curb bracelet, a little gold bangle, with a crystal charm containing a four-leaved shamrock hanging from it, a silver pencil-case, two or three dainty little white leather things with silver fittings, the three-legged device of the city of Palermo in silver for hanging from a

IN SICILY

bracelet, and a number of flower fans and what-not made of pink paper. It was a pink cotillon.

Stephana was a very level-headed young woman. She steadily discouraged all the suggestions made to the English lady, through whom our invitation to the ball had come, that her partners or their female belongings should call upon her. She wished to spend her time in sight-seeing, not in paying calls, though she had thought it the greatest privilege to be present at this splendid and typical ball. If she had been ambitious, Witheridge might have trembled in his shoes, for, judged from the Sicilian standpoint of wealth, her dot would have been ample to gild such personal attractions.

Stephana did not wish to die a princess in Palermo.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PRIVATE HOUSES—HOW THE PALERMITANS LIVE— MISCELLANEOUS ABOUT PALERMO

PALACES, VILLAS, AND FLATS

MOST of the upper-class Palermitans live in palaces: this is because houses are more expensive. Palermo has scores, hundreds of palaces, and it is much cheaper to hire the dwelling part of a palace than to take one of the fine new villas on the outskirts. I say the dwelling part because the ground-floors, known as *bassi*, which have often no windows at all, but only stable doors occupying their entire fronts, are leased to shop-keepers or poor people. The noble lives, perhaps, on a couple of floors of his palace. Some of them are of immense size. In the Marquis di Gregorio's palace on the Molo there are a hundred and twenty rooms. It is obvious that no one with the ordinary Sicilian income can occupy the whole of a place like this. The palaces lie mostly in the old parts of the city itself, though there are some, such as the palace just mentioned and the palaces near the Olivuzza, which were not palaces in the old days, but the suburban villas of nobles who had city palaces besides. The villas lie for the most part between the Teatro Massimo—the opera house—and Monte Pellegrino. That is the side upon which Palermo is spreading. There are also in the streets immediately north of the opera house and the Politeama, a good many fine sets of flats, which are increasing in favour; for the Sicilian has no objection to his garden—which he calls a villa, whether he has a house on it or not—being a mile away from his residence. Etiquette compels him to keep a carriage.

IN SICILY

ON THE ECONOMY OF LIVING IN A PALACE

Living in palaces suits poor aristocrats admirably; they have a courtyard and stables in which they can keep and tinker up their old carriages, and a very narrow entrance to the dwelling part of the house jealously guarded by a *portiere*. How they live upstairs nobody outside knows. Their cook does their catering, and he is reticent about the economies of the family—perhaps pretends that their provision-shopping is his own, and that they order large quantities of things elsewhere, from Milan even; most of the good butter in Sicily comes by post from Milan. The ladies go about in their own apartments in tea-gowns or shabby old frocks until the afternoon, when they put on resplendent hats and mantles and go for a drive in closed carriages drawn by furry old horses. There are a good many shabby people hanging about the courtyard, but unless they are actually engaged in some trade you do not know whether they are servants or tenants, or something between the two, who get their homes rent-cheap and act as servants when they are wanted. You constantly see trades being pursued in the palace courtyards—a cabinet-maker with both his workshop and his stock in full view, or a monumental mason chipping out tombstones, or a hat-cleaner boiling or scrubbing-brushing last year's Tuscan hats. A poor noble, who, to use the current phrase, lives on macaroni and drives out in a carriage about an inch deep in paint, put on by successive coachmen, may yet have a magnificent suite of reception-rooms full of valuable old furniture and china. I have known one such who had a superb Vandyck to boot, and three or four villas round Palermo, none of which he could afford to keep up. He has opened the door to me himself, before now, at his vast palace at Palermo, in one corner of which he lives. But he always drives out by the Giardino Inglese at sundown, and goes to all the great entertainments.

The ordinary arrangement of the Palermitan palace is this: you drive in through a stately gateway under a heavy Spanish balcony into a courtyard surrounded by one or two tiers of arcades. Sometimes the entrance to the noble's apartments is through a doorway

THE ARRANGEMENT OF A SICILIAN PALACE

to the right or left of the gate, sometimes it will be in the far corner. In any case, if the palace is old, the staircase is likely to be narrow and winding, a relic of days when precautions for safety were necessary. At the head of the staircase are a few ante-rooms leading into the principal chambers—the great hall (if there is one), the



COURTYARD OF THE PALAZZO AIUTAMACRISTO

dining-hall, the ballroom (if there is one), the salon, and the library. A few of the principal bedrooms lead off *en suite* from the public reception-rooms. If there is a garden-court, with one side open to the grounds, as well as the central court, the bedrooms often face that, but most of the bedrooms are above. The dining-room is like any other nobleman's dining-room, with its table overshadowed by the size of the apartment.

THE ARRANGEMENTS OF A GRAND SALON

The salon, if it preserves the arrangements which were in vogue when Palermo last had a Court, and most of the more important

IN SICILY

palaces do preserve this arrangement, and many of them the actual furniture, is arranged as follows: in the centre is a circular ottoman with a high padded boss in the centre supporting a handsome Oriental jar, over which hangs a chandelier of rock crystal or ormoulu; the vase likewise has an ormoulu base. At one or both ends are large windows with balconies. In the centre of all four sides of the room, which will very likely have a vaulted ceiling twenty feet high in the centre and fifteen at the sides, mirrors come down to white marble bracket-tables supported by gilt lions' legs. If only one side of the room has windows it may have as many as six doors, ten feet high by five feet wide, with a square panel over the top of each filled with a painting. At each end of the room is a sofa, with chairs arranged round it in the shape of a horseshoe on a rich carpet. The greater part of the floor is uncarpeted, but covered with gorgeous old tiles. At a reception the men congregate at one end of the room, the women at the other. The ceilings of the salon and other public chambers, and even of the bedrooms to a lesser degree, are frescoed; sometimes the frescoes are good, more often they suggest Berlin-wool-work. Pictorial art is not at a high level in Sicily.

THE BALLROOM AND THE LIBRARY

The ballrooms are not, as a rule, planked, their floors are made of painted plaster with a marbly surface, over which a cloth is spread for dancing. The Sicilian noble does not know what to do with his entrance-hall; he generally uses it as a kind of lumber-room or museum. There is no marked feature about his library except that he is often a great reader. He really has nothing to do with his time except gamble, and take his drive at sundown, and go to parties when there are any. If he has no party to go to, and no money to gamble with, he reads, and he can very often read English. He likes English novels; and American piracies of English books are so cheap.

THE NEW VILLAS AND OLD PALACES

HAVING A RESTAURANT IN YOUR OWN HOUSE

There is a curious custom among wealthy people in Sicily—even the English who live there sometimes fall in with it: you make an arrangement with your cook to pay him so much a head for each dish which is served, and tell him the number of dishes you require. The English lady who told me of this custom paid her cook a franc a head per dish. The servants, I believe, generally board themselves. The accounts, I suppose, on any other basis, might be erratic. But I never made any inquiries as to how widely the custom appertains. The Sicilians are very good plain cooks—you can always get plenty of things to eat that you need not be afraid of.

THE NEW VILLAS ARE FOR WARMTH—THE OLD PALACES WERE FOR COOL

There are very few palaces of the Gothic era now inhabited by private persons, though the Duchess of Pietratagliata inhabits one in the Via S. Basilio. But there are plenty of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, which are much better houses to live in, because their rooms are fine. Some of the new villas of the rich Palermitans are very delightful and sumptuous, they are so large and airy, and elegantly built, and adapt themselves to the climate. They have the merit of having fireplaces, which are often welcome at Palermo in the winter, though the days are so sunny. The old Sicilian, like the old Italian, built his house entirely with reference to an intolerable summer. The Palermitan of the old days spent all the hottest months in Palermo, to get the benefit of other people's shade. The streets of old Palermo are tall and dark and narrow, jealously excluded from the gaze of their enemy the sun.

The rich men who have built villas in the outskirts do not spend the hot weather in Palermo: they go away to the mountains, or to Switzerland, or England, and consequently, they build their villas for comfort in the cooler months—free from draughts, and with proper appliances for heating. But their rooms are just as lofty, and they have made good use of the hereditary tastefulness of Italian and

IN SICILY

Sicilian workmen in building pleasure-houses. Their villas are such as you see round Genoa or Turin. They have superb grounds, full of rare palms, yuccas, and other sub-tropical trees; and lemon groves; and gardens which are sheets of flowers, for good gardeners are cheap in Sicily.

HOW THE LOWER CLASSES LIVE

So much for the homes of the upper classes. The lower classes live either in the *bassi* of the palaces; or in the tall, old narrow streets which are on the site of the streets of the Saracens, and mostly within a radius of half a mile from the Quattro Canti; or in small, low houses of two stories on the outskirts.

The Palermitan poor strike one as living comfortably, in spite of the great poverty of some of them. The *bassi* are open all day long to the street, and at night, especially when lights are lit, you can see right into their houses from any first-floor windows like those of the salon in the Monteleone Palace. Poor people do not use blinds or, apparently, curtains, only doors and lattices, and they use the lattices for the sun, not for privacy, in their living-rooms. They seem to cook very little except their coffee; they live for the most part on bread and macaroni, and, above all, on the products of the broad bean. They buy their delicacies, like artichokes and fried fish or tit-bits, from the travelling cooks, who do their cooking with tin-lined baskets. I have never seen them quarrelling in or near their houses, though murders are said to be unpleasantly frequent, owing to the absence of capital punishment.

THE SICILIAN AGRICULTURAL LABOURER LIVES IN TOWN

One of the most curious features of Sicilian life is, of course, the fact that the workers in the fields live in the towns, and ride out to their work on mules and donkeys, which is partly due to dread of malaria, partly to the old dread of brigandage. You are not allowed to forget the constant dread of fevers in which the rural population stand; there are so many shops where dried herbs are sold. The poor Sicilian doctors himself for fever.

THE CLEANNESS OF PALERMO: ITS CLUBS

THE CLEANNESS OF PALERMO: AND ITS CLUBS

It is always washing-day in Sicily. Either the inhabitants are particularly clean, or they have only two of each garment. The streets of Palermo are dazzlingly white and clean; it is one of the cleanest-looking cities I was ever in; so likewise are the cooking-shops. The restaurants, where people eat their food on the premises, are not particularly numerous; their place is taken by cooking-shops. On the other hand, there is a very popular pastrycook down by the Bourse—the Cavaliere Guli's—where any day you may see swarms of business men eating rich pastry or candied fruit. They have a few popular bars, like that of "Caflisch" in the Via Macqueda. In this particular bar they also sell tea. There are a good many clubs of the ordinary kind at Palermo, and a new Sports Club, which is the smartest in the city, though the sport does not go beyond a bicycle track and some lawn-tennis courts, and billiards (and, I presume, cards).

THE SPORTS CLUB: AND PALERMO AS A WATERING-PLACE

But all the best people belong to it, and go to it a good deal; it is almost the only place where the native ladies of high rank do their bicycling. The premises, which are near the Quattro Canti di Campagna, are fine and extensive. It is under the wing of Mrs. Joshua Whitaker and Signora Florio, called on the club list, in the old Sicilian style, Donna Franca Florio. *Their* gardens, until the foundation of this club, were the centres of lawn-tennis in Palermo. The Sports Club is a great institution for strangers, because there, with a proper introduction, they meet the best people in Palermo, who are very friendly to the English, and anxious that their city should become such another fashionable winter resort as Cannes. It must not be forgotten by the Riviera-going English that there is in Palermo a magnificent new hotel, the Igea, with gardens running down in terraces from Monte Pellegrino to the sea, and under the same management as the Hotel Ritz at Paris, which has been crowded with smart people in the season of 1901.

IN SICILY

There is also a small but wealthy and influential colony of English, like the Messrs. Whitaker, who were born in the island, and are intimately connected with the Sicilian aristocracy. And Palermo is quite a capital, much more of a capital than Naples. The Sicilian noble is not often wealthy enough to shine at Rome. He has his town residence, therefore, in Palermo, and goes there for the season; and this large local aristocracy owns many ancient palaces full of artistic treasures, which have been handed down for many generations, or purchased from ruined houses. The Conte Mazarino has superb silk hangings dating from the fifteenth century, when the art flourished in Sicily; and in one palace or another there is a little fine fifteenth-century tapestry, and a good deal of the sixteenth century. Some of the best decorations of the baroque period are to be found in Sicily, especially Palermo, and there is an immense quantity of eighteenth-century furniture and decorations in the city, because the sudden removal of the Court of Naples to Sicily after the Battle of the Nile made all the nobles launch out into fresh luxury.

THE LAXNESS OF THE SICILIAN MRS. GRUNDY

The very smartest set in Palermo imitate the English a great deal in their customs and the dress of the men, while the women go to the best French dressmakers. The ordinary Sicilian lady is very jealously watched by her mother till she is married, and kept a good deal shut up by her husband after she is married. Sunset drives, intrigues, and reading romances make up her life. In spite of the way in which they are shut up, most of these ladies have their lovers, without, as far as I could make out, exciting wild indignation on the part of their male relatives, who may be content to fry their own fish. Among the lower classes, jilting a prospective bride or bridegroom seems to be a much more serious affair than infidelity. Sometimes a monetary compensation is accepted, but a breach of promise, or even paying a woman attention without following it up with a rapid offer of marriage, may lead to a murder and perhaps to a *vendetta*. There seems to be no great feeling among the lower class against one of

MURDERS AND THE MAFIA

their women becoming a wealthy man's mistress if he sets about the affair in a proper manner and is willing to make a reasonable payment. One thing is quite certain, that the Sicilian Mrs. Grundy would not pass muster in England.

MURDER FREQUENT, BUT FOREIGNERS NOT MOLESTED

With regard to the social condition of Sicily, murder is, as I have said, unpleasantly frequent. There is no capital punishment, and murderers get off very cheaply in their terms of imprisonment. It is probably a relic of the days when people had to take the law into their own hands or do without it; but foreigners never get molested unless they draw it on themselves, except in certain portions of the island, where brigandage is rampant. Even in the bread riots a few years back, when the rioters were excited by starvation, no foreigners were molested. The rioters recognised that their presence in the island was desirable as money-bringers. I think, too, that the Sicilians like foreigners; they regard them as a free theatrical entertainment. They were always very kind to us.

THE SICILIANS A SUPERIOR PEOPLE

Ignorant they are, unprogressive, ungoverned in their passions by any regard of consequences, but they strike one as a distinctly superior people, perhaps because they have descended from the conquered conquerors of many races. They are very dignified, both in their beauty and their manners, and might, I think, be more prosperous and more contented if mistaken reformers had only allowed the island to maintain its old patriarchal institutions.

THE MAFIA (MAFFIA)

I say little of the Mafia, the great secret society of Sicily, for I have no knowledge of it beyond the currently received opinion among the English residents in Sicily, which is faithfully represented by the writer of the excellent little article in the new edition of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. The Maffia (Mafia), he says, "expresses an idea rather than indicates a society with regular chiefs and councillors. It

IN SICILY

represents the survival among the people of a preference for owing the securing of their persons and property rather to their own strength and influence than to those of the law and its officers. Therefore a distinction is drawn between the high and the low Maffia, the latter embracing the great mass of members, who, themselves not active in the matter, are afraid to set themselves against the Maffia, and are content to accept the protection of this shadowy league, which in them inspires more awe than do the courts of justice. Indeed, much of the Maffia's strength and vitality is directly due to this looseness of organisation, and to the fact that it is an ingrained mode of thought, an idea, and not an organised society, that the government has to root out. Direct robbery and violence are resorted to only for vengeance; for practical purposes the employment of isolation—in fact, the system of boycotting carried to the extreme point—is sufficiently efficacious. From the landholders blackmail is levied in return for protection, and they must employ *maffiosi* only on their farms; and the *vendetta* follows those who denounce or in any way injure a member of the fraternity. The Maffia controls elections, protects its members against the officers of justice, assists smugglers, directs strikes, and even fixes the hire of workmen."

THE MODERN BUILDINGS OF PALERMO

A word should be said about modern Palermo. The modern public buildings are not particularly numerous. One old palace is equal to housing the Bourse, the Bank of Italy, and a good deal more. The two finest new buildings in the town are, without doubt, the gigantic dark stone opera house called the Teatro Massimo, one of the finest blocks of theatrical buildings in Europe, and the glittering white Politeama, meaning roughly a theatre of all sorts, which, with its gorgeous gilt horses over the porch, and polychromatic decorations round the exterior, probably gives us a better idea of the exterior of such a building in classical times than any modern building, except one or two of the new buildings at Athens. It, too, is often used for opera. The German Emperor's music was performed there during his visit to Palermo. Indeed, this and Mr. Joseph Whitaker's Villa

FEW MODERN BUILDINGS WORTH MENTIONING

Malfitano were the only two buildings at Palermo which he entered. There are hardly any other modern buildings worth mentioning; the railway station is just a large good station, and the other large new buildings in the city are flats and offices. The two theatres and the villas of the wealthy mentioned above, and the houses of the Messrs. Whitaker, are really Palermo's only modern contributions to architecture.



Photo by Incorpora.

THE POLITEAMA.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF NELSON IN THE TWO SICILIES

NELSON'S FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE TWO SICILIES

NELSON paid a passing visit to Naples, carrying despatches for Hood, as early as 1793, but his real connection with the Two

Sicilies, as the kingdom of Naples and the kingdom of Sicily were called, did not begin till five years later, and he did not so much as set foot in them in the interval. He was in the Bay of Naples on June 17th, 1798, before his first voyage to Alexandria in chase of the French fleet with Napoleon on board ; but he did not land, nor did he see the Hamiltons. On the 20th of the same month he was off Messina, and on the 21st off Syracuse. On the 22nd, under full sail for Alexandria, he passed Cape Passaro ; on the 28th he was off Alexandria, but was disappointed of finding the French, for Napoleon had made a detour round Crete to throw off his pursuers.



NELSON IN 1798

From an old print in the possession of the Author
*Reproduced, by permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., from the
"Magazine of Art"*

NELSON AT SYRACUSE

NELSON AT SYRACUSE

On July 20th Nelson was back at Syracuse, and there his noteworthy connection with the Two Sicilies begins. Nelson did not inhabit any house in Syracuse. He anchored in the great harbour a few days to water his ships, and the most notable fact about his visit is the still uncleared-up double-dealing of the Sicilian Court.

The French had informed the Sicilian King that they should treat it as a *casus belli* if he admitted into any of his ports more than three or four ships at a time belonging to any other power, by which, of course, they meant England. But Nelson was given to expect secret orders, procured from the Queen by the good offices of Lady Hamilton, to supersede this general despatch. As the Queen was the real monarch, this should have been sufficient. But it is now thought that the Governor had received yet more secret orders not to act on the secret orders unless he was compelled to do so by force. The matter has never been cleared up. At all events Nelson got the water, and was able to write Sir William and Lady Hamilton, whom it must be remembered he had not seen for five years, on July 22nd, 1798:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered; and surely, watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress.”

THE HOME OF LADY HAMILTON—THE PALAZZO SESSO AT NAPLES

Lady Hamilton, who had in the interval of September 8th written him the delightful letter of congratulation I quote in my novel *The Admiral*, went out in the Ambassador's barge to meet the hero. When she saw him she exclaimed, “O God! is it possible?” and when she noticed the change that five years had made in his appearance, she fell into his arm, fainting. She would not hear of his going to the inn by the port, where he had thought of establishing his headquarters, but carried him off in the Embassy coach to her palace, which is fortunately still standing, though its

IN SICILY

surroundings have altered so much. It stands under the shadow of the Acropolis on which the earliest of the classical forerunners of modern Naples stood, now known as the Pizzofalcone, between the Piazza dei Martiri and the Largo Vittoria, almost opposite Cook's offices. It is of enormous size, and is now let in apartments. It occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth—that nearest the sea—containing the stable, a comparatively low block of buildings. In the corner of the palace front, abutting on the stables, on what we should call the second floor, there is a little sort of roof garden. Nelson seems to have had an apartment, now divided up, which opened on to this.

As you enter the great gateway leading into the courtyard round which the palace is built, a fine red marble staircase on the right carries you up to the principal apartments. Here Nelson stayed with the Hamiltons all the time he was in Naples in 1798. In their day the Villa Reale—the public gardens of Naples which came right up to the palace—had only recently been formed by King Ferdinand to receive the splendid statuary that he had inherited, including the celebrated Farnese bull. The site was land recovered from the sea, a process which is going on all the time in Naples, to such an extent that Nelson would hardly recognise the foreshore of to-day. Besides the Hamiltons' palace at Naples, he is known to have stayed in the Royal Palace of Caserta, and it is probable that he stayed in the Hamiltons' villas at that place and Posilippo.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO SICILY

From Naples, on October 15th, 1798, he sailed for Malta, and arrived back at Naples on November 5th. On November 22nd he left Naples for Leghorn, taking part in the ill-fated operations against the French which led to the fall of the kingdom of Naples. Nelson was personally unable to take any part in the fighting, or the result might have been very different. The Neapolitans behaved with such poltroonery that on December 23rd, 1798, the Royal Family had to fly to Palermo. By Lady Hamilton's courage and forethought an enormous treasure of money, plate, diamonds, pictures, and

NELSON'S HOME IN PALERMO

antiques, to the value of two and a half millions sterling, was conveyed by night to her palace, and thence on board the ships, the bulk of it on the flagship, to which the Royal Family themselves were conveyed by the secret passage which still runs from the palace down to the little port called the Arsenal. They made the passage in the most awful weather which Nelson ever experienced in his career at sea. The little Prince Albert, aged seven, died of sea-sickness in Lady Hamilton's arms, and they did not arrive at Palermo till the 26th.

NELSON'S HOME IN PALERMO—THE PALAZZO (VILLA) DE GREGORIO

At Palermo Nelson's movements are much more difficult to trace. It is fairly certain that he spent a while in the Royal Palace. He hired for his own use the villa of the Marquis de Gregorio, which stands on the edge of the bay where his fleet lay, and was then outside the city on the Pellegrino side, a short distance from the ancient building known as the Arsenal. A garden of sixty acres, mostly devoted to lemon groves, is still attached to the back of this villa, which is quite unchanged from Nelson's time. It has an ordinary-looking white façade, with a plain iron balcony running along the first floor. A narrow entrance in the centre admits you into a small courtyard containing a fountain and a fine tree. From this a narrow staircase, walled-in on both sides, conducts you to the first floor, and you find yourself in a suite of magnificent apartments leading off each other. The finest of these apartments is the salon, the centre front room—a large vaulted chamber, with the very furniture which was there in Nelson's time and when the Viceroy from Spain used it. It was the custom for the Viceroy, on landing, to stay in this villa to recover from the sea voyage, and make the proper preparations in the way of unpacking his plate and fitting his liveries with servants, for his ceremonial entry into the Royal Palace. In the middle of the room is a huge circular ottoman, with a fine vase rising from the centre under a chandelier of rock crystal. In the centre of each wall is a tall mirror running down from the ceiling to a little bracket-table with lions' legs. There are several

IN SICILY

doors, all of them going from floor to ceiling, although their top panels are fixed and have paintings sunk into them. The floor is covered with fine old Spanish tiles with a huge blue-and-yellow pattern, each flourish of which occupies several tiles. At each end there is a couch of the stiff eighteenth-century pattern, with a number of chairs facing it in the form of a horseshoe. This arrangement, the Marquis Antonio de Gregorio, the heir of the house, an author and composer, and one of the most distinguished geologists in Italy, and the writer of nearly a hundred well-known scientific works, tells me, was invariable a hundred years ago. The ladies all stayed at one end of the room, and the gentlemen at the other. Passing through one of the great doors, with each panel four feet square, the next chamber but one is the bedroom, which was occupied by the Viceroy and the great Admiral—a plain room with an alcove, in which the bed then stood. At the back of the palace, which is of immense size, containing over one hundred rooms, are the stables, divided by handsome park railings from the inner garden, which is very quaint, with its fountain in the centre of a vine arbour; its aviary; its tiled flower-boxes along the borders of the beds, which were constructed for water-channels such as are still in use in the lemon grove, though they are devoted to flowers in the inner garden since the introduction of pipes. There are very fine oleander trees, a splendid clump of bananas with great bunches of ripe fruit, custard apples, pineapples, and other tropical fruits. Beyond this are the shady lemon groves, which contain curious caves and ancient buildings, and extend almost to the foot of Monte Pellegrino.

WHERE THE HAMILTONS LIVED IN PALERMO

Nelson, of course, did not hire the whole palace, but what is called an apartment in it, and after a while he seems to have used this chiefly for a sort of fleet-office, and to have stayed himself with the Hamiltons in their palace near the Flora, as the public garden now known as the Villa Giulia was then called. It is not quite certain what palace the Hamiltons did occupy, but when I was last in Palermo I was informed that it has probably been embodied in the Baucino Palace.

NELSON AT MARSALA

It is very imposing as it rises from the Marina, but its splendid collections of armour and priceless pottery were brought there by the late Prince Baucino. These are the three sites most intimately connected with Nelson's stay in Palermo.



THE MARINA OF PALERMO

Showing (A) the Baucino Palace, which stands on the site of the palace where Nelson stayed with the Hamiltons; (B) the Trabia (Butera) Palace; (C) the Porta Felice

Reproduced, by permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., from the "Windsor Magazine"

He was at Palermo from December 26th, 1798, to May 19th, 1799; and again from May 29th, 1799, to June 15th, 1799; and on June 31st, 1799, he was a few hours in the bay embarking Sir William and Lady Hamilton for Naples.

NELSON AT MARSALA AND MARITIMO

The intervals from the 21st to the 28th of May, and the 16th to the 20th of June, he was off Maritimo. Maritimo is one of the famous Ægadian Islands, where the Romans gained the great sea-fight over the Carthaginians, which ended the first Punic War. It is a few miles from Marsala. It was during a subsequent visit that he gave Messrs. Woodhouse and Co., the original and still one of the principal wine firms there, his autograph order (still preserved

IN SICILY

in their office) for five hundred pipes of Marsala wine. Maritimo was a favourite rendezvous of Nelson's when he was looking out for a French fleet from the west. Another of his letters is dated from Trapano (Trapani), which is about twenty miles up the coast from Marsala, and was founded by Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal. The wine baglios of Marsala have lofty walls like fortresses and little

*The Wine to be delivered
as expeditiously as possible and all the delivered
within the space of five weeks from this date; a
conveyance will be wanted for the vessel from Marsala
but all risks are to run by Mr. Woodhouse.*
Bronte Nelson

AUTOGRAPH ORDER OF NELSON'S AT WOODHOUSE'S BAGLIO, MARSALA

Reproduced, by permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., from the "Windsor Magazine," October, 1893

towers, which in Nelson's day were mounted with cannon to prevent the descent of privateers on so rich a prize. From June 24th to August 4th Nelson was in the Bay of Naples, and during a good part of the time the King and the seat of government were on board his flagship, the *Foudroyant*. On August 5th he carried the King back to Palermo in triumph. It was during his second long stay at Palermo that Maria Caroline gave the famous mythological ball, probably out at her summer palace—the Favorita. The King, dressed as "Jove," crowned Nelson, dressed as "Mars," and presented him with the Dukedom and the lands of Bronté, then worth £3,000 a year. Lady Hamilton was dressed as "Venus," and the Queen as "Juno." It does not come within the scope of this book to follow Nelson from Palermo to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Ancona, and Ancona to Trieste, when Sir William had been superseded by the Hon. Arthur Paget, and Nelson felt that he could no longer with dignity act under the commands of Lord Keith. After leaving Trieste he made a triumphant progress across Europe by way of Vienna, and landed at Great Yarmouth, in his own county, on the 6th of May, 1800, nearly two years after he had immortalised himself by the

NELSON AND GARIBALDI

victory of the Nile. He had not been in England in the interval, and between Leghorn and Ancona must have been captured by the French if they had not been napping. One vigilant sentry might have saved them the *débacle* of Trafalgar.

NELSON AND GARIBALDI

One curious thing remains to be related, that Nelson, once the idol of the Two Sicilies, now shares the unpopularity of the Bourbon dynasty he served so well among the lower classes, who, some of them, actually believe that he fought against, and was defeated by, Garibaldi.



NELSON IN 1800

A rare print in the possession of the Author

Reproduced, by permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co., from the "Magazine of Art," August, 1898

CHAPTER XLVI.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT PALERMO

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE BAY OF PALERMO

JOHAN HENRY NEWMAN was at Palermo for a short time, waiting till he was well enough to sail for home after the fever which proved so nearly fatal to him at Castrogiovanni in 1833. I am glad to see that I have his great authority anticipating my preference of the Bay of Palermo to the Bay of Naples.

“And now I shall leave mention of Naples, which even in its scenery much disappoints me, after the glorious Sicily and the majestic Bay of Palermo. That bay is, in my eyes, far finer than that of Naples. It is not to the purpose that we have had bad weather here, for I am speaking of outlines. The Bay of Naples is partly surrounded by lumpish cliffs. In Palermo you have a theatre of the most graceful mountains. Here is the difference between Sicily and Greece. As far as the drawings I have seen, and my experience, such as it is, confirms them, in Greece the view is choked up with mountains; you cannot move for them. But in Sicily you have ample plains, and the high ground rises out of them at ease, calmly, and with elbow-room. This is the beauty of the Bay of Palermo; but other influences come in to move me. I saw the most interesting (profane) country after Egypt; and its history—beginning with the highest antiquity—unites in due time both with the Greek history and the Roman. It was the theme of almost every poet and every historian, and the remains in it of the past are of an earlier antiquity and more perfect than those of other countries. And now it lies in desolation under a bad government. Not tricked out in the

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF PALERMO

vanities of modern times, but as if in mourning, yet beautiful as ever
These thoughts suggested the following sonnet:—

“‘Why, wedded to the Lord, still yearns my heart
Upon these scenes of ancient heathen fame?’”

NEWMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF PALERMO

“... We went into many of the churches both here and at Palermo, and saw somewhat of the Roman service, which is less reverent than the Greek, being far more public. There is no screen, the high altar is in sight. Palermo is a far richer and finer place than Messina; some of the churches are magnificent. It is a beautiful city, and consists of 160,000 inhabitants. It lies in a splendid bay of bold mountains, snow-capped in part. On the extreme right as you enter is Monte Pellegrino, which in ancient times, I think, Amilcar held for three years against the Romans. The whole scenery is wild and fearful, with a very rich valley lying at the foot of it, in which the city is placed. Far on the left you see Etna, a mass of white with a small cloud above its summit. The city mainly consists of two streets intersecting each other at right angles, and one of them perhaps a mile long. The houses are very fine; numerous convents, which run along the upper floors—shops, etc., being below. There is a splendid promenade running along the water's edge. It was the carnival time, and the main streets were thronged with people as full as London. Fancy this at the length of a mile! The beggars were incredibly importunate, thrusting their hands into one's face and keeping them there for several hundred yards, till they came to the end of their beat, when others succeeded them. They have a miserable whine, in all parts of the island that we have seen, so as to make one quite nervous. The streets are filthy beyond expression, and the mixture of greatness with littleness is strange to an Englishman. They are paved side to side with flags; there is no footway. At Naples they are not so filthy as in Sicily, and the beggars less troublesome, but the boys at Naples are thieves. Froude has already lost a handkerchief, and I have had one half pulled out of my pocket, and have caught one or two boys peeping into it. We dined last

IN SICILY

Tuesday at Palermo with Mr. Ingham, one of the principal British merchants, and yesterday (at Naples) with Moberly's brother-in-law, Mr. Bennett, the chaplain here. I ought to give you an account of an Italian dinner as we first became acquainted with it on board a steamer, after waiting till we were very hungry. First, a course of cheese, pickles, anchovies, raw sausages of mule's flesh; then soup, then some boiled meat, then fish, then cauliflower, then a fowl; lastly, pastry, with dessert. You are never helped twice. I see now the meaning of the English phrase, 'Cut and come again.' Yet sometimes, as at Mr. Ingham's, this dinner becomes quite superb. All over the South, according to our experience, after two or three glasses of wine, the cloth not being removed, coffee (one small cup) is brought in, which is followed by some liqueur, and so the entertainment ends."

Palermo is now, except in the ancient, narrow streets, where the very poor herd together, a dazzlingly clean city. Mr. Ingham's house forms the Via Bara portion of Mr. Joshua Whitaker's Venetian Palace, and Mr. Ingham's firm (Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.), three-quarters of a century afterwards, are still the leading merchants in Sicily. Page's Hotel was in the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, near Guli the confectioner's, it is believed in the house now belonging to Cav. Testa.

HOW NEWMAN SPENT HIS TIME IN PALERMO

"But to proceed to Palermo. I was lodged at Page's hotel—the hostess Ann Page, who had married, I think, an Italian or Sicilian. She was very eager to please me, and begged me to recommend her house at home. She was a motherly sort of person, and made me sago and tapioca, etc. The merchants (wine merchants) were very civil. At first they thought me dying. I was so very weak, and could not speak except drawling. I used to go on the water every day, and that set me up. I revived day by day wonderfully. I was there nearly three weeks, till June 13. It was a very trying time, yet perhaps I should not have been strong enough before that time—and to go by myself! I composed a *Lyra* a day, I think, from the day I got there. Haymaking was going on while I was there. I went

A PALERMO HOTEL IN NEWMAN'S DAY

up to the Monte Pellegrino; I went to the Hydra cave, etc., but I made very little use of my time, expecting to sail almost daily, and homesick and much disappointed at the delay. I went a great deal into the public garden, called, I think, the Villa Reale, and along the beach outside, sitting on the seats. However, they told me I must not go out in the middle of the day, though in the shade. Sometimes there were siroccos, and very trying, the wind like a furnace. The clouds were blue, the tawny mountains looking wondrous. I dined, besides at the merchant's, at Mr. Thomas, a merchant living two or three miles out on the Monreale road—a married man."

A PALERMO HOTEL IN NEWMAN'S DAY

Page's Hotel was an old-established house; for Dr. James, an American gentleman, describes it in the book he published at Boston, U.S., in 1820:—"We rode to Page's Hotel, where preparations had been previously made for us. I am now located in one of the chambers, surrounded by every necessary convenience. During the day we have had time to explore our habitation, and to take a hasty survey of the city. The castle of my landlord Page (castle it seems to me) is a pretty good specimen of the common house of the city. We entered it by a large gate, which admitted the carriage in which we rode, into a paved court. The flagstones which form the pavement of the streets are continued into this court. A flight of stairs on each side leads up one story, to the inhabited apartments. The ground floor is occupied with coarse store-rooms, the porter's lodge, and stables. The walls are thick, strong, and plain, like the walls of a fortress, and we feel confident we shall find a sufficient defence against all enemies except fleas. Between the tiles which form the floors, and in the crevices of the walls, these tormentors lay in ambush, and issue forth to attack us whenever we sit down. The doors and window-sashes are of very coarse workmanship. The walls are without chair-railings or any ornamental work in wood. The apartments are destitute of fireplaces, and the furniture consists of half-a-dozen plain chairs, a table of the most beautiful marble, and a large mirror.

IN SICILY

"It is so cold that we require a little fire, and we find upon enquiry that there is one room in the house which has a fireplace. This we have secured by a formal stipulation with Mons. Page, who assured us he has been at the expense of building this solely for the accommodation of his English guests, and that the Sicilians never think of requiring such a convenience.

". . . We passed our first night on shore with great comfort. The chambers are large and airy; we slept upon mattresses placed upon high iron bedsteads, where we enjoyed the luxury of free air and clean linen.

"After breakfast, which consisted of excellent coffee, warm bread and fresh butter, we made our first excursion to view the Marina, the gardens, and whatever objects of curiosity might come in our way.

"Our hotel is situated near the northern wall of the city, and a short distance from the gate, *Porto* (sic) *Felice*, through which we walked to the Marina."

Things move slowly in Sicily. The Thomases founded a bank, now Mr. W. Beaumont Gardner's, which is still the chief English bank in Palermo.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermerhorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERHORN STREET.



Photo by Incorpore.

THE FORO ITALICO, OR MARINA OF PALERMO, WITH MONTE PELLEGRINO IN THE BACKGROUND

CHAPTER XLVII.

MONTE PELLEGRINO

THE HISTORY OF MONTE PELLEGRINO

MONTE PELLEGRINO, which Goethe considered the most beautiful mountain he had ever seen, is the Heircte of the ancients, and was an island in the days when the Conca d'Oro was mostly under the sea. I do not know how long it has been called the Mount of the Pilgrims, but pilgrimages to the shrine of Santa Rosalia have been going on for the best part of three hundred years.

To the lover of history the mountain has a far more romantic claim; for Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, camped upon its summit for three years, 247-245 B.C., in the hopes of recovering Palermo from the Romans, who had captured it a few years before. He is said to have raised sufficient wheat to support his army on the mountain itself, but the asphodel, the wild fennel, and the wild onion are its principal products to-day, and even the poorest Sicilian, who will eat almost anything, maintains that they are useless for human food.

HOW TO GET TO MONTE PELLEGRINO

To ascend Monte Pellegrino you take a 'bus, which looks like a tramcar off the rails, and has an unpleasant habit of seesawing, from the Corso Scina at the end of the Via Borgo. You pass the prison just as you get in, and just as you get out, cross the range where the soldiers practise with Morris tubes. And the 'buses are so infrequent that you feel inclined to turn round and go back in them when you arrive at the mountain and see what climbing it means, for you are

IN SICILY

confronted by a very steep viaduct with more zigzags than you can count. These zigzags are paved with stone pitchers, and are the exact width of two carriages. You might just as well take a carriage up the tower in the Piazza at Venice, but I suppose carriages have been up it before now, at any rate, that of the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo, who built it some time in the seventeenth century for the benefit of pilgrims visiting his new shrine of S. Rosalia, whose bones were discovered in a cavern of the mountain in 1624. Before the viaduct was built the mountain was almost inaccessible. It is the shape of a crown; its sides are in many places more than perpendicular, they overhang. They are so inaccessible that the palmetto or wild Sicilian palm grows there freely, and it would long since have been used up, in making brooms, if people could have got at it.

THE GOATS ON MONTE PELLEGRINO

The mountain is said to have been covered with thick undergrowth until the fifteenth century. The lower part now is as bare as a billiard-



Photo by Incorpora.

PRICKLY-PEAR

GOATS AND SPORTSMEN ON MONTE PELLEGRINO

table, except for eaten-down grass, and very small common flowers like wild marigolds ; but the faces of the precipices are well shrubbed, wild prickly-pears, and a bush with a bright yellow blossom, being conspicuous. This is, I suppose, because the goats cannot get at them. Most of the goats for a city of 300,000 inhabitants have to feed themselves on Monte Pellegrino, and it must be remembered that in Palermo everybody who is not a huge grandee drinks goats' milk. They drive the goats up and down the mountain twice a day. As the top of the mountain is about four miles from the Quattro Canti, and a goat moves along about the same pace as country cousins in Oxford Street, you wonder when they find time to make their milk. But once on the feed, a goat gets through its work at a very good pace. It will eat almost anything it can bite. If I were one of the dear little green lizards speckled with yellow which dart between the red and blue pimpermels and the silver-green thistles, I should not feel a bit safe when there were goats munching in the neighbourhood—except that, with so many holes on its surface, Monte Pellegrino is very likely a huge lizard's palace, full of crevices for its whole 2,000 feet of height.

PILGRIMS AND QUAIL SHOOTERS

Can S. Rosalia be losing her vogue as patroness of the city, you wonder, when you come to a dear little shrine with broken rails and desecrated interior, early in the ascent. Or did the evil one employ goats who have a hereditary connection with witchcraft? At any rate pilgrimages no longer form the chief interest of the mountain, for the Palermitans who swarm up, especially in the early hours of Sunday morning, in tall yellow boots, are armed with every description of fowling-piece, to see if any quails have put up there during the night. It should be called the Mount of Quails now. It lies directly on their chief migration route to and from Africa. I do not know that I ever saw a *cacciatore* in possession of a slaughtered quail. He would not be likely to have anything else ; the non-migratory birds have little chance round Palermo. The Sunday morning we first went up to Pellegrino, we saw beside the

IN SICILY

cacciatori a good few women in yellow headkerchiefs. They, at any rate, possibly might have been to the shrine. We halted at a little white watchhouse, Saracen-looking enough to have been built by the founder of the Cubola. It was not, of course, ancient or Saracen, but it looked it, and we paused outside it to gaze at the smooth bay spread out like glass, and to hear the deep soft bells of the cathedral rising like the bells of Rouen to the hill of Bois-Guillaume.

Flowers were growing more numerous, especially a five-petalled flower like a primrose, and the tall asphodel with its rush-like leaves and great pink, lily-like blossoms. Evidently both the goats and the rough little rats of cows are shy of asphodels and marigolds.

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

With one more backward glance at the long seascape of bay beyond bay, we turned round and trudged up the zigzags. There is a short cut, but it would have been too steep and rough for Stephana, whose weakest point was a fair person's tendency to apoplexy, which was ridiculous in a woman with an irreproachable figure.

The climb is really nothing, it is not above a mile or two from where the 'bus stops. And soon we had the satisfaction of looking down on the sea from the other side of the mountain. We had crossed the shoulder where the parapeted path turns round and begins to grow picturesque. Stephana clapped her hands.

THE TEMPLE OF S. ROSALIA

"Why, you never told me that there was one of the old Greek temples up here. Did Hamilcar build it?"

"Hamilcar," I said severely, "was a Carthaginian."

"I suppose a Carthaginian wouldn't have built a Greek temple?"

"Or the Greeks either; that Greek temple isn't a Greek temple at all, but a seventeenth-century pseudo-classical chapel."

"Well, it looks like a Greek temple, anyway."

"Indeed it does," I admitted; "it is as like as ever it can stick

THE TEMPLE-LIKE BUILDING

to the white temple of Sunium, which was the first mark homeward-bound sailors saw in the time of Pericles, and is the first landmark the traveller sees to-day as he approaches Athens by sea."

"Oh, come, old man, you're talking rather like a book, aren't you?" said Witheridge, who lost all chance with Stephana directly the atmosphere began to grow literary.

"I am quoting from *The Hub*," I said; "I am refering to the cyclists' paper, not Boston."

It is really charming, the picture presented by that little white roofless temple against the blue sky and the blue sea, as you look down upon it from the terrace outside the shrine. Very imposing, too, are the grey limestone rocks, honeycombed like a hornet's nest, which rise from your right hand to the coastguard's look-out overhanging S. Rosalia's Church.



Photo by Incorpora.

S. ROSALIA'S CHURCH ON MONTE PELLEGRINO

IN SICILY

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH

The church, which stands in an elbow of tall grey cliffs, with the protected side richly shrubbed and flowered, situated as it is, is delightful. Removed from its present surroundings it would be one of the thousands of disregarded Renaissance wrecks of Italy. At the top of a broad flight of steps, trodden by the brilliant processions of two centuries, stands the little church with a graceful Renaissance niche in its gable, surmounted by a terra-cotta mitre, for the image of S. Rosalia. Divided from the church by the belfry, almost smothered by the queer old clock, is the low white presbytery, with green jalousies and the inevitable balconies, where a priest or two live all the year round with only the ravens and eagles and sea-birds for company at night, though they may have brilliant processions or regiments of small-bird shooters by day.

THE OFFERINGS OF THE FAITHFUL

On ordinary occasions you do not enter through the porch, but through the sacristy, which is full of wonderful pictures of attempted shipwrecks and fires and assassinations, in which the rescued person not infrequently looms disproportionately large. These, which are executed in tearing colours, are the offerings of the poorer faithful who have prayed to S. Rosalia in their extremity. Inside, hanging round the shrine of the saint herself, are the jewellery offerings of the richer, based mostly, one is bound to say, on the assumption that S. Rosalia is not a very good judge of such matters, though there are some, including the offerings of the Queen, which are very handsome.

WHO S. ROSALIA WAS

Most English people view the shrine without a ghost of a notion as to who S. Rosalia was, beyond the fact that she is the patron saint of the city of Palermo (though not of the cathedral); and that once a year she is carried round the town on a car as tall as the tops of the houses. She was the niece of William the Good, who was so good

THE STORY OF S. ROSALIA

that the Norman dynasty practically came to an end in his hands. When I told Stephana that her father's name was Sinibald, she said she did not know that saints had fathers. The name Sinibald pleased Witheridge more than any we had come across except Emmanuel-Philibert and S. Giosafat. He was always seeking distractions, and smiled a beautiful smile as he read out from Baedeker "that the saint in the bloom of youth fled hither from motives of piety." We always allowed Witheridge to read the guide-book out aloud, it kept him amused, and allowed us to look at things which he would not have looked at in any case. Her bones were discovered in the cavern in 1624, and conveyed to Palermo, where, by a curious coincidence, a plague was raging. The plague, of course, stopped at once, and a subsequent archbishop raised over her bones in the cathedral a shrine of solid silver, which weighs eleven and a half hundredweight. The belief in S. Rosalia in Italy as well as Sicily is profound. When Queen Margerita visited Palermo she made very handsome offerings, and put up the inscription—

"In questo Santuario,
Nella legenda Normanna
Eremo e sepolcro
della regia vergine padrone di Palermo
per tradizione antica
alla pubblica venerazione
consacrato
Margerita di Savoia
Prima Regina d'Italia,
circondata del popolo plaudente
il tributo di sue prece
offerce,
a XVIII Novembre MDCCCLXXXI."

THE INTERIOR

The church is still a cavern with a wooden ceiling over the high altar, but nothing at all over the rest of it except the natural stone of the rock. And here the want of sureness in Sicilian taste is shown by having tin water-channels made to imitate prickly pears, suspended from the top of the cave wherever a drip falls. There are also marble

IN SICILY

plaques let into the stone, and virgins peeping from behind every stalactite. And these things are really rather dreadful, but the tin prickly pears are not wholly for ornament. The water they collect, which is very clear, is regarded as of great sanctity and a cure for all sorts of diseases.

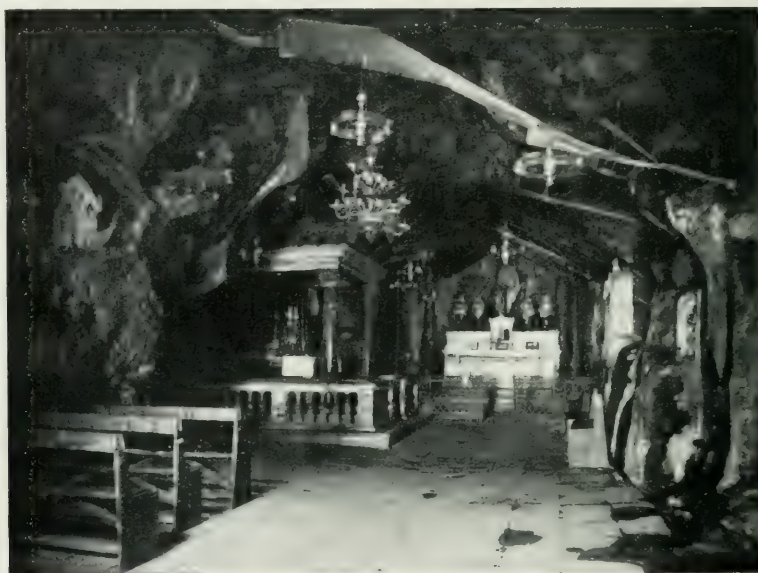


Photo by Pelos.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH

SHOWING S. ROSALIA'S SHRINE ON THE LEFT AND TIN CHANNELS AT THE TOP

THE IMAGE AND THE SHRINE OF S. ROSALIA

At the spot where S. Rosalia's body was discovered there is an altar and a handsome marble baldachin aboveground, while underground the little cave in which her remains were discovered is open to view. They have been replaced by a figure in a golden robe, with a clear, rather beautiful face, and with a child-angel behind her.

I cannot do better than give Goethe's description of the image, which I take from the Bohn's Library translation of Goethe's *Travels in Italy*, which everyone should take to Sicily with him: "Through the openings of a large trellis-work of lattice, lamps appeared burning

THE SHRINE OF S. ROSALIA

before an altar. I knelt down close to the gratings and peeped through. Further in, however, another lattice of brass wire was drawn across, so that one looked as it were through gauze at the objects within. By the light of some dull lamps I caught sight of a lovely female form. She lay seemingly in a state of ecstasy—the eyes half closed, the head leaning carelessly on her right hand, which was adorned with many rings. I could not sufficiently discern her face, but it seemed to be peculiarly charming. Her robe was made of gilded metal, which imitated excellently a texture wrought with gold. The head and hands were of white marble. I cannot say that the whole was in lofty style, still it was executed so naturally and pleasingly that one almost fancied it must breathe and move. A little angel stands near her, and with a bunch of lilies in his hand appears to be fanning her.”

The railings are of carved alabaster, the altar above is of inlaid marble, the nave is paved with black lava. The baldachin over the altar has two very fine marble pillars.

The alabaster image of the saint admired by Goethe has a golden robe presented by Charles III., and a crown presented by the present Queen; and many watches and other articles of jewellery offered in sudden fits of devotion by rich pilgrims are hung round by the image. Everything is ruining.

There is an inscription with the date 1625: “Whoever comest hither, pilgrim, stranger, native, the cave, the place, the image, with prayers, kisses, tears, there is plenty for thee to worship reverently at thy pleasure.”

The altar at the far end is in the form of a huge shell, a fine old ironwork gate fills up the whole arch at the entrance. I do not know which looked funniest, the altar candlesticks done up with pink bags, or the harts'-tongues and brilliant tufts of borage, which were growing quite complacently between the nave and the porch.

One of the great curiosities shown is a section of Pellegrino marble, which gives with its own grain the exact plan of the mountain, of course by accident.

IN SICILY

THE POVERTY OF THE SHRINE

The thing which struck me most about the shrine was how very little show had been made, considering the importance of the saint and the nearness of her shrine to Palermo. Italians think nothing of rearing magnificent buildings on the tops of mountains, and Monte Pellegrino, with its zigzag road, presents no insuperable difficulties to transporting materials. Indeed, magnificent marble is found on the mountain itself; the handsome panels in the ante-chapel, which you could imagine to be Oriental alabaster, are Pellegrino marble. I like it, however, all the better for being so simple.

There is a good space between the porch and the grotto, which is not even roofed over, though the frescoes are perishing from the damp of the sea-mists, which blow up with lightning rapidity over the mountain.

We did not stay there long, but hurried off past the Osteria, with its little pond and single olive tree, to the little chapel of the saint above mentioned. There is nothing particular to be seen there, and distance lends very much to its attractions as a temple.

THE VIEW FROM THE COASTGUARD STATION

Then we climbed up to the coastguards' station to please Witheridge, who may have suggested it from a notion that Stephana would go with him tête-à-tête, which she declined to do. But he also had the notion common to men of his kind that he had never done a place properly till he had been to its very top and very bottom. We went up there solely for the view, and certainly we were not disappointed; it was worth going up a few hundred feet to see the meeting of the mists, and the sunny, white-roaded, white-villa'd plain; to see the grey olives like so many little brooms in their gardens, and the dark squares of cypresses, or it might be ilexes, near the royal villa of the Favorita, which seemed to lie under our feet. The mountain itself was a sea of crags, which looked like white coral. We wondered more than ever where Hamilcar grew the wheat for a whole army on a place created to afford food and footing for

PALERMO GOATS

the wild goats. When the clouds lifted we found facing us inland a stormy sea of mountains like the Alps. Witheridge, who had the instincts of a boy, began jerking stones to see if he could throw clear of the mountain. Of course he could not, but the clatter of his missiles made three great eagles with golden bodies and black tips rise right at our feet. There was a beautiful grape-like bloom over the country inland.

One moment a bright sun may be shining overhead, and you can see for miles over valleys with the black shadows of tall mountains thrown across them, or far out to sea. The next minute a cold, white scud comes from nowhere, and either plays about the summit and rolls between you and the valleys, or wraps you up in a blanket through which you cannot see two yards. The day we took Stephana was absolutely clear, but the air was quite cool enough to make us afraid to sit down long.

SWINGING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

Monte Pellegrino looks like a sort of white coral Vesuvius. It is, as a matter of fact, white limestone. We got a fine view of the natural bastions of the mountain as we swung down the broad, flagged viaduct past the dear little Saracenesque watch-houses, and that dilapidated shrine with its bent railings, cracked side-columns, newspaper pictures, money-box, and marble tablets below.

And now the tinkle of kine and goats returning home from the city, just as Virgil described them, and the fast-lowering sun and the vesper bells reminded us that it was time to go home.

PALERMO GOATS

Most parts of Sicily have their particular breed of goats. The Palermo goats are pretty little creatures, with long horns, long white hair, and brown faces. The goats, even the very young kids, walk down on the walls of the viaduct, however narrow and steep. This is entirely in accord with the natural perversity of the goat. Wisely did S. John in his Revelation make them the emblem of

IN SICILY

the wicked, for goats are inherently wicked, and they leer so. I daresay that sheep are just as wicked in nature, but they are too stupid to show it.

Sometimes a goat would slip off one of these wonderful yellow zigzags on to the rocks below, but it always came down on its feet, and rejoined the goat-herd at the next place where the road came level with the rocks. Stephana wondered a good deal if a goat ever died a natural death.

"How do you mean?" I asked, because she seemed to include falling over the cliffs as among natural causes.

"Oh," she said, "I mean I wonder if they ever die without the help of a butcher's knife."

I said I thought they must eventually, because no one would kill an old goat for anything except out of a base spirit of revenge.

"Wrong; guess again," said Witheridge. "They use them everywhere for mats. I don't believe even a goat could survive being skinned."

Soon we were down on the sunny lower slopes again, where the lizards were sloughing amid a blaze of marigolds, asphodels, trefoil, Canterbury-bells, campions, bugloss, king-cups, celandines, and scarlet and purple and violet vetches. A few *cacciatori* marched down beside us, surly men in top-boots, who were cross at not being able to shoot any song-birds. They ought to have used lighter shot. The butterflies, at any rate, were not exhausted yet. But when the vesper bells began to be wafted across the plain, they invited us to be interested with quite a pleasant expression on their faces. The Church is still a humanising influence in Sicily.

GOETHE'S HOUSE

After we got back we went to see Goethe's house. When we asked our landlord how we should find it, he said that it was close to the shop where Crosse and Blackwell's agent sold English jam. This is, perhaps, as easy a description for finding it as any other, though you might add that it is near the shop where they sell the bad photo-

GOETHE'S HOUSE IN PALERMO

graphs, and the bookbinder's and the Porta Felice. It is on the right-hand side as you go down to the sea, and is labelled—

“Giovanni Volfango Goethe,
Durante il suo soggiorno a Palermo
Nel 1787,
Dimoro in Questa Casa,
Allora pubblico albergo.”

Nowadays it is a very ordinary, plaster-fronted, straight-balconied palace, but it has a little balustraded red marble stair, inside, which turns and goes up the whole length of the palace, the bottom stair touching the floor at one end of the building, and the top being flush with the very highest story at the other end. There is a landing at each story with the front door admitting to that story, so that this palace is apparently let out in whole stories. It is a very narrow staircase, walled in at the sides and roofed with plaster vaulting.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CATACOMBS OF THE CAPPUCCINI

ONE of the most extraordinary sights in Palermo is the Cappuccini Monastery, which lies off the road between the Porta Nuova and Monreale. It was built in 1553 by Fra Bernardo de Reggio, for a brotherhood of his order, and rebuilt in 1623 by the Admiral Ottavio D'Aragona, who wished to be buried there. The Normans had a chapel there dedicated to Nostra Signora della Pace. The galleries are very extensive, and filled with coffins and bones and mummies. Here, for more than two centuries, it was the fashion for the greatest people in Palermo to be mummified, but the present Government have forbidden its continuance. The galleries go underground, and are well lighted and ventilated. There is no smell, and I should say not the slightest unhealthiness.

A visit to the Cappuccini of Palermo is wonderfully picturesque and strange. The actual cemetery, if one may use such a term of vaults where the bodies are in full view, is far more extensive than the similar institution under the Barberini Chapel at Rome, and there is far more variety in the way in which the bodies are preserved and stacked. The Cappuccini Cemetery at Palermo is much the largest and best I have ever seen. Even before you enter the convent the picturesqueness begins.

OUTSIDE THE CONVENT

The exterior reminds you of the pictures of the convent of La Rabida, near Palos, where Columbus was nursed back to strength

ESTABLISHED 1880

7 SCHERMERHORN STREET.



Photo by J. J. Cooper

THE MUMMIES AT THE CAPPUCCINI

THE MUMMIES AT THE CAPPUCCINI

before he went forth to discover a new world. Its sun-scorched square ; its poor little loggia, with sellers of peasants' pottery and other humble wares, spread on the ground ; its shoals of beggars at the convent doors ; its generally parched semi-tropical surroundings—the hills are suggestive of the Arabian desert—all recall the primitive parts of Spain. A whole village full of people were congregated outside the yellow convent surrounded by groves of oranges and lemons. And a couple of flocks of goats were lying about. Most noticeable of all, perhaps, was a tall Palermo cistern of red stone, a splendid monolith, shaped almost like the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and covered with maidenhair. We were received by two monks in their brown Cappuccini robes in a most business-like manner, and at once conducted to the long, vaulted subterranean galleries, where the dead stand and lie.

WHAT THE MUMMIES ARE LIKE

The standing ones are the most striking, for they are perched on projecting brackets and labelled the Cardinal this, Donna that, Don so-and-so. Every one of them—penitents in the Cappuccini dress, Cardinals in their robes, grand ladies in satin and lace, nobles in their coronets—are bound hand and foot. Their mummified wrists are bound crossways with cords, and their feet are tied tightly together at the ankles. This is the traditional Cappuccini attitude. It is supposed to express humility, but it may serve also to keep the bodies in position. It is a strange commentary on the vanity of human greatness that the proudest nobles and beauties, the greatest churchmen, should in their long sleep be exposed in bonds to the curiosity of the humblest sight-seers—even sight-seers of alien faiths, for whom the spectacle has no religious glamour or dignity. On each side of the galleries are rows of coffin-shaped niches, some of them open, some wired in front, some glazed in front. These niches are occupied by all sorts, from tiny babies in lace to penitents arrayed only in hair shirts like hermits. One lady's body even has its spectacles. The bodies are likewise in all sorts of conditions ; some mummies have dried almost exactly as they must have looked in their old days when

IN SICILY

alive; in some the skin has shrivelled to the bone; in some cases only bones are left, and plenty of the bones are loose. Some of the well-preserved faces have dried into comical expressions—some into fierce. Few of the dried-up faces are expressionless. There are plenty of coffins—some transparent, some not, some like antique sarcophagi, some like mere travelling-trunks. It is, of course, a gruesome spectacle, but to me more interesting than gruesome. The mummies do not really look half so shocking as might have been expected.

THE EXPLANATION OF THE CUSTOM

“What is the explanation of it all?” Stephana asked me, and I tried to ask the monks; but our two could only talk Sicilian, so we got very little information out of them.

“The explanation they gave me at the Barberini Chapel,” I said, “was that somebody had brought over a small shipload of holy earth from Jerusalem, and that after people had attained their salvation by being buried such and such a time in this sanctified earth, they were taken up to make room for others.” But I have not been able to find any mention of the fact in the local guide-books published at Palermo. A Veronese poet, Ippolito Pindemonte, after whom the road in which the convent stands is named, wrote a well-known poem on the subject. It is difficult without seeing the vaults of the Cappuccini to picture to yourself the effect of these lofty vaulted subterranean galleries, with their long rows of bound mummies, and bodies lying in niches, and antique mortuary chests, and loose human bones. The bottom row of mummies, who are propped up with their lower half concealed by the piles of chests and coffins, stand as close as a line of infantry, with every conceivable expression upon their mummified faces, and each bearing a card like a blind man hung round its neck. They are dressed mostly in the robes of the brotherhood. The cards set forth their names and dignities. The top row stands in twos and threes and fours, on ledges like capitals of columns at the springs of the vaults, which are divided from each other by about a dozen niches ranged in two vertical rows.

EXPLANATION OF THE CAPPUCCINI MUMMIES

One wonders if strangers were admitted in the days when the great of the land were still accustomed to be buried in these vaults, or whether beauties and nobles and cardinals were in blissful ignorance that the public eye would dwell on them, as they stand holding out their poor bound hands so pathetically, prisoners in the house of death.

The vaults of the Cappuccini certainly form one of the most marvellous sights of Palermo.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE MUSEUM

AFTER we had paid sufficient attention to the Cappuccini we went on to the museum. It was Sunday, and on Sundays and holidays you get off paying the franc per head entrance fee.

THE CLOISTERS OF THE MUSEUM

The museum at Palermo occupies the convent of the Oratory of the Filippini adjoining the Church of the Olivella. It was erected in the eighteenth century by Marvuglia, and does him great credit, for it contains two of the most beautiful cloisters in Sicily. Both have delightful fountains, one of which has a Triton blowing his shell for its centre-piece, and the other a tall cluster of papyrus, while its low rim is ornamented with little amorini in the Pompeian style. The second cloister has its centre taken up with a garden of rich semi-tropical foliage, but both are surrounded with rare and exquisite marbles brought from all parts of Sicily to enrich the museum. I could sit all the afternoon in either cortile, doing nothing but taking in the beauty of these marbles and the *tout ensemble*. I know nothing so charming as them in any museum. Both the conception and execution of the idea of making these cortili a combination of open-air museum and sub-tropical garden are due to the good taste of Professor Salinas, the accomplished Director of the Museum, who has made it one of the best in Italy.

THE SELINUNTE METOPES

The museum in Palermo is especially rich, as it should be, in the remains of old Sicily—Greek, Phœnician, and Siculan, Greek above



THE OUTER CLOISTER OF THE MUSEUM (FOR THE INNER CLOISTER, SEE PAGE 15)

THE SELINUNTE METOPES IN THE MUSEUM

all, though the aboriginal Sicilian races had great skill in pottery. The *chefs d'œuvre* are undoubtedly the splendid metopes brought from Selinunte, some of which are, after those of the Parthenon, the most beautiful known, and others are very much older than the metopes of the Parthenon—indeed, than any Greek sculpture except the famous lions over the gate at Mycenæ. There are ten altogether, three of which were discovered by two English architects named Harris and Angell in 1823. The subjects are a quadriga with its four horses facing you; Perseus slaying Medusa; and Hercules carrying off Candalus and Atlas suspended from his bow by their knees and ankles. These are all very archaic in style. In IV. and V., which are much less perfect, a goddess is overcoming a warrior. No. VI., which represents Hercules about to slay Hippolyta, belongs to a much later period. The faces are quite beautiful, and as Murray says, the action is very truthful and spirited, and the drawing correct. The two next, the Jupiter and Semele and the Diana and Actæon, are even more beautiful—so beautiful that they almost touch the highest point of Greek art. And the attitudes in the ninth metope, which represents Minerva overcoming Mars, are very correct. The tenth metope is believed to represent Apollo in the pursuit of Daphne. The



Photo by Professor Salinas.

THE METOPE OF THE SPHINX UNEARTHED BY PROF. SALINAS.
AT SELINUNTE

IN SICILY

last four were discovered by the late Duke of Serradifalco in 1831. In the most beautiful metopes the flesh of the women is represented by an inlay of white marble. The Diana is exquisitely beautiful, and altogether to the students of sculpture these metopes alone would justify the long journey to Palermo, while the polychrome terra-cotta fragments of Selinunte temples are unique. Ranged up the centre

are three magnificent metopes, only not so fine as the finest, the Rape of Europa, the Sphinx, and one that has not been satisfactorily deciphered, unearthed by Professor Salinas near the north wall of the Acropolis at Selinunte.

OTHER OBJECTS OF INTEREST

The museum also contains on its ground floor a good many works by Antonio Gagini, one of the finest Italian sculptors. If his work is a little florid it is hardly excelled by any sculptors since the revival of sculpture in the Middle Ages.

Here too are one or two notable specimens of Phœnician sculpture, especially one sarcophagus lid, and a cast of a capital at Selinunte.



Photo by Semmer.

A MADONNA BY GAGINI

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE MUSEUM

Other objects of interest on the ground floor, pointed out by Professor Salinas (the Director of the Museum) himself, in the little guide he prepared for the visit of the British International Association of Journalists, may be summarised as follows :—

In the *First Cortile*.—Mediæval sculptures : the little ivy-covered iron cross, erected in memory of the French who fell in the Sicilian Vespers, in the Piazza Croce dei Vespri.

In the *Salle de St. Georges*, which leads off this cortile down a few steps, the altar of St. George, by Gagini ; the altar of St. Louis, which formed the frame of Raphael's Spasimo ; a copy of a capital at Cefalu.

In the *Salle des Voitures*.—The ancient state carriages of the Senate of Palermo.

In the *Second Cortile*.—Inscriptions, sculptures, and classical sarcophagi.

On the right at the bottom, Nos. 797 and 773, a dancer and a young man, Greek bas-reliefs.

In front, a seated statue of Jupiter from Solunto.

On the left wall, paintings from Solunto ; a Phœnician inscription from Lilybæum (Marsala).

In the *Salle de Palerme*.—The mosaic of Orpheus charming the animals, found in the Piazza Vittoria.

In the Passage.—Phœnician sarcophagi and a plaque in terra-cotta, with a Latin inscription to serve for a sulphur stamp.

In the *Salle du Faune*.—Gargoyles from a temple at Himera.

ON THE FIRST FLOOR. In the *Salle Serradifalco*.—Pictures ; sculptures ; Urbino faïence, bequeathed by the Duchess of Serradifalco ; grand Hispano-moresque vase, four feet high, from Mazzara (the celebrated Mazzara vase).

In the *Salle de Serpotta*.—Stuccos from the church of the Stimate, by Serpotta. Some of the female figures are delightfully pretty. Objects in bronze ; ancient weapons.

In the *South Corridor*.—Sicilian majolica of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries ; faïence of Faenza, Pesaro, the Abruzzi, etc. ; Madonna by Luca della Robbia.

IN SICILY

In the *Salle des Bronzes*.—One of the antique bronze rams which formerly stood over the entrance to the Castle of Maniace at Syracuse;

Hercules and the hind.

In the *Salle de la Céramique Grecque*.—Vases from Girgenti, Gela; a Greek cup with a marine plant twining round it.

In the Passage.—Etruscan pottery from Chiusi.

In the *North Corridor*.—Sicilian terra-cottas. In the Solunto glass-case, painted and gilt statuettes; pre-Hellenic antiquities from the environs of Palermo.

In the *Cabinet de Numismatique*. First chamber on the left.—Choice Sicilian coins, ancient and modern; goldsmiths' work; enamels; objects in coral from Trapani; a magnificent cruci-



Photo by Alinari.

A MADONNA BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA

fix of amethyst set in ormoulu, six feet long, with an ivory Christ three feet long. In the second chamber.—Embroideries; harness of the horse of the Viceroy Marquis de Villena (1609).

In the *West Corridor*.—Objects in hammered iron. A very interesting chapel with antique fittings. The walls are of mirror, with the old Sicilian tortoise-shell frames. Another feature is the glorious fifteenth-century triptych of carved and painted wood, almost as lovely as the (uncoloured) pulpit of Nieuport in Belgium.

In the *Salle Arabe*, on the left.—An Arab gate; copies of the ceiling in the Cappella Palatina, and of a niche at the Cuba; decora-



APHRODITE (LARNACA)

British Museum, C. 80

Closely resembling the archaic Aphrodites found at Girgenti and Selinunte

From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

IN SICILY

tions in painted wood. In this chamber are exhibited, provisionally, the objects found in the excavations executed at Selinunte in 1898 (more than 5,000 pieces), in the temple enclosed near the river. This was the most important find ever made in one place of Greek terra-cottas. They are not so interesting or so elegant in form as the celebrated Tanagra figurines of the third and fourth centuries B.C., but they belong to a much earlier period, and are distinguished by the wonderful beauty of the faces, all of which seem to be inspired by one lovely woman's face, with nose and chin the perfection of modelling. It is a notable fact that nearly all of them are female. I am not sure that a single male figure was discovered, and the heads, perfect many of them, far outnumber all the other parts of the figures, due, in Professor Salinas's opinion, to the fact that the heads were cast solid, and therefore less perishable. Many of the more archaic figures are represented as seated, the chairs and figures being rudely conventionalised. There is one beautiful creature of a later period who looks for all the world as if she was wearing stays and a modern ball dress. She has a regular English ballroom smile on her face. The faces, which are of the low-foreheaded, classical type, are more beautiful if you look at them sideways. Their profiles and chins are so absolute. Quantities of lamps also were found. Many of the figures show traces of colour.

There is another room down in the basement full of terra-cottas found some years earlier, which exhibit much more variety, and though there is no proper catalogue, the student who wishes to understand Greek terra-cotta statuettes of the finest early period can nowhere find a collection of equal value. There are only six or eight Sicilian pieces of this period in the British Museum itself. I liked that collection, because it showed me that far from there being any probability that the various little terra-cotta objects I bought at Girgenti were imitations, there are such quantities of them that they might have been used for manure.

Besides the ancient pottery there is a very fine collection of Sicilian pottery of the last four centuries and a quantity of interesting relics of the Sicilian Arabs. Among the most interesting Sicilian pottery is



THE POETESS CORINNA (TANAGRA)

British Museum, C. 25

Showing how very modern as well as exquisitely beautiful these statuettes sometimes are
From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seaby & Co.

IN SICILY

the collection of salt-cellars and so on made of *Caltagirone* majolica, and, above all, the collection of tiles which were formerly to be found by the top right-hand corner of the door of every religious house. They are framed like pictures, but without glass. The visitor anxious to have a hobby in Sicily should study them in the Museum, and then start collecting for himself. Door-tiles (*Mattoni*), antique picture-frames covered with a veneer of tortoise-shell, and old enamels (*Smalti*) are among the specialities collected by the Palermitan gentry.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR.—On the left, pictures by the Byzantine school.

On the right in the *West Corridor* are ancient Sicilian pictures.

In the side halls are pictures of the modern Sicilian school.

In the *South Corridor*.—Sicilian pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In the *Salle de Vincenzo de Pavia*.—A collection of pictures by this artist.

In the *Cabinet Malvagna*.—A Flemish triptych given by the Prince Malvagna—formerly attributed to Van Eyck and now considered to be by Mabuse.

In the *Salle de Pietro Novelli*.—Pictures by that artist.

In the *Salle des Boisseries*.—Wood carvings, chiefly ecclesiastical, and a model in wood of the great temple of Selinunte.

In the *Quadreria Gallo*.—Pictures bequeathed by the late Signor Agostino Gallo.

In the *North Corridor*.—Pictures of the Neapolitan school; collection of ancient frames.

In the *Salles des Écoles Diverses*.—On the left, in the halls off the side of the North Corridor are ancient Sicilian frescoes and engravings, and coloured pictures of the mosaics of Monreale.

The collection of mosaics and vases and coins is, as might have been expected, very fine. The pictures are more interesting than beautiful, most of them. Painting never flourished very greatly on Sicilian soil, but there is a charming fresco by Tomaso de Virgilia, and the Mabuse is one of the finest Flemish pictures extant. Murray says it is by "Van Eyck (also attributed to Memling and

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,

Schermerhorn Street Branch,

67 SCHERMERHORN STREET.

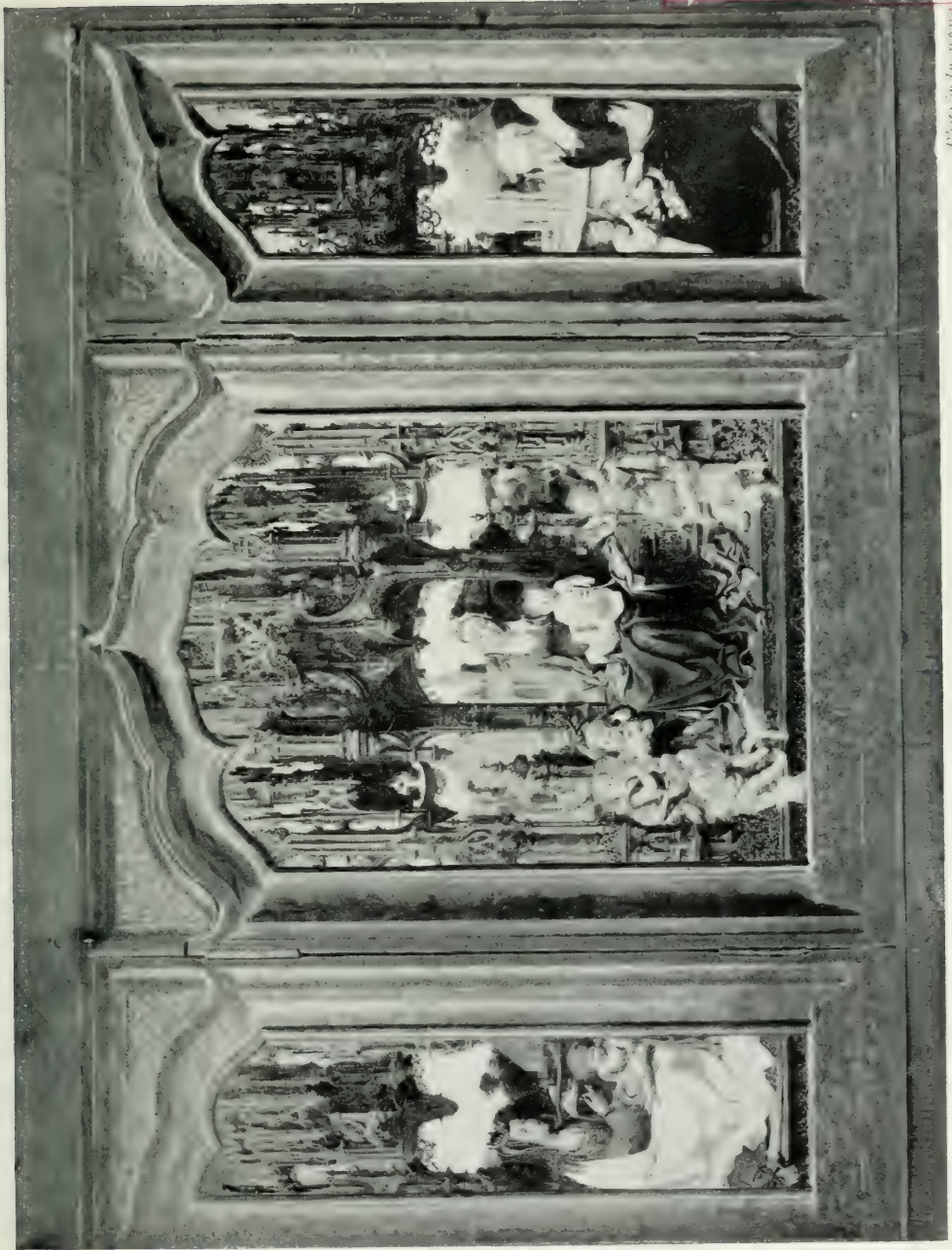


Photo by Lucerne

THE PALERMO MARUSE (ALSO ATTRIBUTED TO J. VAN EYCK AND MEMLING)

PROFESSOR SALINAS AND THE MUSEUM

Gerhard David); Virgin and Child, with six angels; on the wings, SS. Catherine and Dorothy, each attended by an angel boy. This is in all respects one of the most beautiful and highly-finished paintings of the Flemish school. In the background is an exquisite landscape. The picture may be turned round, when a fine group of Adam and Eve will be seen on the outside of the wings."

ON THE THIRD FLOOR.—In the *Corridor*, historical curiosities, portraits, and engravings and tracings.

In the *Hall*, at sides, an ancient Sicilian bed; souvenirs of the Revolution of 1848; Sicilian costumes; costumes of the Albanians in Sicily; modern Sicilian earthenware.

At the bottom, souvenirs of the reign of Ferdinand I. and Francis I.; tunny fishing at Solunto; portrait of Admiral Frederick Gravina; and in the last portion souvenirs of the Revolution of 1860.

In the *Halls* to the left, the car for the Festival of S. Rosalia; view of the monuments of Palermo; plans of the town at different epochs, and a view of the cathedral before the restoration.

Many of the most interesting things in the Museum have been presented by the Director, Professor Salinas; the impress of his charming taste is everywhere, as, for instance, in the Pompeian Room, prepared by him to receive the ancient bronzes like the Syracusan ram.

There are, of course, many other objects of great value and beauty beside those I have mentioned; there are, for instance, some antique and very perfect Greek statues. One of the charms of the museum at Palermo is that it does not contain too much, and that what there is receives plenty of space. There are few museums which I have enjoyed more, and those windows which do not look out on its own beautiful cloisters look out on the ancient lemon groves of the Palazzo Monteleone. I could fill a whole book with its contents, but have purposely only given the brief résumé drawn up by Professor Salinas himself.

CHAPTER L.

THE GARDENS OF PALERMO

THERE may not be quite so many palm trees in Palermo as in certain places on the Italian and French Riviera—Bordighera, for instance, or even Nice—but I know of no place in Europe where the eye meets richer sub-tropical effects. In the city itself, gardens of any size are very much the exception, even the King's Palace has quite a limited back-yard. But there are a dozen or more so beautiful that if you have a room, as has been our lot, overlooking one of them, you feel as if you could sit and watch it all day.

GARDENS OF THE VILLA TASCA, VILLA SOFIA, AND MALFITANO

After the Botanical Gardens, the garden which has most reputé at Palermo for the rarity of its trees and shrubs is the Villa Sofia, belonging to Mr. Robert Whitaker, which lies almost under the shadow of Monte Pellegrino. The most popular garden is the Villa Tasca, which is laid out almost like a public garden with a fine showy taste in landscape gardening. It is better than any of the public gardens in the city from the decorative point of view.

The most beautiful modern garden, where groups of palm trees are adapted to smooth English lawns, and dank, unwholesome shade is altogether abolished, is Mr. Joseph Whitaker's garden at Malfitano. Most English country gentlemen would prefer it to any garden in the city.

THE PUBLIC, DE GREGORIO, MONTELEONE, AND EREMITI GARDENS

There are three public gardens in Palermo besides the Botanical Gardens, namely, the Giardino Inglesi, the Flora, or Villa Giulia,



Photo by G. G. G. G.

MR. JOSUA WHITAKER'S VENETIAN PALACE IN THE VIA CAUOUR AND VIA BARA
Cardinal Newman describes a visit he paid to the older part at the back.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE GARDENS

and the Giardino Garibaldi. The two first are walks for the citizens, interspersed with the luxuriant flowers and shrubs so easily raised in Sicily, the last is a garden of choice and very large palms in the centre of the Piazza Marina.

There are many old palms in the garden of the Hotel des Palmes, which was once the residence of Mr. Ingham of Marsala, and there are several other gardens in the vicinity which are masses of sub-tropical foliage, but they belong to private individuals of no particular note.

Some of the palaces of the nobles have lemon groves attached to them. There are sixty acres of lemon groves, for instance, besides a dear old garden, attached to the palace, formerly the villa, of the Marquis de Gregorio, and two or three acres enclosed in the huge Monteleone Palace in the heart of the city. It may be remembered that exporting lemons is one of the principal industries of Palermo and that many of the nobles derive a large part of their income from lemon-growing. Mention should be made of the dear little bit of garden in the cloister of the Eremiti.

THE GARDENS OF MR. JOSHUA WHITAKER

I have purposely left Mr. Joshua Whitaker's garden, the Villa Sperlunga, until the last. It consists partly of an old orange and lemon grove, partly of a beautifully-laid-out modern garden, with fine tennis courts. Until the opening of the Sports Club, the Villa Sperlunga was the only focus of lawn-tennis at Palermo. It differs from a garden like Mr. Florio's, in that it is a villa in the Italian sense only. It contains no residence. The Italian term "villa" does not imply a residence, but only grounds. Mr. Whitaker's grounds are a mile or two away from his house, like so many of the gardens in Holland. The modern garden, which was nothing but bare land with a few olive trees and rows of prickly-pears up to ten years ago, is a fair example of how quickly a garden can be formed in a semi-tropical climate like that of Sicily, where vegetation is so rapid and continuous that plants appear to grow almost miraculously.

I do not by this mean to imply that he has no ground round the

IN SICILY

noble Venetian palace, built for him, between the Via Cavour and the Via Bara; he has, on the contrary, beautiful lawns interspersed with noble palms and bananas. But Mrs. Whitaker exercises her garden hospitalities not at her palace, but at the Villa Sperlunga.

No. 1, Via Bara was the town residence of the late Mr. Whitaker, and in it were born nearly all the members of the present generation of this family. It was previously the residence of Mr. Whitaker's uncle, Mr. Benjamin Ingham, senior, who was one of the most prominent business men of Palermo in the beginning of the century, and here, as Cardinal Newman himself tells us in his diary, Mr. Ingham entertained him when he visited Palermo as a young man in 1833. He was especially noted for his knowledge of jurisprudence, and it is said that King Ferdinand II. (*Re Bomba*) often turned to him for advice in the troublous times of his reign; and for his merits in developing the commerce of the island conferred on him the highly esteemed order of *San Ferdinando e del merito*. British ships of war were frequent, indeed almost constant, visitors to Palermo waters during the first sixty years of the nineteenth century, and as Mr. Whitaker's house was always a hospitable one, the British naval uniform was well known in its drawing-room. On the stairway is an antique painting, by an unknown author, of the Virgin Mary, which has considerable merit, and has long been an object of interest to *cognoscenti* and amateurs alike.

The old house was considerably enlarged and beautified by its new owner, Mr. Joshua Whitaker, who built the present handsome palazzo in the Venetian style, with its façade and entrance on the Via Cavour, one of the finest streets of Palermo, where most of the modern streets are fine and all are clean; Palermo is one of the cleanest of towns.

Mr. Ingham was a well-known member of Palermitan society in the first half of the century, and was the personal friend of more than one of the Bourbon Viceroys of his day. He married a Sicilian lady belonging to one of the oldest noble families in the island—Alessandra, Duchess of Santa Rosalia—but he had no issue. He was a large landowner, and four of his Sicilian estates, two in the province of Caltanissetta, and two in the province of Girgenti, are now owned by

MR. JOSEPH WHITAKER'S GARDEN

his great-great-nephew, Mr. G. Cecil Whitaker. The old Palazzo Ingham is owned by another great-great-nephew, Mr. W. Ingham, who is also Baron Ingham Whitaker in the kingdom of Italy.

THE GARDEN OF MR. JOSEPH WHITAKER

Mr. Joseph Whitaker's garden, on the other hand, lies all round the handsome Italian classic house, known as Malfitano, in the Via Lolli, built by himself. It is so skilfully laid out, or rather, perhaps I should say, the site is so skilfully chosen, that the noble mountains which ring Palermo seem to come down to the edges of his garden



MR. JOSEPH WHITAKER'S VILLA "MALFITANO"

all round. Here, too, are to be found shrubs as rare as any in the city; but since Mr. Whitaker laid out his garden himself, they are not so old or large as some of the specimens in Mr. Robert Whitaker's garden at the Villa Sofia, which belonged to their father. It is not easy to imagine a more delightful garden than Mr. Joseph Whitaker's except, perhaps, one or two round Posilippo, which run right down to the sea. For from its broad expanses of smooth English turf spring the choicest palms and yuccas, disposed with admirable taste from the landscape point of view. Mr. Joseph Whitaker has a wall perhaps not less than a dozen feet high, and a good many feet long, covered with thousands of roses; the trees are in bloom nearly

IN SICILY

all the year round, and the blossoms completely conceal the wall; I have never seen such a wall of roses. It is not easy to forget the sunny, palm-feathered expanses sloping gently from the noble villa, as it seems, to the bases of the mountains under the deep Sicilian sky. Within the grounds is a pretty little building, containing a private Natural History Museum, in which is a particularly fine collection of birds, formed by Mr. Whitaker, who is a well-known ornithologist and sportsman. Here may also be seen some splendid specimens of heads of deer, antelopes, and other trophies of the chase.

Mr. Whitaker keeps in railed enclosures several fine red deer, of which the older ones are from La Mandria in Piedmont, formerly a royal preserve, and now the property of the Marchese Medici del Vascello, nephew of the General Medici already mentioned, who married a cousin of Mr. Whitaker; the younger deer were born in captivity at Malitano. These deer are very large, and some of them carry magnificent heads, which is due to their strain of Wapiti blood, the late King Victor Emmanuel II. having imported several Wapiti to La Mandria, his favourite hunting seat.

In the lake are numerous blue water-hens (*Porphyrio caruleus*), which have also bred here in captivity, a thing which is said to be rare of this handsomely-plumaged water-fowl.

The name Malitano recalls the fact that Amalfi, the Genoa of the twelfth century, was one of the Continental possessions of the Norman kings of Sicily, and supplied them with their magnificent navy. It had its rich settlement in Palermo, as Genoa and Venice had later, situated near the church of S. Andrea, not improbably in the ancient street now known as the Argenteria.

THE VILLA SOFIA, THE GARDEN OF MR. ROBERT WHITAKER

At the Villa Sofia, as at the Villa Florio, the trees have grown so large as to make the place a little dark. Their creators very likely aimed at this. In hot places like Sicily and Italy the sun is a carefully-watched enemy. It is against his invasions that every building is designed; it is only after he has gone down in the sky that the ladies think of their afternoon drive.



Photo by Incorporated.

MR. ROBERT WHITAKER'S VILLA SOFIA

THE VILLA SOFIA

The villa is situated about three miles from Palermo, near La Favorita, the royal park of Ferdinand I., who built the Chinese-looking château as a shooting-box. It was here that the King took refuge in 1813, when Lord William Bentinck surrounded the place with British cavalry, and obliged the King to restore a constitutional Parliament to Sicily, on pain of being shipped off to England together with his Queen, Maria Caroline.

The plain of Palermo is dotted with numerous villas, which served the more wealthy Sicilians for the "*villeggiatura*" which it was, and still is, the custom to make in the spring and autumn for about six or eight weeks. A quarter of a century ago any place three miles from Palermo was looked on as being quite in the country, and a visit to it in the light of an expedition. Now the neighbourhood of La Favorita is one of the suburbs of Palermo. The Villa Sofia was the country house of the late Mr. Whitaker before the era of railways and steamers, when a visit to England took three weeks' constant travelling by coach from Naples, and even the getting to Naples had to be taken into consideration; indeed, it is related of Mr. Whitaker that on one occasion when he was intending to go to England, the sailing vessel on which he had taken passage for Naples, owing to want of favourable wind actually returned to Palermo after nineteen days out, with no water and little food left, and that he gave up his journey for that year. It will readily be understood that a visit to England under these circumstances was not a yearly occurrence, and a six-monthly "*villeggiatura*" was very acceptable. Nowadays travelling is so easy that most of those who can afford it leave Palermo in the summer and refresh themselves with the more bracing air of North Italy, Switzerland, or England. The fine collections of palms, ferns, orchids, anthuriums, and other exotic plants, are open to the public on Mondays and Fridays.

THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA TASCA

The tourist loves the garden of the Villa Tasca better than any other, for it has its little white temple perched on the wall which commands a view of Monreale, and a large pond, quite a lake, a

IN SICILY

few inches deep, made with a stucco bottom and sides. In this a quantity of rare shrubs and trees are reflected, giant agaves and

magnificent cypresses being conspicuous amongst them. The lake is guarded by swans—I say guarded, because sometimes they are so fierce that mere humans are not allowed to approach its stucco rim.

There is an island on it, planted with tall yuccas, which look for all the world like clusters of palms. Stephana dragged me up to see it in breathless excitement, and when she was driven off by the swans hauled us up into the little temple on the wall. I was not sorry; the view across the lemon groves of the Conca d'Oro and Monreale was so lovely that day, for



Photoly Incorpora.

THE LAKE AND TEMPLE AT COUNT TASCA'S VILLA

the sirocco hung over the hills, like the Lenten veil in the churches, and the sun shone out from below it, like the lights on their altars. Count Tasca has, like Mr. Joseph Whitaker, the rare palms with the trunks, which remind you of Diana of the Ephesians. His best specimen has no less than five of these trunks.

THE LUXURIANCE OF THE VILLA TASCA GARDEN

The thing I liked best about his garden was, I think, the utter luxuriance with which it was allowed to grow in places. One little hill was covered with aloes with thorny tentacles like gigantic octopods. Wild flowers were allowed to grow everywhere, the yuccas

THE GARDENS OF THE CUBOLA

and agaves were in flower; more than one agave flower stem must have been fully thirty feet high, covered with a great beehive of yellowy white blossoms; the bright yellow, musk-like flowers of the Sicilian weed were everywhere; the camellias were raining their red petals on the grass, as we had so often seen them in Japan; the grass trees had sent up their tall spikes of white blossom; a species of plum was covered with masses of purple blossoms; and the borders were often deep cushions of ivy and forget-me-not.

THE GARDENS OF THE CUBOLA AND THE EREMITI

As we drove back we had a most gorgeous view of the palace and the cathedral. They have a

very Saracen effect in the distance. The suburbs of Palermo are not lovely; they have been built without the wise attention to making one house lend shade to another, which is characteristic of the old streets. A wide street in Sicily means dust and glare. It was pleasant to draw up for a few minutes at the gates of the cool old lemon groves where the Cubola spans with its elegant Saracen arches a green alley.

The sight of that old Moorish garden-house in that old garden was one of my special pleasures in Palermo.

The garden in the ruined cloister at the Eremiti is singularly



Photo by Crupi.

ALOE AND AGAVES AT COUNT TASCA'S VILLA

IN SICILY

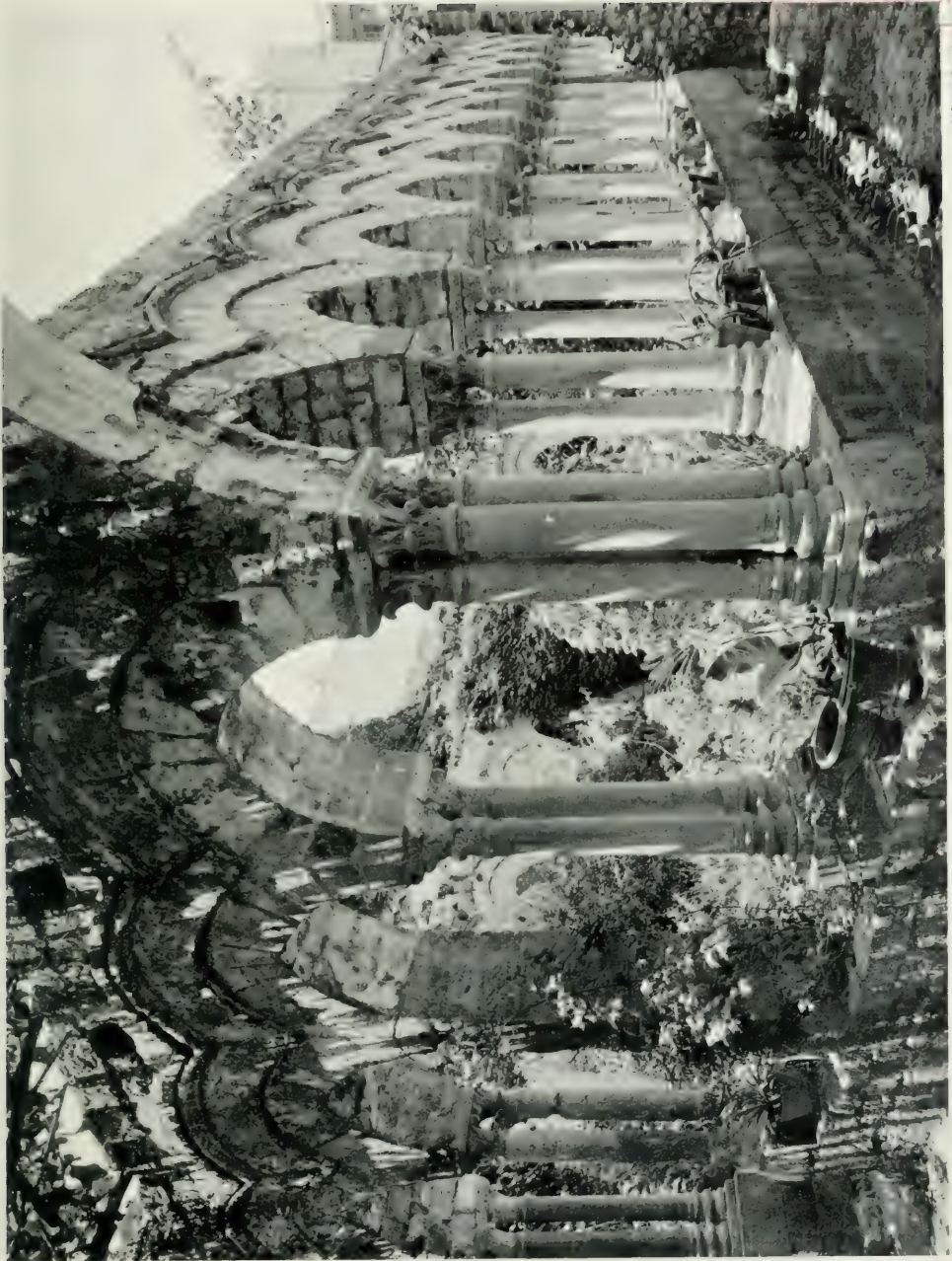
beautiful, though its value lies not in its flowers or shrubs, but the way in which they climb in Southern prodigality over the exquisite ruins.

Quite close to this are the gardens of the Duc d'Orléans, called by the French the Palais d'Orléans, which is laid out in a hollow once filled by the sea.

His palace is just at the back of the royal palace, outside the Porta Mazzara. It was presented to Louis Philippe in his exile by the Bourbon family of the Two Sicilies, who were so soon to be exiles themselves. And Louis Philippe lived there. It afterwards descended to the Duc d'Aumale, who spent a few weeks of every year there, and at the Duke's death passed to the Duc d'Orléans. Although the local guide-book calls the palace vast and sumptuous, it is, as a palace, not very vast and sumptuous according to our ideas. It is a long, plain building, nothing like as large as most of the nobles' palaces in Palermo; its stucco is washed yellow at the front and white at the back, and the front is right on the huge, arid, squalid Piazza d'Indipendenza. But its whitewashed back has, with its dark green lattices, a very cool effect, and looks upon an incomparable garden of I do not know how many acres. The Palermitans call it the Parc d'Aumale, and it might justly be called a park if it were not that every hectare of it is taken up with rich Southern products.

Perhaps the most striking, even the most beautiful part of it is the Fossa della Garofola, the deep cavity, half a mile or more long, surrounded by tall sea-eaten cliffs smothered with creepers. The whole of its bottom, except where a path bordered with rare palms runs along on the side immediately under the palace, is covered with a splendid orange grove whose trees are of the right height, with foliage of the right shape, and dark glossy trunks. Such a grove has the beauty of Sandro Botticelli's famous picture of spring—the "Prima Vera"—for the orange trunk at its best is marvellously symmetrical and beautiful, and this grove, like Botticelli's, shows not a speck of earth underneath, but only a rich soft carpet of vegetation, the carpet here being of the "Sicilian weed," the trifoglio which has leaves of such an exquisite apple-green, and rich primrose-hued

Photo by George



THE GARDEN IN THE CLOISTER OF THE EREMITI

THE GARDEN OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS

flowers of the size and shape of our gigantic musk. Once upon a time the sea came up to its very head, a mile or two from the present bay, just as on the other side of the Hog's Back, occupied by the palace, the cathedral, and the ancient Saracen street, which is now called the Corso, the sea flowed up past the cathedral to the spot still known as the Papireto—the papyrus marsh. The sea hollows are quite easily traceable on both sides by lines of low-lying streets, such as the Piazza Nuova, occupied by the malodorous but wonderfully picturesque market of Palermo. It was these two safe narrow harbours, running a mile or more inland, which gave Palermo its ancient Greek name of Panormus, the "All haven." It was very nice of the Greeks to give it a name, considering that it was one of the few places in Sicily which never belonged to them even for an hour. It passed straight from the hands of the Phœnicians to those of the Romans.

But to return to the garden of the Duc d'Orléans. Across the deep-sunk, Botticelli-like orange grove you see a long line of noble palms and yuccas, backed by noble stone pines, backed in turn by the mountains of the Conca d'Oro. You take the mossy path between the orange trees, which as I write are laden with perfumed blossom as well as masses of golden fruit. The air is sweeter than anything you have ever dreamt of. You are quite sorry when your path brings you to the old worn steps, cut in the sea-rocks, which lead you up to the finest palm garden, carpeted, like the orange grove, with a thick tangle of that primrose-blossomed trifoglio. Behind this is a ring of tall dark cypresses surrounding a monument; behind that a superb yucca, from which you follow an oleander hedge to where, between a tall Aleppo pine and a Judas tree, blazing with royal purple blossom, you come upon a double seat of marble of the elegant antique shape familiar to all who have visited Rome. This seat commands a view, across the orange groves of the Fossa, of the city and cathedral of Monreale, and the ancient castle of Monte Reale on the mountain above, and the triple peak of Monte Cuccio, almost as beautiful a view as Europe has to show. Even this does not exhaust the beauties of that incomparable garden, for if you wander on, between groves of

IN SICILY

orange trees in flower to the right and left, as far as you can see, you come upon the most beautiful avenue I ever saw, which, instead of running between trees, runs for a couple of hundred yards between two long lines of Devonshire roses about eight feet high, espaliered so deftly that the festoons are never broken, except half-way, where they are suspended for a few yards to make room for a deep stone fountain filled with waving papyrus. The clusters of little roses, hanging like cherries from these festooned espaliers, is a sight never to be forgotten. This avenue leads to another avenue, about half a mile long, of acacia trees, trained with the regularity of the Lime Walk at Trinity, Oxford. And nearly every walk in the entire garden has a low border of the rich double crimson Sicilian wild rose, which has ever more than a due proportion of bronze and ruddy leaves when its small dark foliage is young. At the back of everything you find yourself looking out on the Conca d'Oro, whose bed of lemon groves is crowned with such a noble rim of mountains. This view reminds you that the Duc's garden is in itself the very epitome of the Conca d'Oro, the very epitome of all the ancient garden groves which poets have sung and painters have painted in Italy, since the days of Boccaccio.

I have now described the principal gardens of Palermo except the Flora and the Giardino Inglese, alluded to above, and the Botanical Gardens, and the Giardino Garibaldi in the Piazza Marina, which has the finest palm trees in the kingdom of Italy.

THE GIARDINO INGLESE

The better-class Palermitans do not think of the Giardino Inglese except as a place to drive past, and as occupying a good neighbourhood for villas; but it is laid out with considerable taste by varying its elevations, and on Sunday or a holiday its paths of hard, white loam are crowded with uninteresting people, just the sort of people who go to hear a band in a public garden. The trading classes in Sicily, directly they get at all prosperous, are desperately uninteresting,—only provincial Italians; but then lower-class prosperity always is uninteresting. The garden is filled with masses of flowering shrubs. Its most

THE GIARDINO INGLESE

conspicuous features are its scarlet-blossomed coral trees and magenta-blossomed Judas trees, and a fine white bougainvillea, which smothers an engine-house. It has fountains, of course, and the inevitable cypera and papyrus. No garden in Sicily is of any account which has not a bit of a pool and some papyrus. The Sicilians are bursting with pride over the papyrus.

THE VILLAS ROUND THE GIARDINO INGLESE

There are some delightful modern villas out near the Giardino Inglese. It is very clever, the way in which they use the old Saracen type of window, minus its central shaft, for the ordinary French window panes by filling the arch with an ornamental slab of stone. This window is at once characteristic and convenient. I do not know from what exactly the Giardino Inglese takes its name, but the English were in occupation at Palermo for a good many years.

THE NAME "VILLA GIULIA"

The Flora, called also the Villa Giulia, is right at the other end of Palermo, just outside the city walls, between the Ferrovia (the railway station) and the sea. When Witheridge discovered that the Villa Giulia was not what he called a villa at all, but only the



Photo by Crupi.

PALM AVENUE IN THE GIARDINO INGLESE AT PALERMO

IN SICILY

Kensington Gardens of Palermo, he said that the worst thing he had against the Sicilians was that they had such silly names. I felt quite sorry for him when I had to explain that it was opposite the Baucino Palace, which he pronounced as if it had been spelt Bow-sheeno, and on the site of the Chiaramonte Villa, which he could not pronounce at all; he just called it *Key-arrow* for short. I told him that it took its name from Donna Giulia Guevara, wife of the Viceroy Marcantonio Colonna, who founded the garden in 1777. He said that if he could not rake up a better name than that he would give it up. It was called the Villa Reale when Newman (afterwards Cardinal) spent so much of his day there.

THE FLORA, OR VILLA GIULIA

It really is a wonderfully beautiful garden, and was much admired, as the Sicilian guide-book says, by the poets Goethe and Meli. It has an avenue of the gorgeous-flowered Judas trees and clumps of splendid bamboos, perhaps four inches in diameter and thirty or forty feet high. There is another avenue of Portuguese laurels almost as large as forest trees. There are many noble palms and royal masses of deep crimson stocks and rich nasturtiums. The garden is laid out like a wheel, with two or three tyres and innumerable spokes, and is interspersed with marble statues, which are old but not good; with vases on pedestals; and charming marble benches of ornamental antique patterns. All round are alcoves decorated in the Pompeian style, built about thirty years ago. I do not know what they are intended for, since they have railings in front which are always kept shut; perhaps they are for the King if he ever went there.

DONNA RUSIDDA'S FOUNTAIN AND THE FLOWERS

The fountain which I mention in *The Admiral* as the memorial of Donna Rusidda, contains in its centre a rock-bed of maidenhair, arum, and nasturtium, and has a fine ring of pink campion round it. The sad Princess of Favara, who drowned herself for love of Nelson has her place taken by a fat cupid holding a dice-box die with sun-

THE FLORA OR VILLA GIULIA

dials on all its faces. When we took Stephana there, the lemons and horse-chestnuts were in flower, avenues of them, and "crimson rambler" roses rambléd at the side of every walk. The beds were ablaze with columbines and frisia's, with the purple and white note predominating, and behind the rather florid monument so much belauded by the Palermitans, of the Canaris brothers, the Greek heroes (which Stephana, with singular felicity, rechristened "The two Americans"),



Photo by Sommer.

THE TRINACRIA IN THE VILLA GIULIA (see next page)

IN SICILY

was a mass of cypera, papyrus, banana, and palmetto. The blending of long lines of lemon and horse-chestnut blossom gave an exquisite effect as well as an exquisite scent.

THE GENIUS OF PALERMO

The thing which most people remember best about this Villa Giulia is the Genius of Palermo sitting on a rock surrounded by wild flowers, maidenhair, and scollops; the rock is adorned with the Trinacria and the motto "Prima sedes," etc. The Trinacria is a circular stone-plaque, ornamented with the three legs joined by a gorgon's head, which have formed the badge of Sicily since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and bearing the inscription "Panormitan" in Greek letters. The design of it was taken by the sculptor Marabitti from a Palermo coin of the Roman epoch, though it has a Greek inscription. If it were not for the gorgon's head it would be just like the arms of the Isle of Man. The head has a wing on each side, and two snakes' heads above and two below. All this is in connection with a sort of Campo Santo, put up at the beginning of the century, with rows of cypresses and funeral urns, in memory of the most famous Sicilians. Very few of the modern names, except perhaps those of Pietro Novelli the painter, Antonio Gagini the sculptor, and Giovanni Meli the poet, are known to foreigners; but in ancient days the great island, which was almost as important a part of ancient Greece as the whole of what we now call Greece, produced great men in plenty, though, as Stephana said, no woman could be expected to pronounce their names—Zeuxis of Heraclea, Timæus of Taormina, Pythagoras and Gorgias of Leontini, Diodorus Siculus, Stesichorus of Himera, Theocritus and Moschus of Syracuse were Sicilians, not to mention the great engineers—Empedocles of Girgenti and Archimedes the Syracusan. The Genius of Palermo is an absurd old gentleman, with a crown and tall buskins like an actor, accompanied by a dog, a snake, and an eagle. He smiles benignantly on the statues of famous Sicilians with which he is surrounded, and has for his background the scarlet-blossomed coral trees of the Botanical Gardens.

THE PALERMO BOTANICAL GARDENS

The gravel paths in front of him have low borders of crimson roses. Near him is the inscription—

“Anguem aquilam atque canem,
 Prudens, augusta fidelis
 Palladis et Cereris dona,” etc., etc.

I do not wish to be hard on the poor old Genius. I love these Palermitan fountains, with their white marble statues nestling in green maidenhair and cypera and papyrus. These, with water rippling through them, have such a deliciously cool effect on the fierce Sicilian days.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

The Botanical Gardens are divided from the Villa Giulia in the most tantalising way by a fine park railing. You can get a pretty good view of them through it; you can, for instance, see the palm and bamboo avenue in all its glory, but if you want to make a closer acquaintance you have to go out of the Villa Giulia and round by the road. It is quite a quarter of a mile round from one side of the railings to the other. The Botanical Gardens were founded by Maria Caroline's Ferdinand, who always reminds me of that great monarch King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, because he was King Ferdinand I. of something and King Ferdinand IV. of something else. On the whole, I should say that Ferdinand I. and IV. was a less mischievous fool than James I. and VI., because he had no desire to meddle in his kingdom.

You enter through a sort of institute, for the Orto Botannico has educational aspirations, like Kew.

WHAT THE PALERMO BOTANICAL GARDENS ARE LIKE

But here the resemblance ends. The curator of Kew Gardens would die of apoplexy if things were done as casually at Kew as they are at Palermo. Right at the very door are an untidy row of garden pots, some containing flowers like the wonderful blue and yellow strelitza, others common English wild flowers like the purple orchid, and even common Sicilian wild flowers, which were probably

IN SICILY

meant to be planted out, but have been forgotten. This is quite typical of the mixture of lovingness and casualness displayed by the gardeners. They let the wild flowers grow undisturbed among the choicest specimens in the garden, and will allow you—in moderation—to pick anything you like. You are welcome to help yourself, even from the famous bougainvillea. The wild sage, with a conspicuous yellow flower which looks something like a calceolaria, was very much in evidence, and so was the yellow-flowered Sicilian weed, the trifoglio; in one place, under the shadow of a glorious double-blossomed peach, by cultivation, or more likely by accident, it had double blossoms. The special haunt of the wild flowers was a little artificial hill like the miniature Fujiyama you get in Japanese gardens. Here were a begonia that had grown to the dimensions of a tree, surrounded by the peach-coloured blossoms of the wild cistus, and magnificent euphorbias; and red and yellow-blossomed aloes, in tangles suggestive of a million star-fish, were interspersed with white campion and the small-flowered spurge; while under the shadow of the she-oaks—the casuarinas, brought from Australia—at the water's edge grew that very handsome weed so common in Sicily which looks like a cross between a potato plant, a tomato, and a gooseberry bush. It grows like a gooseberry bush, thorns and all; its leaves are suggestive of both potato and tomato, its flower is like the potato's, only as blue as borage, and its fruit is like a yellow tomato. As far as I know, it is of no use for anything except ornament, for which, being a weed, it is disregarded, except in the Botanical Gardens. Nothing less like an oak than a she-oak could be imagined. As Witheridge said, it looks like a weeping fir-tree, and a very mangy one at that. It has needle leaves like the firs, and is in Australia always associated with mournful noises. Here at Palermo, in this idle, luxuriant garden, it looked as much out of place as a stock-rider. The aloes were six or seven feet high; the castor-oil plants, with their great purple blossoms, were of regal dimensions. The central lake, with its fringe of papyrus and its corner clusters of bamboos, as noble as can be seen anywhere out of the Tropics, is the pride of the garden; some of its bamboos are

THE GIANT FIG TREE

quite six inches through the stem, and there are a number of the beautiful golden-stemmed bamboos, which occasionally have green stripes, amongst them. This pond is so beautiful, so luxuriant, that it reminded me of the celebrated lake at Candy in Ceylon, which comes nearer fairyland than anything I know.

THE GIANT FIG TREE

Another of the lions of the garden is the fig, not the true esculent fig, but what the Australians call the Moreton Bay fig. One variety has roots like snakes; another, the *Ficus rubiginosa*, sends down roots from its branches, like a banyan, which strike and turn into fresh trees, to drop roots in their turn. This tree, with its re-rootings, covers a space a hundred feet or a hundred yards round, I forget which the man said; it is far too thickly interlaced for you to form any idea yourself while you are under it. The gardener took us along a dear old wall whose top was hollowed out into a picturesque seat all the way, to show us a gebbia, one of the huge, deep, plaster-lined cisterns, in which it has been the habit of Palermitans to store their garden water since Saracen days.

"Why don't we have seats along our garden walls like that?" cried Stephana.

This gave Witheridge an opportunity.

"We will when we are married, Steff; we won't have a wall in the place that isn't all seat."

He never slipped into calling her dear in public; I would not bet that he had ever called her dear in private, his wooing was of a very prosaic sort. I think his idea of a husband's duties was paying for whatever the wife wanted to do. If he had not been of such a masterful disposition, he might have fetched and carried like the most docile American husband. Witheridge was not original, he was merely what most women like much better—manly and wealthy.

"And now," said the gardener, "we will go and see the great bougainvillea."

IN SICILY

THE CHARM OF THE PALERMO BOTANICAL GARDENS

Not a doubt crossed his mind as to his having shown us the finest things we had ever seen in our lives, which was not true, poor dear, though I am sure that I have never enjoyed a Botanical Garden so much.

The fault of most Botanical Gardens is that you are so bullied by regulations, and that the plants are treated as severely as if they had been sent to a reformatory. There is nothing like this about the Botanical Gardens at Palermo, where the wild flowers are not treated like rogues and vagabonds, and driven away from the comforts of an expensive garden, and where choice plants are, as far as possible, allowed as much freedom as they enjoyed in their native *habitat*. Consequently most of the plants are not looked after by anybody but the lizards, who find this dear old Botanical Garden an earthly paradise. The Saracen cistern itself is as full of columns of water-weed as the channels between the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. The cactus garden looks as appropriately desolate as a bit of the Arizona Desert, and it has some grand columnar cacti. Over everything there is an air of gentleness and peace. For one thing, Italian gardeners are such gentlemen. They roll off the Latin names as glibly as an Oxford man who has taken a First in Mods., and they talk so intelligently about their flowers, of whom they make friends.

ALLOWED TO PICK FLOWERS

All the time that we had been rambling about the gardens with one of the principal under-gardeners he had been picking the choicest blossoms for Stephana; but he had a better idea of growing flowers than of bouquets, so she asked if she might not pick them for herself. "Certainly," he said, "pick anything you like," and he repeated the invitation to us all. So we had lovely nosegays by the time that we arrived at the greenhouse, whose tallest and longest wall was covered by a vast magenta-coloured bougainvillea. Some idea of the size of this bougainvillea may be formed from the fact that the

THE ROYAL VILLA—THE FAVORITA

gardener climbed up it, without taking any particular care, to its very top to pick a huge spray for Stephana, in which she could almost have concealed herself.

We carried it home and stuck it in a lovely old blue wine-jug, four hundred years old, given me by Madame Politi, whose husband bought it from a monastery in the uninvaded mountains of Central Sicily.

THE FAVORITA

The only other two gardens in Palermo remaining to be described are those of the Villa Belmonte and the Favorita, the picnic palace of Maria Caroline, which has an incomparable position right under the grim precipices of Monte Pellegrino, red and grey screes tufted with the wild palmetto. The moment you pass between the new lions at the palace gates a pepper-tree avenue seems to lead you right up to the mountain. But the grounds are not well kept up; there is little in them except a ragged olive garden, a few *ilexes* scattered about the paddocks like Australian light-woods, and a long white road between evergreens trained in *espaliers*.

The principal feature in the garden proper is a fountain consisting of a great Ionic column surmounted by a figure of Hercules, and surrounded by well-trimmed yews cut into the shape of the monoliths at Stonehenge. The shrubbery is quite ragged; the Favorita would hardly be worth a visit if it were not for the villa itself, which is a charming summer-house, though it is a most extraordinary mixture—a sort of tea-caddy, with a Greek temple porch and a quantity of arabesque ornament. The greater part of its top story but one is taken up with the delightful arcaded loggia; it has a small court surrounded by low palms, and a tiny formal garden of evergreens clipped into conventional shapes. The villa itself is painted bright green, red, and yellow.

THE INTERIOR OF THE FAVORITA

Inside, the incongruity is nobly maintained: there is a Greek theatre, seated for music; a ballroom with Spanish tiles and a Pompeian ceiling; a room with frescoes supposed to be Greek; a queer

IN SICILY



Photo by Incorpora.

MARIA CAROLINE'S VILLA, THE FAVORITA

octagonal dining-room, the greater part of which is taken up with a huge round table which sinks between the courses to be cleared and relaid. There is a nice so-called Chinese reception-room, with silk panels and landscapes like those at the Villa Malfitano, and a very Jappy balcony with iron railings. The bed of that great man Ferdinand I. and IV. has a canopy which requires eight columns to support it. There are handsome marble balconies and staircases, and a pseudo-Chinese turret with a winding stair, and a stone top in the

THE FAVORITA AND THE VILLA BELMONTE

style of a decanter stopper. The Greek porch has fine marble pillars, and the green lattices are a pleasant feature in the gaily coloured villa.

There are some quite good paintings on the white silk panels of the pseudo-Chinese rooms, but they are rather spoilt by the bird-cage effect of the decorations. Though the whole is an absurd congeries, like a magpie's nest, there are many charming and graceful details, and the villa is such a pleasing splash of colour that you can forgive inappropriate intrusions. It was an ideal place for the idle, picnic, country-house, coming-of-age kind of life that appertained at the Court of Maria Caroline, and if walls could speak, many a tale of intrigue, political as well as otherwise, they could no doubt tell.

So I was thinking as we drove out past little grey olives and between low, close hedges of daphne to return to Palermo. The worst of it was that it had interested us enough to prevent us from having time to pay more than a flying visit to the Villa Belmonte. The country house of the Prince of Belmonte, which occupies its centre on the seaward spur of Monte Pellegrino, is delightful; it is one of the handsomest Italian villas in Sicily. And as it is in first-class preservation, it would make an ideal hotel. The shrubberies which border the roads in its well-kept grounds are rich and beautiful, and there are some pleasant nooks with glorious views in the higher and wilder parts. But it is not as fine in modern landscape gardening as the villas of the Messrs. Whitaker, nor has it the southern beauty of the Villa d'Orléans or the Villa Tasca. The Villa d'Orléans is the most covetable garden in Palermo.

CHAPTER LI.

PALERMO GUIDE

Apartments, Furnished.—There are plenty of them, but foreigners do not take them unless they are going to spend a long time in the city.

Bank.—The most convenient bank is that kept by Mr. W. Beaumont Gardner, in the Corso Scina. Mr. Gardner is an American gentleman, greatly esteemed in Palermo, and his *facchino* knows everything.

Baths.—There is a much-esteemed sea-bathing establishment at Acqua Santa. The fresh-water baths (4, Via Quattro Aprile, the little street which runs out of the Piazza Marina near the Dogana) are clean and comfortable, and very pretty with their tastefully grouped palms. They cost, first class, one franc sixty; second class, one franc twenty-five.

Boats.—The proper tariff for boats to bring you ashore from your steamer is, I believe, one franc a head with baggage, and sixty centesimi without; but in practice, if you have luggage, you make a bargain.

Book Shops, Second-hand.—In the Via Macqueda near the University.

Book Shops, New.—See under *Libraries*.

Cabs. The great outstanding fact for visitors at Palermo is that a cab from any one point within the city to any other, no matter how many people it is carrying, costs half a franc, and that ten centesimi is a good tip for the driver. To drive to the railway station, on the other hand, is dearer; by special tariff it costs seventy-five

GUIDE-BOOK INFORMATION ABOUT PALERMO

centesimi. By the hour, as far as I remember, a one-horse cab costs one franc sixty. These rates may appear low, but as any native Sicilian who has as much as £200 a year may keep a carriage, it is obvious that only foreigners and poor people use cabs much, and foreigners do not count, there are so few of them.

Cafés and Restaurants.—There are few good restaurants in Palermo, and they do not all have *table d'hôte* dinners and lunches. Palermitans prefer to order *à la carte*. They are chiefly in the Corso and the Via Macqueda. The principal hotels have also restaurants. You get ices and pastry at the various establishments of Catlisch in the Corso and Via Macqueda, and at Guli's in the Corso, near the Bourse. Guli is famous for his crystallised fruits and the cakes and pastry into which they enter. His candied fruits, in fact, can hardly be beaten anywhere.

Church.—The English Church is in the Via Stabile.

Clubs.—The smartest club in Palermo is the Sports Club, at the Quattro Canti di Campagna, which has a tennis-court and a bicycle track, besides the usual club facilities. Other clubs are the Nuovo Casino, in the Corso, almost opposite the Piazza Bologna; the Unione, at the corner of the Piazza Bologna; the Circolo degli Impiegati, in the Piazza Bologna; the Circolo Bellini, by the Teatro Bellini; the Casino del Buoni Amici, in the Corso; and the German-Swiss Club.

Consuls.—Inquire at your banker.

Curio Shops.—A shop where you can buy at reasonable prices is kept by the guide who shows you over the Eremiti. There are others where you can buy choice pieces in the Corso or Via Macqueda, but these shops are most of them very expensive.

Doctors.—There is no English doctor in Palermo, but a German doctor, bearing the appropriate name of Berlin, speaks English. Here, again, ask your banker. The best chemists are Campisi, in the Corso, and the chemist at the corner of the Piazza Marina and the Corso; but they sell very few English preparations.

Hotels.—The principal hotel is the Igea, erected by Signor Florio on the Acqua Santa side of Palermo, with fine grounds running down

IN SICILY

to the sea. This is a most luxurious house; expensive, but with every modern improvement. It is run by the management of the Hotel Ritz at Paris. The principal old-established hotel is the Hotel des Palmes, which has a beautiful sub-tropical garden. Both it and the Hotel "Milano," noted for its good food, are near the Politeama. The Milano is not agreeable, it is frequented by commercial Germans and theatrical people. After the Hotel des Palmes, the three most esteemed are the "Trinacria," occupying part of the old Butera Palace, and commanding an unrivalled view of the most beautiful bay in Europe; the Hotel de France, the oldest, situated on the Piazza Marina, close to the Bourse and the shipping offices; and the Hotel Centrale, in the Corso, near the Quattro Canti, which gives pension from seven to ten francs. The pension at the "Trinacria" and the Hotel de France, which are well kept, is ten francs; the pension at the Hotel des Palmes twelve to sixteen francs. Foreigners do not go much to the other hotels, but a great number of them go to the Pension Suisse in the magnificent old Monteleone Palace. It has the most central position of all, for it is only a minute's walk from the Via Macqueda and the Piazza S. Domenico, and overlooks a lemon garden of a couple of acres. It is kept on hotel principles, and the pension is seven francs a day, including wine, from which one franc fifty is deducted when you do not take lunch, and two francs fifty when you do not take dinner.

Introductions.—It is advisable, if possible, to get an introduction to one of the English residents in the city. A good deal of hospitality is shown to strangers with proper introductions, as the Palermitan gentry are public-spirited and anxious that their city should become a winter resort like Cannes. Besides, occasions arise when it is desirable to seek the advice of the local English, who are influential and popular, and all speak Sicilian.

Libraries.—Much the best book shop is Reber's (Clausen's), where you can buy any book on Sicily which is in the market, and Alinari's photographs. It is at the corner of the Piazza Bologni and the Corso. Sanbron of Milan has also a shop in the Corso.

Livery Stables.—Inquire of your banker.

GUIDE-BOOK INFORMATION ABOUT PALERMO

Money Changers.—Are to be found in the Corso and the Via Macqueda, but you get better exchange at Mr. Gardner's bank.

Newspapers.—Both the *Corriere* and the *Giornale*, published in Italian, not Sicilian, have plenty of English news, telegraphed to them from the London morning papers. In arrangement they resemble the *Tribuna*, the famous Roman paper. They are published in the evening.

Omnibuses.—There are a good many omnibuses, running mostly from the Corso and the Via Macqueda, and charging a penny or twopence for the drive.

Photographers.—G. Incorpora, near the Politeama; (the agent for) Sommer of Naples; Clausen's Library, agent for Alinari; Interguglielmi; Pelos, the tobacconist in the Corso, just below the Quattro Canti; and Giannone, 99, Via Cintorinai.

Post and Telegraph Offices.—The General Post Office is in the Piazza Bologna; there are branches in the Via Macqueda, Piazza S. Domenico, etc.

Pottery.—The rough pottery of beautiful antique Greek shapes may be bought in the Via Cassari, which runs up from the Cala.

Shops.—The fashionable jewellers, drapers, hosiers, shoemakers, etc., are in the Corso and Via Macqueda; but the shoemakers' street is the Via Cintorinai, and the copper-smiths' street is the Via Calderai. Boxes for parcel post and cases may be bought in the street behind the General Post Office and in the Via Cassari.

Shipping Agents.—Trifonio Medici, No. 16, Piazza Marina, and others; but it is best to inquire of your banker, and where the parcel is under eleven pounds weight to send it by parcel post, which costs about two shillings to England. There are a troublesome lot of papers to fill up, but the Italian parcel post is safe and good, and the people in the post offices are very obliging. The *facchino* from the bank will always help you.

Stations.—Palermo has three railway stations—the Central, the Lolli, and the station for Corleone. Very few people go to Corleone.



A PALERMO
WINE-JAR
In the Author's
collection.

IN SICILY

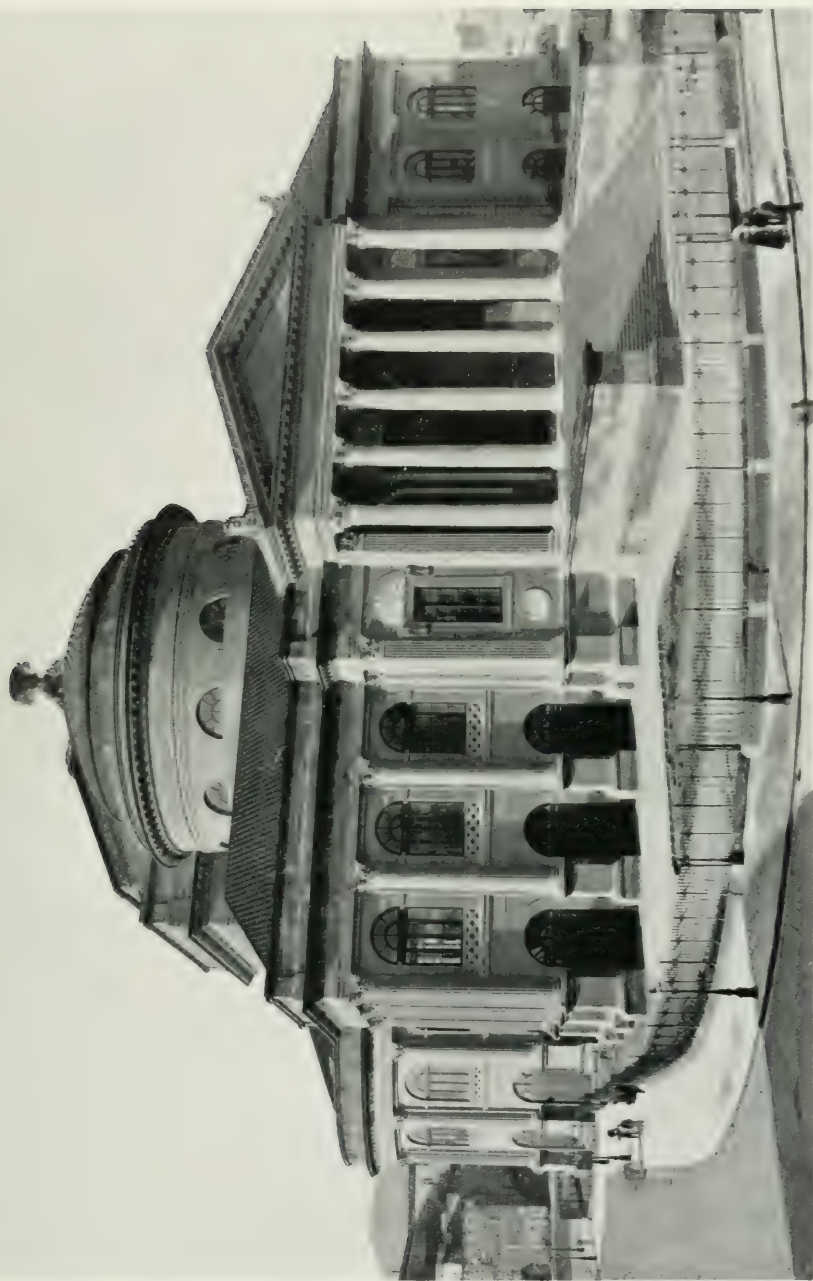
a miserable little town on the edge of a brigandy district; but the Lolli, in the Via Lolli, is much the handier station to go to if you are going anywhere on the Trapani line. It is nearer most of the hotels, and trains start twenty minutes later.

Steamers, Coasting.—There are steamers from Palermo to Genoa, Sardinia and Corsica, Naples, Trapani, Tunis, Marsala, Porto Empedocle (Girgenti), Syracuse, Messina, etc. By transshipping at Messina you can go on, still in the Florio-Rubattino line, to Athens and Constantinople, Suez, Massowah, and India, if you want to. There are steamers from Palermo to Naples every evening.

Steamers to Naples.—The office of the Florio-Rubattino vessels (Navigazione Generale Italiana) is in the Piazza Marina. The Campagnie Generale Transatlantique, La Veloce, and the London General Steam Navigation Company also have offices, whose addresses may be obtained from your banker.

Theatres.—The Teatro Massimo (Vittorio Emmanuele), the largest in the world, is chiefly used for opera; so is the Politeama. These two are in the Via Macqueda. The Bellini is near the Martorana Church, the Teatro S. Cecilia is in the Via S. Cecilia, the Teatro Garibaldi in the Via Castro Filippo, the Teatro Umberto in the Via Merlo, and the Anfiteatro Mangano in the Via Stabile.

Tramways.—There are several lines going out to Monreale, Acqua Santa, etc.



THE LARGEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD—THE TEATRO MASSIMO AT PALERMO

PART V.

EXCURSIONS FROM PALERMO

MARSALA
TRAPANI
ERYX
MOTYA
CASTELVETRANO

SELINUNTE
SEGESTA
CEFALU
BAGHERIA
SOLUNTO

CHAPTER LII.

OUR TRIP TO MARSALA AND TRAPANI

MARSALA

THE Messrs. Whitaker, whose "Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s" Marsalas are so well known, invited us to spend as much time as we could spare at their *baglj* at Marsala and Castelvetro ; and we were very glad to accept not only on account of what we were going to see, but for the novel experience of staying in thoroughly Sicilian houses. Our whole party, including Stephana and Witheridge, were invited.

DIFFICULTY OF GETTING AWAY FROM A STATION

We left Palermo at half-past one in the afternoon from the convenient Lolli Station, where, for some reason best known to the Ferrovia Sicula Occidentale, the train starts twenty minutes later than it does from the



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

CARRYING THE GRAPES AT MARSALA

IN SICILY

Central Station, though the distance is not much over three miles ; but, as it takes nearly six hours to go the hundred miles from Palermo to Marsala, time is evidently not of much consequence. Of course, it is quite absurd to cover a hundred miles between Palermo and Marsala when the distance is only about fifty miles as the crow flies, but the train goes in a big loop, so as to take in some places on the southern coast. When we got to Marsala, at ten minutes past seven, we anticipated the usual dreary delay in securing possession of our luggage and getting to our destination. There are not many things more trying than arriving at a Sicilian station, where the railway people may take an hour getting your luggage through from the guard's van to the street, while you are defending your small baggage from all the retired bandits in the place. But we found Marsala an agreeable exception. The place has been run by Englishmen for so much of the century that it is quite businesslike. Two of Messrs. Whitaker's traps, and I don't know how many men, met us, and we were driven straight to dinner at the *baglio* with the assurance that our luggage, small and great, would follow us without our giving it a thought. This is the pleasantest end to a long journey.

Not only do Mr. Gray, the manager, and his family live there, but also several of the numerous English staff, the exceptions being mostly the married clerks. All, however, both the manager's family and the whole staff, breakfast and dine together in true patriarchal fashion ; in short, in the old factory style of John Company. There is ample room in the large, airy premises.

Before bedtime had come, on the first evening of our week's stay, it was easy to see that a change had come over the spirit of Stephana's dream. While she and Witheridge had been travelling alone, and thoroughly at home with our small family, she had treated him with a very considerable degree of independence. If he did not like sight-seeing he would have to keep himself company ; he could not expect to be a tie on her. But now, in the presence of so many strangers, she was the proper engaged girl, and deferred to him very prettily, though, at intervals, when her conscience smote her in another

AT THE BAGLIO INGHAM

direction, she would lay herself out to show that her change of demeanour was not intended to mean anything to us.

AN ENGAGED GIRL

In the morning I meant to start going over the wine establishment. One of the principal reasons I had for going to Marsala was that I have a penchant for seeing the biggest things, and this is, of course, one of the world-famed industries. I was quite prepared to go over it accompanied only by my own half-rebellious family, who sometimes felt a surfeit of sight-seeing. I do not know if Stephana really took an interest in such things at all; she was a practical though not a professed abstainer. I had not thought about Witheridge; it was of course the very thing to interest him. He was a thorough American in his desire to see the workings of anything big and typical; I really think he liked the *baglio* better than anything else in the town. Stephana was playing at deferring to his wishes; there were so many English people watching her, who might misunderstand her if she exercised the prerogatives of the American girl.

It is true that before the end of the morning she had pretty well forgotten her rôle, because the whole staff—pleasant young Englishmen as you could want to meet—took us round, and it soon became much more interesting to talk to the men who could answer her questions. Being a good American, she asked a great many. There were, for instance, really interesting things to a woman, such as the kitchens of the workmen, besides the mere apparatus used for the business.

At dawn we were awakened by the unfamiliar noise of coopering, and all day long there was the rumbling of great lean casks being rolled through the big court in front of the house. When, added to this, you noticed the sentry patrolling outside the gate with his long gun, you could not help recalling the Tennysonian line—

“So all day long the noise of battle roll’d.”

On stepping out of the Southern-looking house, with its classic portico, and broad-awned balcony above, into the great court, we

IN SICILY



THE BAGLIO INGHAM AND ITS COURT

were arrested, after walking a few yards, by the vista, right and left, of arch beyond arch, each the centre of a huge block of buildings, imperceptibly dying away in the distance.

Out of deference to Stephana we were taken first to the *refettorio*—the workmen's mess-room—a long, picturesque hall with bright orange-painted arches. Little jars of old Greek shapes caught our eye, and they seemed to be arranged in numbers, six or seven together, and this showed us at once how the men divide themselves up into messes of six or seven. The *refettorio*, with its kitchens attached, the "lengthy vista" of whose arches recalls the monastic refectories, presents a busy scene during the breakfast and dinner hours; and the food most favoured by the workmen, besides the coarse bread, of which they eat large quantities, is fish—principally sardines, cuttle-fish, and small octopi; vegetables of all kinds, dressed

THE REFETTORIO AND THE WINE STORES

with oil and flavoured with onions or with garlic ; macaroni and fruit ; whilst of wine, which is given with a liberal hand, they consume a hogshead and more per diem. Butcher's meat rarely forms part of the menu except on Sundays and *feste*. The *refettorio* is lined throughout with sloping plank-beds six feet long, like those one sees in monasteries and guard-houses, and here men and boys all lie down with their heads to the wall for the *siesta* so acceptable, indeed so necessary, in the long summer afternoons.

There are twenty-seven wine stores besides the Cognac stores. The wine stores have many windows, and they are roofed with tiles simply laid on open canework, for thorough ventilation is all important in the maturing of the rich, full-bodied wines of sunny Sicily. The stores are not underground cellars ; they are all aboveground—long, lofty, picturesque buildings with pointed arches. The interminable rows of casks, tier above tier, are most striking, and there are barrels of all descriptions ranging from the casks of colossal proportions, almost rivalling the Heidelberg tun, down to the modest octave.



[Photo by]

[Mr. R. B. Cossins.]

THE REFETTORIO

IN SICILY

The store casks are of many sizes, varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ pipes to 90 pipes. Those in which the wines are left to mature are chiefly *ottantini* (holding $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{3}{4}$ pipes) and *carratoni* ($3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pipes), for it is found that wines ripen better and sooner in casks of moderate size, although, of course, the big casks are the more suitable for blending purposes. The casks in which shipments of old and fully-matured wines are made to different parts of the world are : —

Pipes . . .	containing about 93 imperial gallons, say 400 litres.
Hogsheads . . .	" " 47 " " " 200 "
Quarter-casks . . .	" " 23 " " " 100 "
Octaves . . .	" " 11 " " " 50 "

The designation of the wine casks at Marsala is as follows :—

English.	Italian.	Sicilian.	Capacity.
Caratoon . . .	Caratone . . .	Caratone . . .	{ Large casks (above puncheons).
Puncheons . . .	Bottacci . . .	Bottacci . . .	615 litres.
Butts* . . .	Botti . . .	Botti grandi . . .	110 gallons.
Pipes . . .	Pippe . . .	Botti usuali . . .	93 gallons.
Hogsheads . . .	Mezze-pippe . . .	Mezze-botti . . .	46 gallons.
Quarter-casks . . .	Quarti . . .	Quartoroli† . . .	23 gallons.
Octaves . . .	Ottavi . . .	Ottavi . . .	11 gallons.
(Sixteenths) . . .	Sedicesimi . . .	Trentini‡ . . .	26 litres.

These last are the small barrels used for bringing wine in from the country, and Florio and some other firms also ship wines in small casks of this capacity.

* Same size as sherry butts. † Spelling only a guess. ‡ *i.e.* 30 quartucci = 26 litres.

The new wine is put into the biggest store casks as it is brought in from the country, and it is reinforced with a small quantity of spirit distilled from wine in their own distillery. It is left to settle down and get clear, after which it is subjected to the usual course of rackings, most frequent in the first year, and less year by year as the wine gets older and throws smaller quantities of lees, until at last, fully matured, it is fit to be fined and shipped off to its destination, wherever that may be. Throughout all the years that the

SICILIAN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

young wines are ripening into old wines they are carefully watched, and the Sicilian proverb, *La cannata consa lo vino* "'Tis the can [racking-can] that makes the wine" is most true as far as concerns the rich, full-bodied wines of Sicily.



ANCIENT "TUNS" IN THE BAGLIO INGHAM

The new wines are generally brought in from the country to the *baglio* in the small barrels known as *quarantini* (about $7\frac{1}{2}$ imperial gallons), *trentini* ($5\frac{1}{2}$ imperial gallons), and *ventini* ($3\frac{3}{4}$ imperial gallons), so called because of their holding respectively forty, thirty, and twenty *quartucci* of the long-since-abolished liquid measure dating back many centuries. Just as the Sicilian coinage was replaced by the *lira* and the *centesimo* after the memorable May 11th, 1860, when Garibaldi landed at Marsala and the dream of a united Italy was realised, so also had the old Sicilian weights and measures to give way to the Continental decimal system. The older country folk to the present day make all money calculations in *onzi*, *tari*, and *grani*; whilst both old and young understand the *quartuccio* infinitely better

IN SICILY

than the *litro*, and the *rotolo* than the *kilogramme*. The tasting of the new wines begins in the Marsala district a few days before the feast of St. Martin (November 11th), the patron saint of vintners. Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co. do not grow many grapes, for although they have vineyards on their estate—Musciuleo, about ten miles from Marsala—the crop forms a very trifling part of their annual requirements. They buy grapes, *mosto* (the fresh, unfermented juice of grapes), and new wines not only in the Marsala territory, but in many neighbouring districts, such as Mazzara, Campobello, Castelvetro, Castellamare del Golfo, Balestrate, and Partinico. The vines are of many varieties, amongst which I may mention some of the favourites, say “Cataratti,” “Pignatelli,” and “Inzolia.”

They have five auxiliary *baglj* situated at Musciuleo, Campobello, Castelvetro, Balestrate, and Vittoria—this last used only in connection with the distillation of wine into strong spirit for reinforcement of young Marsalas. The others serve as depôts for temporary storage of the new wines bought in the surrounding country, whence in the early spring these wines are gradually transported to the big *baglio* at Marsala.

THE WINE-PRESSING

The grapes are brought into the *baglj* at Marsala and Campobello in large tubs, called *tini*, on carts, each tubful of grapes producing



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

TREADING OUT THE GRAPES

TREADING OUT THE GRAPES

on an average about one pipe of fresh *mosto*. At Balestrate the grapes are brought in a kind of barrel, called *mucina*, fourteen of which form a cartload. Here the grapes are bought by weight, whilst at all other places the farmers are paid for the quantity of *mosto* they tread out of their grapes in the *baglio palmenti*, or treading vats. The process of treading out the grapes is a very simple but interesting one. The grapes are put into the *palmento*—a kind of stone trough—and are then trodden out by men who wear large and specially heavy boots for the purpose. After the first treading all that remains of the grapes is put in a corner of the *palmento*, and as much *mosto* as possible is squeezed out. They are then spread about the *palmento* once more, and the process of treading is repeated. After the third time the husks are put into rush baskets, and are submitted to the heavy pressure of the *torchio Genovese*, a very old-fashioned but highly effective wooden press. Ponderous and unwieldy wooden presses only were used originally, but now neat iron presses have largely replaced them.

Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co. "obligate" the farmers in advance for their grapes, and they send their brokers round at intervals during the winter and spring to make sure that the vines are being properly pruned and cultivated; and they are specially careful at the vintage season that the farmers do not gather their grapes until they are really ripe. The vineyards are wonderfully



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

ANCIENT WOODEN WINE-PRESS

IN SICILY

picturesque when the grapes are hanging down in rich clusters and the men, women, and boys are gathering them in their neat little baskets.

MAKING THE CASKS

The cooperage is one of the most interesting features of the establishment. They can put on five gangs to make casks, each gang consisting of twelve men and three boys. The staves, which are of American white oak, are partly shaped, and the casks themselves are put together by hand, but all else is done with the aid of machinery. Half-formed casks are steamed under galvanised iron cones which look like diving-bells; then a cresset of flaming shavings is placed inside each embryo cask, and three strong men, working with perfect rhythm, drive down the iron "trussing" bands, and shape into a cask what were before so many straight pieces of wood. There are circular saws, with a blade at each end, for cutting staves to the required length; the staff is put in a rack and pushed against the saws, and both ends are taken off so as to run no risk of splits or faults. The headings are put under a roller press, and, whilst their surfaces are being planed and made perfectly even, a concaved circular saw, furnished with six sloping chisels, cuts the bevels, and after a brief operation, which makes a noise for all the world like the blowing off of steam through a safety valve, out come the finished headings. The ends which have been cut off the staves are made into bungs by an automatic machine, which can be adjusted to fourteen different sizes. Another simple little machine splays the hoops, so that they may fit the swelling sides of casks and drop at once into position, instead of having to be shaped and beaten on with a hammer.

Witheridge was very much interested in the rotary machinery for washing casks, some of which were being washed with water only, some with water and chains, and some with weak spirits. Every now and then the machinery would reverse, so that no spot in the cask might escape. The new casks are steamed to get the sap and bitterness out of the oak wood, and this notwithstanding that the

MAKING THE CASKS

staves themselves before they go into the cooperage are well steamed in an enormous iron tank. After being steamed the casks are thoroughly dried with hot air, driven in by a powerful mechanical fan, and then, filled with "low" wine, they are put aside for a while to get well seasoned, so that there shall be no fear whatever of "woodiness" in the shipping wines presently to be put into them. Here, as in other parts of the establishment, there are duplicate engines and boilers, in order that work need never be stopped for cleaning or for repairs. The coal is ordered from England (200 tons at a time) twice a year.

In the staveyard there are many thousands of staves piled in tall stacks, all of American white oak, except a limited quantity destined for bung staves and tap centre-pieces, for which are preferred Calabrian oak staves, because of their remarkable toughness.

The smithy, the carpenters' shop, the engineers' workshops have each of them their special attractions; while the *conzatori's* shed, where casks that may stand in need of repair get rejuvenated, is most picturesque with its vine *pergola* and big fig-trees, to the grateful shade of which the *conzatori* in the summer transfer their work from under the shed.



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE KITCHEN OF THE WORKMEN

IN SICILY

THE DISTILLERIES

They have two distilleries at the *baglio*—one producing very fine strong spirit for reinforcing the young wines, the other for making Cognac or, as it is more correctly termed, Sicilian brandy.

The strong spirit still, which is worked by steam, produces on an average three pipes per day of spirit of ninety-five degrees *Gay-Lussac*; and the Cognac still, also worked by steam, turns out two and a quarter pipes per day, of which one half is sixty-two degrees and the other half about thirty degrees *Gay-Lussac*. The strong spirit still is worked by a Sicilian, and that of the Cognac by a French expert from the Charente district.

The strong spirit still is a huge affair, with its great analysing and rectifying columns, and its two big feeding vats up aloft—the upper one for water and the lower one for the wine. One's attention is attracted also by two *recipienti* like locomotor boilers, into which the distillates run, the strong spirit into one and the weak spirit, which is rectified afterwards, into the other. Both the water and the wine are pumped up by steam pumps, and the still is on the "continuous" system, and is not unlike the ordinary *Æneas Coffey* still. A reversible board above the stillhouse door shows whether distillation or rectification is being carried on; this is required by Government.

At the Cognac distillery we noticed three pipes running along the wall, and were informed that these were for steam, water, and wine respectively. In making Cognac the wine is pumped up by steam power from a big vat under the floor, fed by a channel across the floor from the door, to a large tank, from which it passes through the various columns, tubes, and so on, of the still, and finally runs out into receptacles which have a curious registering apparatus attached to them, something like the machines which register the money taken at popular bars such as the "Criterion." The Cognac still is specially arranged for distilling water whilst the wine distillation is going on. The fumes from this still are very overpowering. We saw a *batteur*, which is a sort of churn, and which is used for thoroughly mixing together, or, as is said in technical language, blending different distillations.

THE BAGLIO INGHAM

THE SCENE AT THE BAGLIO

The *baglio* presents a scene of the greatest activity - young wines coming in from the country, old wines being rolled out to the wharf for shipment; empty casks rumbling along in one direction, full casks in another; machinery working everywhere—in the cooperage, under the cask-washing shed, in the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, and in the distilleries. All work is done on the premises, and the *baglio* from sunrise to sunset for six days in the week is like a busy little town. The men, on leaving the *baglio* every evening, are searched by one of the staff, and this is necessary because of the extraordinary craving they have to take away mementoes in the shape of an old file, a plane-iron, or such, though sometimes their peculations take a more serious form. They are, indeed, occasionally marked by positive ingenuity, as, for instance, when it was discovered that some of the men had specially constructed tin vessels to fit their chests under the clothing, and capable of containing a pint or two of wine or spirit, the frequent smuggling of which would soon amount to a considerable quantity.

The stores are, of course, all numbered, but they are not familiarly known by their numbers, but by their names—"Il Pioppo," "Il Gallinaro," "Il San Leonardo," and so on. The "Angelo" is the oldest store in the *baglio*, and over its door we noticed a stone tablet bearing the date 1812.

Some of the sheds in the *baglio*, where we saw *culatoj* with filtering bags full of wine lees in them strung up to the rafters, struck us as bearing a ghastly resemblance to the execution ground at Canton. There are towers to guard the gateways, which are kept by watchmen with blunderbusses. This is a relic of the long Napoleonic wars, when Marsala was particularly open to descents from the Spanish ports.

We noticed two fire-engines on the premises, but happily there has never been occasion, we were told, to call their services into use.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MARSALA WINES AND BRANDIES

What is known as the "Solera" system prevails at Ingham's *baglio*. The cask of "mother wine" being never more than half

IN SICILY

emptied, the quantity drawn off is immediately replaced with an equal quantity from another cask of the next oldest wine, which in its turn is filled up from a cask of wine one year younger still, and



Photo by]

[Mr. R. B. Cossins.

WINE VESSELS USED AT THE BAGLIO INGHAM

so on for quite a long series of years. Some of the "Solera" casks of the famous vintages of 1834 and 1836 are very picturesque with their musty sides and billowy ends.

To rear the full-bodied wines of Marsala and bring them to maturity frequent rackings are necessary, and these are made not with pumps, but with the old-fashioned racking-can, which reminds one of the cider jugs one sees in Normandy.

As their Marsala business is solely for wines in the wood, they do not bottle any of their wines. They ship off many thousands of pipes of Marsala in the course of the year, and they ship to all parts of the world.

The prices at which they ship their Marsalas are practically what they were and always have been; but the prices of the new wines they buy, what with 33 per cent. land tax, 20 per cent. income tax, and a host of minor state, provincial, and communal imposts, are very different from what they were before the days of a united Italy.

THE RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS OF MARSALA

They will soon begin to bottle their Sicilian mountain brandies, for which work they have recently got from Cognac itself the necessary plant of the latest and most approved description. This brandy industry was started in 1892, and they have shipped certain quantities of Sicilian mountain brandy to London in cask. They are now on the point of beginning to sell in bottle in Italy, as the brandy is well matured and is fit for consumption.

The firm have never suffered from the depredations of privateers or mobs. Details of Garibaldi's landing at Marsala, and the condition of Marsala at that time, are given below.

Among the most characteristic features of Marsala are the religious processions, such as those of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and the Corpus Domini. The first of these represents the last scenes of the life of our Saviour, and the second is purely devoted to the sorrows of the Virgin Mary. On the day of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary (December 8th)—here called "Immacolata"—there is a handsome banner carried by one of Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s working men, which was subscribed for by the men and cost 775 *lire*. It is made of silk, with the following words worked in gold letters: "Società dei maestri dei Signori Ingham, Whitaker & Co.,



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

ONE OF THE WINE STORES

IN SICILY

Marsala, al nome di Maria Immacolata." The procession on Corpus Domini is composed of men who balance enormous Venetian masts, which go by the name of *stendardi* (standards) in Marsala, on their chins, foreheads, and elbows. This is an old Saracenic custom. On the masts are attached various representations; for instance, San Francesco di Paolo is represented by a ship; San Giovanni Battista (St. John the Baptist) by a lamb; San Michele Arcangelo by a pair of scales; the Virgin Mary by a half moon; and various other representations.

THE GARDEN OF THE BAGLIO INGHAM

After lunch, till it was time for us to start upon our drive, Stephana and Witheridge disappeared; they had discovered the charm of that walled-in Sicilian garden, with its hedges of genesta and wild asparagus; and perhaps that Sicilian arbour which looked over the top of the wall on a great square gebbia, or plaster-lined Saracenic cistern.

I do not for an instant believe that Witheridge was allowed to benefit by the seclusion. My own idea is that Stephana, who knew a good deal about botany, spent her whole time in examining the semi-tropical garden. But it looked as if Witheridge was enjoying the privileges of the engaged, and lent him dignity before the other men.

I do not think that Stephana enjoyed anything in her whole stay in Sicily more than this visit to Marsala. Everything, she said, was so deliciously foreign. The very garden had a cornfield in the middle and was surrounded by a tall adobe wall. At Marsala they reap their corn in May. Some of the hedges were genesta, and some were wild asparagus, which is not asparagus at all really, but a plant familiarly known as Butcher's Broom, with a tiny white flower growing up the middle of each leaf, which in the fulness of time turns to a red berry. It grows wild in the English woods too, and its edible shoots, which look just like lean green specimens of the real asparagus, are sold in the market at Bath, but it has a bitter taste. We often had it for dinner in Sicily, where boiled borage and many

IN AN OLD GARDEN AT MARSALA

other vegetables familiar enough in name, but seldom seen on the English table, in a cooked form at any rate, are eaten, generally prepared with the rich, full-flavoured olive-oil of the island.

The garden had fascinating walks, just suited to the rôle of an engaged girl—a vine walk, an oleander walk, and an avenue of trees—which I think are the lilac-blossomed Paulownia, called *kiri* in Japan. And there was a summer-house, almost smothered in a great vine, on a little hill which commanded a view of the sea. The garden was wonderfully Eastern-looking. The long adobe wall had a little red roof—such as you get in Japan or China—to prevent the moisture soaking through its top and disintegrating it. It was studded at intervals by little domed watch-towers. The summer-house commanded a view not only of the sea, but of a ducks' sty, a kennel of sporting dogs, a field of the blue-foliaged Sicilian artichoke, and a big white *gebbia*, which is filled from an adjacent well by a "Jacob's ladder" or endless chain of buckets, worked by a blindfolded mule going its monotonous round.

These may seem to be trivial details, but they are not too trivial taken in consideration with the fact that Witheridge, with whom Stephana patrolled this garden as the engaged girl, had the kind of mind which is pleased with little things. He did not do much courting—it ought to be sufficient joy for Stephana to be with him, an opinion which she by no means shared. She was very little with him during our tour, except here, where there were many pairs of eyes for such an interesting affair as an engaged couple of Anglo-Saxons.

THE DRIVE OUT TO RACALIA

In the afternoon Mr. Gray arranged that we should drive out and see the country-house at Racalia, a very well-named place, as Witheridge observed. I am not sure, if we had known what driving is like in the back parts of Sicily, we should have faced that journey. The roads are simply infernal. They would be like macadamised roads after they have received a new coat of broken granite, and before the steam-roller has passed over them, but for one thing, and

IN SICILY

that is that macadamised roads are not strewn with boulders at intervals of a foot or two.

Two traps were provided for us—a large trap, and a sort of buggy to hold two. This was, I suppose, a delicate attention to Stephana, but she did not feel inclined to go in it, at any rate with Witheridge, and it looked a little invidious for her to accept it with anyone else. She knew that if she went with her lover, her attention would be drawn the whole time to the boulders, of which she was horribly afraid, instead of to the lions of the place. But she showed her devotion to him by telling people how good a driver he was and how he would enjoy piloting that sort of buggy. To do him justice, Witheridge was perfectly indifferent as to whom he drove, so long as he was allowed to drive. He probably enjoyed the society of Mr. M—— a deal more than he would have enjoyed Stephana's, for, considering the nature of the road and her nervousness, soft murmurs would have been impossible.

I am sure she enjoyed herself much more in our carriage, for Mr. S——h, who knew more about the sights and the vegetation than any of the others, acted as our cicerone.

THE ROAD SHRINES OF MARSALA

The principal thing we noticed, besides the people riding on mules in clothes of colours and shapes which would have done for the Holy Family (the roads were really mule-paths), was the inordinate number of wayside shrines. Those shrines were the best we had seen anywhere in Sicily, the favourite pattern being the sort of *ædicula* so popular in the street of ancient tombs at Athens, which is like a tall tombstone with a shallow panel sunk in it under a sort of architrave for some scene in bas-relief. Dotted about, also, were the little white or red villas of prosperous Marsala tradesmen, all of them with tall vases on their flat tops, and some with a tall palm tree in the corner of the garden. Marsala and Trapani are so prosperous that people can live outside them without any fear of brigands.* In Sicily, brigandage is in inverse ratio to wages.

* See note at end of chapter.

LA RACALIA—A SICILIAN COUNTRY-HOUSE

Most of these villas and their wine stores (nearly every villa has its wine store) had diminutive stone crosses fixed in the roof above the door; many, besides the cross, had a representation in stone of a flame of fire at the other end of the roof-ridge. I have not noticed this peculiarity in any other part of the island. There was nothing else to see on the way to Racalia except a few carob trees, some big asphodels, some very little wild palms, some splendid purple anemones, and harts'-tongue ferns. At the season of the year, say in January, there would have been sheets of almond blossom.



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE VINTAGE AT MARSALA

THE FAIRY-LIKE BEAUTY OF RACALIA

Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s country house, "Racalia," is about five and a half miles from Marsala by the road, and is built on the side of a hill, giving a beautiful view of the country below extending to the sea, with the small islands of San Pantaleo, Isola Lunga, and Santa Maria in the adjacent *stagnone*; and, beyond, the larger islands of Marittimo, Favignana, and Levanzo, belonging to

IN SICILY

the Ægæan group. The town of Trapani can also be seen, and even the *campanili* of the churches of Monte San Giuliano (Mount Eryx).

La Racalia is a place to dream about. I am not sure that it would be much of a place to live at except in very hot weather. Stephana said that there did not seem to be any portion of the house where you could hide from draughts on a cold day, but on a warm afternoon like this she felt quite sure that she was in fairy-land. It was the sort of place where you could much better imagine Boccaccio's young gentlemen and ladies flirting and telling each other questionable stories than a good housewife bustling about. To get up to the house you had to climb sweeping flights of mossy steps, some stone and some terra-cotta, and, as if the stairway could not be like enough to the approach of a Japanese temple without, squatting on its top were two lions with absurd grins, for all the world like our old friends Ama-inu and Coma-inu, the ancestors of the Lion and the Unicorn. Stephana almost cried, the place was so picturesque. It was the spot she had been dreaming about all her life, with its papyrus-shadowed Palermo fountain in the midst of palms, bamboos, carobs, daturæ, and nespoli. The house itself, red-roofed and green-jalousied, and with a sky-blue-ceilinged loggia in the middle of its upper story, was most fantastic, and it was filled with the scent of thickets of broom, wattle, and honey flowers. There were flights and flights of mossy steps, and plaster seats in the shape of antique couches, and aloes as stiff as goats' horns, and agaves branching out of glazed urns. The very washing-pool was under a cool Capri arch, and tufted with maidenhair. There were oleander trees nine inches through, and aloes springing out of the decaying tree stumps; pools fed from a clear stream to swim in, and a wishing-well down mossy steps.

The "trifoglio," the yellow Sicilian weed, shone out of its delicate green trefoiled leaves at every turn; its green comes very near to the indescribable tint of young rice. The gardener called it the American herb.

All you wanted was a company of pretty actors and actresses, with dresses by Burne-Jones. The etceteras were there. Perhaps the

THE SURROUNDINGS AT RACALIA

two things which charmed Stephana most were the noble banks of ivy and the copper-tinted young leaves of the carob—Americans doat on ivy.

Fruit and wine were laid for us on the little marble tables of the loggia—real fruit, and not the gold glasses painted half full of wine with which people carouse on the stage. But we felt as if we were acting in *Romeo and Juliet* all the same.

THE VIEW OUTSIDE AND THE DRIVE HOME

When we were sufficiently refreshed we were conducted up from the back of the house to a sort of wild tableland strewn with boulders, asphodels, wild palms, wild olives, wild fennel, and wild onions, with yellow flowers—not worth a cent, any of them, to any living thing except bees and broom-makers. The abomination of desolation was only relieved by two tall stone-pines which Sicilians love to plant in outstanding situations.

The house has a domed Moorish chapel with Christian texts and pomegranates and other Eastern effects, but almost the prettiest patch of colour in a place where all the houses are decked with bright white or bright red, and the people with bright blue, was the bluish, greenish, silverish field of the Sicilian artichoke.

From the tableland we could see many little towered houses with Moorish-looking roofs, and a house, like the Bluebeard's castle in the fairy-books, striped red and white, which was to show, I suppose, how bloodthirsty Bluebeard was. The little *ædiculæ* were bright blue and as ubiquitous as the noble dark-foliaged carobs.

As we drove home through the Asiatic-looking streets with their blind yellow walls, our coachman was sometimes obliged to forget his dignity, and call out "Ah-tay!" like a cart-driver, for the road was thick with men riding back from their work with their long blue cloaks making a sort of tent over their mules, and some of them with their hoods turned up over their heads.

When we got back to the three great *baglj* it gave Stephana quite a thrill of pleasure to see their lofty yellow walls, and the patrols of Custom House guards watching the long coast-line.

IN SICILY

Witheridge really was at his best at Marsala—the principal exhibits they have there suited him. He did not take a great deal



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

THE MARSALA VASE

of interest in the remnants of the mighty bastions, fabulously old, of Lilybæum, the last great fortress of the Carthaginians in Sicily; or in the recently excavated Marsala vase, one of the finest which has come down to us from antiquity, preserved in the cathedral. Nor could he see why Stephana and I took such pleasure in hunting up fine specimens of the little mediæval palaces of the lesser nobles. But the *baglj*, the subterranean city, the landing-place of Garibaldi, the boat expedition to the island of Motya (the firstfruits of Carthaginian colonisation in Sicily), all afforded the kind of sight-seeing he liked, and most of the workpeople had some coins or vases dug up in tilling the vineyards for him to bargain over. He had an insatiable appetite for bargaining, and all the things he

bought in Sicily did not cost him above a week of his income.

MOTYA, THE ORIGINAL CARTHAGINIAN SETTLEMENT IN SICILY

Our visit to Motya, or, as it is now called, S. Pantaleo, convinced me more than ever that though visitors to Sicily are generally foolish enough to miss going to Marsala, Marsala is one of the most interesting places in the island—more interesting, as far as classical antiquities are concerned, than Palermo, though more perhaps to be compared to Syracuse, which it could not hope to rival.

At Marsala one is brought in contact with a fresh influence; for,

SPEAKING SICILIAN

as Syracuse is Greek, so is Marsala Carthaginian. A little from Marsala, connected with it by a causeway, but more easily to be reached by boat, is the tiny island of S. Pantaleo. It is only a mile and a half round, but it is immortal, for this was the original stronghold of African dominion in Southern Europe, just as the Dutch in Japan were at first confined to the island of Deshima, at Nagasaki—a measure dictated to them by the powerful Shogun, and gladly accepted for its additional security. Just as the Portuguese had their first settlement in the peninsula of Macao, and the English in the island of Hong Kong and in more than one island on the western coast of India, so the Carthaginians, coming first to trade, and then to found an empire in rich Sicily, had their first factory and fortress in an island, S. Pantaleo, called in classical times Motya.

SPEAKING SICILIAN

From Palermo westward, the watchword which enables the tourist to see everything is the name of Whitaker. Motya itself belongs to Mr. Joseph Whitaker. When we wished to visit Motya, Mr. Whitaker's well-appointed sailing-boat was ready to skim across with us, and his headman on the island ready at the landing to escort us round. Also two members of the staff at Marsala accompanied us, a boon that could not easily be over-estimated, as they knew the island well, and spoke Sicilian.

Even to the foreigner who can speak Italian well, Sicilian is mere gibberish; they clip their words to such an extent, and use so many words of alien—for instance, Arabic, French, and Spanish—origin, legacies of the many races which have ruled in turn this much-coveted land. Among the etymological traces of the various occupations there is actually an English one, dating from 1812–1814, the time of Lord William Bentinck's stay. Many Sicilians can well understand a good deal of Italian, but, except in very large towns, few of them but the Board School children speak it.

IN SICILY

THE HARBOUR OF ANCIENT MOTYA

Witheridge was not the only one of the party who enjoyed the sailing and rowing, in that smart *barca*, over the Venetian-looking shallows between the salt pans, with their little white pyramids of salt, and Moorish-looking windmills. The country is indeed very Venetian-looking.

Ordinarily I should have been all impatience to get to our destination, but on this occasion the interest began the moment we were on the water; for these clear shallows, where the boatmen steered by watching the bottom, formed the harbour of Motya, where that tremendous drama began nearly 400 years before Christ. One would imagine that the levels had changed since then, for this was the harbour not only of Motya but also of Lilybæum, and there is not enough water to-day for even the little transports and warships of the ancients. On the other hand, the very considerable remains of the causeway, defended at its end by the tower built in the Middle Ages against the Saracens, are now, except for a projecting stone or two, a foot and more under water.

A CARTHAGINIAN CITY AND ITS CAPTURE

Of Motya, as it looked on that day of B.C. 397, when the 80,000 men, 200 warships, and 500 transports of Dionysius drew in sight of it, we fortunately know a good deal, for with Dionysius was Philistus, the historian. Its walls and houses were so lofty that the Greeks had to build wooden towers five stories high to command them, and its streets were so narrow and its houses so castle-like that, when the walls were battered down by Dionysius's rams, the houses in each street presented a fresh wall to be stormed. The Carthaginians made two attempts to relieve this, their principal *entrepôt* in Sicily. Himilcon, with ten triremes, dashed into the harbour of Syracuse, and destroyed all the shipping left there. The Syracusans kept within their walls, which were too strong for him to attack, and let him do his worst. Next, Himilcon, with 100 triremes, dashed into the harbour of Motya, destroyed a great quantity of Dionysius's

THE CAPTURE OF MOTYA BY DIONYSIUS

transports, and attacked his 200 triremes, which were drawn up on the beach. Dionysius saved them by filling them with archers and javelin men, and moving up his deadly catapults—the artillery of the ancients—to their support. This was the first time they had ever been used in warfare, and Himilcon, noting with dismay how they battered and sunk his ships, retreated, and left Motya to its fate. No thought of surrender entered the thoughts of its inhabitants; they destroyed their mole, and managed to fire some of Dionysius's wooden towers, but that great master of siege-craft speedily replaced them, and not only rebuilt the mole, but raised it to a height to command the walls. At length the walls were breached, and the Sicilian Greeks, eager to avenge the destruction of the citizen inhabitants of Himera and Selinus, rushed to the assault. The houses, as I have said, proved as defensible as the walls, and each day's fighting brought the Greeks hardly appreciably nearer the result until Archylus of Thurii made a fresh attack one night after the bugles had drawn the assaulting force off. They entered the city with the aid of scaling ladders, and admitted Dionysius's army at a more favourable point, perhaps at the great gate, of which traces still remain. Then Motya fell, and the Greeks slew man, woman, and child, in spite of the orders of Dionysius, until he thought of telling the Motyans to take refuge in certain shrines, which were sacred to Greeks as well as Carthaginians. They captured vast stores of the precious metals and costly fabrics.

THE FOUNDATION OF LILYBÆUM (MARSALA)

But that was really all they achieved, for less than a year afterwards, Himilcon, who had sailed with a large fleet and 100,000 men to Panormus (Palermo), marched down, and on the adjoining mainland—the most westerly cape of Sicily, round the sacred spring of Lilyba, which is now sacred to John the Baptist—founded the virgin fortress of Lilybæum, which never was taken by Greek or Roman. By building out a mole from the cape towards the island, he made the harbour of Motya a first-rate harbour for Lilybæum—the Calais of the Carthaginians in Sicily. The harbour

IN SICILY

of to-day, where Garibaldi landed, is not the harbour of Himilcon; it is on the other or south side of the cape.

THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT MOTYA

The site of Motya, which covered the whole of the island of S. Pantaleo, is now occupied with cornfields and vineyards, or prickly-pears, wild palms, and orpines four or five feet high. Beneath these, its fortunate owner, Mr. Joseph Whitaker, may possess buried ruins as important as those of Carthage; but there is not much in sight, though here and there, mostly near the water and sometimes extending into the sea, are low prehistoric walls and gateways. The ruins in the sea are all totally submerged, showing that where they exist the island must have sunk. The causeway of the Carthaginians, built of huge flat stones and mostly about half a yard under water, is still used by the *carrette* in carrying produce across. The tower near the end is mediæval; it was built for watching against the descents of the Saracens, which only ceased within living memory,

for there is a man still living at Trapani, so the boatman told us, whose mother was carried off by the Barbary corsairs.

There is a fine Carthaginian gate near the causeway, probably that through which Archylus admitted Dionysius's army. It is built of vast six-foot blocks in several layers, and there are marks of an ancient street leading to this seaward gate. There is also a bit of Phœnician wall by the disused saltpan, and there used to be another



Photo by]

[the Author.

THE CARTHAGINIAN GATE AT MOTYA

THE COTTAGE OF THE HEADMAN OF MOTYA

gate or two which have gradually been obliterated by agriculture, but not of course since Mr. Whitaker owned the island.

At the landing at Motya we were received by the headman, a fine old broth of a boy, ever so old, but so straight that he showed his six feet to the full. He was dressed in the pale blue knee-breeches worn by the natives, and a dark blue waistcoat and a headkerchief with the ends brought round and tied under his chin.

When trenching for his vines he told us that he came across no end of fragments of columns; he showed us one, and sundry beams. Once he had come across a sort of stone beehive. His vines were almost hidden with wild flowers. He had hardly ever been off the island he told us, but he had a son, a soldier, and he would show us his picture if we would do him the honour of going to his house.

THE COTTAGE OF THE HEADMAN OF MOTYA

There were two bedrooms behind a kind of white plaster battlement in the kitchen, and there were a shrine and three religious pictures on the wall between them. The chimney, a most mediæval-looking affair, terminating in a sort of cowl, was built across a corner, and had shelves adorned with a number of Greek-looking jugs. They used the racks over the fire as a kind of cupboard, though there was a corner cupboard as well. The forks, spoons, glasses, and sauce bottles they kept in these racks. The plates and so on were of the gaily-coloured pottery made at Sorrento, and so much used at Naples. The chairs were something like English chairs, but strung with cord made from the filaments of the "zabbara" leaves; and the pride of their hearts was a coffer, painted green, which showed up finely against the red tiles of the floor. Its nearest rival in their affections was a tiny trestle-table, like the water-carriers' tables at Palermo. A heavy iron ring screwed into the wall held their only washing basin. The walls were adorned with photographs of the soldier son, and engravings of the Madonna and pretty nearly all the saints in the calendar, whilst from the ceiling hung multi-coloured paper "ninfe," destined to form the delectation of countless flies. In one corner was the usual array of glazed majolica plates and dishes of many designs

IN SICILY

and hues, grouped, as in most of the peasants' houses, to form mural decorations out of the simple articles of daily use. The headman's wife, though quite old, wore short skirts, and stockings with huge red and green stripes.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN OF MOTYA

No sooner were we in the cottage, which was scrupulously clean, than a boy with a Saracen face, and a flock of charmingly pretty girls with kerchiefed heads, and shawls crossed over their chests, came and peeped in. They all seemed to be related to the headman.

Our friends had told us that the few women there were in Motya were famed for their beauty, but we were not prepared for such an exhibition of frank, fair, English-looking, country faces. They all had lovely teeth, and all were straight as darts and had most

elegant limbs. Our friends told the headman that Stephana would like to photograph these types of Sicilian beauty, and abetted by him she made several desperate attempts to kodak them, but to no purpose. She succeeded in photographing some plainer ones, whose vanity was not tickled so often. They always eluded her at the most critical moment, though they were by no means averse to conversation with the

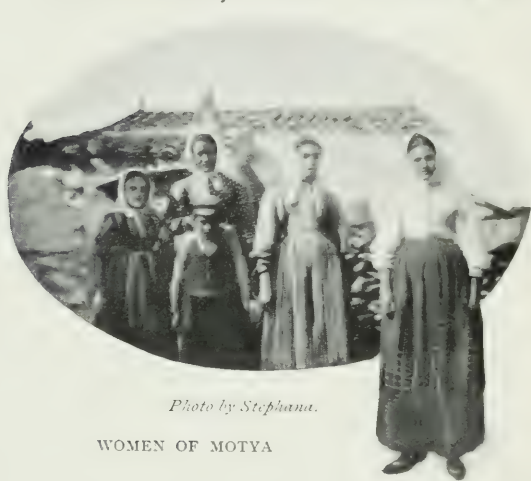


Photo by Stephana.

WOMEN OF MOTYA

Sicilian-speaking members of our party when the cameras were safely on the ground. In Motya they are continually digging up coins and pottery, and are perfectly willing to sell you the coins, if they are copper, at sums varying from a halfpenny to fourpence-halfpenny, and if they are silver at proportionate prices.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MOTYA AND FOUNDING OF LILYBÆUM

One fine day, in 397 B.C., Dionysius of Syracuse led an army of 80,000 men and destroyed Motya, after a siege, to quote the

MARSALA IN ROMAN TIMES

words of Murray, memorable not only for the heroic conduct of its defenders, but also for being the first at which catapults, the artillery of the ancients, were employed. When Dionysius went away the Carthaginians, who had escaped and concealed themselves in the neighbourhood, returned, nothing daunted, and built a new city, this time on the mainland, the famous Lilybæum, which has been more or less important and prosperous ever since. The Cape at Lilybæum was one of the three points which gave Sicily its name of Trinacria.

In spite of its being built on a flat seashore, the Lilybæans defended themselves against the Romans for ten long years (250 to 241 B.C.), and only surrendered in the end after the great naval victory of the Ægatian Islands, which ended the first Punic War. And a quarter of a century before that they successfully resisted a siege by Pyrrhus of Epirus. The Romans made good use of Marsala, and it was from Marsala in 204 B.C. that Scipio Africanus sailed to carry the war into Africa, which was the first deadly blow struck against Carthage, culminating as it did in the Battle of Zama in the year 202 B.C. And it was from Marsala again that the expedition sailed in B.C. 149 for the third Punic War, in which Carthage was laid in the dust, never to rise again.

Witheridge did not accompany us much in our ramblings round the town. The wine-making in the *baglio* had a never-failing interest for his practical mind, and Stephana had omitted to make him learn photography before starting on the trip, which was unfortunate, as she had a very good idea of pointing a kodak, and he would have done the developing and printing with the success he generally achieved in anything which appealed to him.

THE MEDIEVAL PALACES OF THE LESSER NOBLES

Marsala is to Africa what Dover is to the continent of Europe, the natural port; it has always been singularly open to raids, from the days of the Carthaginians to the days of the Saltee rovers. Therefore, in Marsala one comes across smaller fortified houses than anywhere else I know of. There are a great many small mediæval houses in Marsala occupied by poor people. The principle

IN SICILY

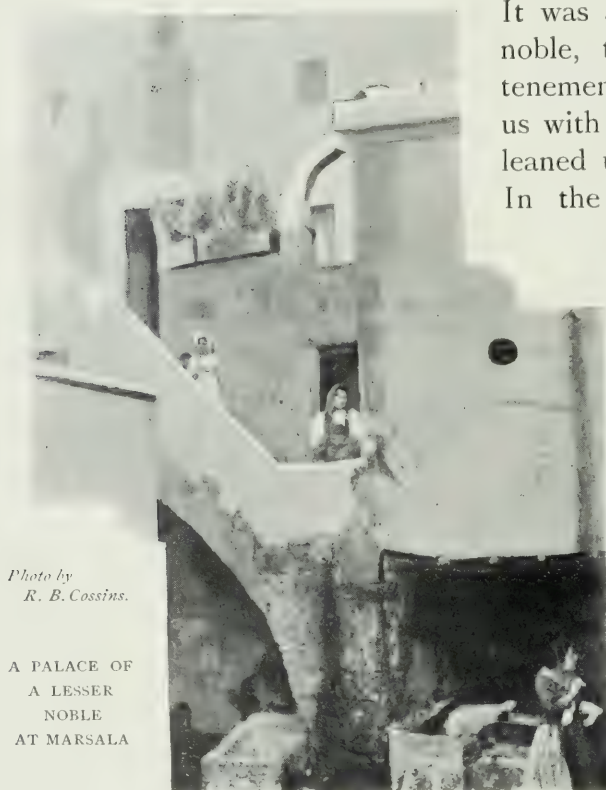
on which they were constructed is mostly the same—an outside wall almost blank, except for very high windows, pierced by an arched doorway leading into a court. In the court are a cistern and a place for washing; and leading up from the court a heavily-parapeted stairway, terminating in a heavily-parapeted gallery, carried, between them, round three sides of the court.

There was in the Strada S. Calogero a splendid specimen of these palazzetti; it had an ancient tower and a wonderful balcony in its cortile, supported, like the stairs which climbed up to it, by heavy stone brackets in the Spanish style. There were a well in the corner, three washing-cisterns under the stairs, and a cesspool in the middle of the court. Mysterious-looking arches and passages

opened off this ancient staircase. It was a typical house of a small noble, though now divided into tenements, where women stared at us with wide Sicilian eyes as they leaned upon the balcony or spun.

In the street outside their boys were playing the Sicilian game of batting a ball through a ring. Some of these houses had a fine double staircase sweeping down both sides of the cortile; most of them had towers, and all had heavy barring to their tiny windows. These little palaces of Marsala are, I think, the most interesting buildings of their kind in Sicily, and exceedingly picturesque.

There are not a great



*Photo by
R. B. Cossins.*

A PALACE OF
A LESSER
NOBLE
AT MARSALA

THE BAGLIO WOODHOUSE

many ancient palaces of larger size in Marsala; prosperous towns all the world over are perpetually being rebuilt, and Marsala, with its rich English companies spending a great deal of money on wine and wages, has been unusually prosperous for Sicily. There are



UNPICTURESQUE MARSALA

hardly any old houses in the main street shown in the picture, though most of them retain the balconies supported on very projecting stone brackets.

NELSON AND WATERLOO AT THE BAGLIO WOODHOUSE

Witheridge was, of course, always ready to go over a *baglio* with us. The long, white wall shown in another of the pictures is the Baglio Woodhouse, the oldest in Marsala, and still has mounted on its corner turrets cannon planted there during the long Napoleonic Wars. For Marsala, with its vast stores of wine and the money requisite for carrying on the business, was the natural point for a frigate or privateer to strike at. The traditions of the long war

IN SICILY

belong to the Baglio Woodhouse. It was to the Woodhouses that Nelson wrote in 1800:—

“The wine to be delivered as expeditiously as possible, and all to be delivered within the space of five weeks from this date; a convoy will be wanted for the vessel from Marsala, but all risks are to run by Mr. Woodhouse.

“BRONTE AND NELSON.”*

And it was the then head of the firm of Woodhouse who, in 1815, when he heard the news of the Battle of Waterloo, set aside a pipe of his finest wine to be kept for ever in memory of the battle, that distinguished strangers might taste of the wine of that immortal year. The small yearly inroads into it are carefully refilled with selected wine, and it tastes like the finest Madeira.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD “BAGLIO”

This curious word *baglio* is the same as the Low-Latin *Ballium* and the English Bailey, preserved in the Old Bailey and many of our castles. It signified a walled court or outwork. The larger *baglj* are regular villages, though the workmen do not, as a rule, live inside them.

THE WOODHOUSE MAUSOLEUM

In the Woodhouse Baglio, too, is the old mausoleum of the English colony at Marsala, which has some tombs dating from the last century.

Among the people buried there are John Woodhouse of Liverpool, who died at Marsala, August 25th, 1826 (he was called *il vecchio*; but his father came here in 1772, though he never lived here); William Woodhouse; Joshua Ingham; and John Barlow. The mausoleum is rather a mosque-like little building; it has recently been consecrated. One of the oldest tombs is that of John Christian, a native of Douglas in the Isle of Man, who died at Lilybæum, 4th of the Ides of October, 1793, aged twenty-six.

In the days of dollars Mr. Woodhouse used to go to Castelvetro with two octaves full of dollars for the purchase of wines. The old white plastered house with its brown points and green jalousies is

* See facsimile given on page 262.

THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY AT MARSALA

very picturesque. In 1860 the Neapolitan men-of-war destroyed two *carratoons* of fine wine—a *carratoon* means any cask of three pipes and upwards. Two and a half pipes is the ordinary size of a store cask. The country people keep all their wine in these casks, and their size makes them very easy to clean. There are some wonderful old casks in the Woodhouse Baglio.



Photo by R. B. Cossins.

THE WOODHOUSE BAGLIO

THE TAGLIA, OR TALLY SYSTEM

In the dealings between the *baglj* and the farmers, the *taglia* or tally is much used; the wood is sawn irregularly down the middle, and the numbers are then filed on it in Roman figures—the tens being crossed, the fives not crossed, and the ones vertical.

THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY OF MARSALA AND THE SACRED SPRING OF LILYBA

There is nearly as much of Marsala underground as there is above. As at Syracuse and in other parts of Sicily, quarrying dis-

IN SICILY

closed subterranean caverns, and many persecutions and the corsair raids of many centuries drove the inhabitants to tunnel out dwellings off these caverns.

The catacombs of Marsala differ from most catacombs in that the idea of dwellings for the living is so much more prominent than usual. The exact date of them is unknown. According to Murray, who gives an excellent though rather too brief account of Marsala, there are many "ancient tombs, some of early Christian, others of Pagan times, retaining vestiges of frescoed decorations. There is also an ancient church, the lower part of which is hewn from the rock; the upper part has been modernised. Some caves opening on it have their walls frescoed with full-length figures of saints, male and female, all of Byzantine art. . . S. Giovanni Battista, outside the walls to the north-west, contains a marble figure by Antonio Gagini, one of the best of his many statues of that saint. A flight of steps in the pavement leads down to a small circular grotto hewn in the rock, retaining traces of frescoes on the walls and of mosaic work in the pavement. In the centre is a small well—a yard square—of very clear but brackish water. The chamber is commonly called the 'Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl,' who was believed to have uttered her words through the medium of this water, and to have been buried on this spot. The well is doubtless that which was renowned among the ancients under the name of Lilyba, as having existed here long before the foundation of Lilybæum, and as having given its name both to the promontory and to the city. The grotto is still regarded with superstitious reverence, and on the eve of S. John crowds flock to it to taste its waters."

GARIBALDI LANDED AT MARSALA

The harbour with its small boats interested Witheridge—a little English cutter, kept for the use of the staff of Ingham and Whitaker's Baglio, really appealed to him more than the fact that it was at Marsala, the world-old Lilybæum, that the making of modern Italy began. It is an old story now how Raffaele Rubattino, the Genoese, conveyed to Garibaldi, when in the first days of May, 1860, he was waiting

GARIBALDI LANDED AT MARSALA

with his one thousand and seven men to find his way to Sicily, the welcome news that there would be two of his steamers, the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo*, lying at the Mole of Genoa imperfectly guarded. Garibaldi took the hint, and the famous *mille*, who are more revered by Italians than the voyagers of the *Mayflower* are by Americans, boarded them, and made the engineers, with a very slight show of resistance, raise steam for Marsala. Arrived there on May 11th their troubles were not at an end, for there were a fifty-gun frigate and a couple of steam sloops of the Neapolitan navy cruising outside. In their hurry to get in, though the *Piemonte* ran safely inside the mole, the *Lombardo* ran ashore one hundred yards outside. While the Neapolitan men-of-war steamed up to make a shambles of her, there occurred what might have proved an international incident, for a British man-of-war that was in the harbour deliberately steamed in front of the *Lombardo* in such a position that not a shot could be fired into her without going through or over the Englishman. The Neapolitan captain was afraid of the responsibility, the men of the *Lombardo* scuttled ashore, and then the Englishman quietly steamed back and watched the Neapolitan warships wreaking their vengeance on the empty Rubattino steamer.

THE WHITAKERS' CONNECTION WITH GARIBALDI

Among Garibaldi's lieutenants were three who afterwards became connected with the Whitaker family: General Medici, Marchese del Vascello, who so greatly distinguished himself in 1849, and who, at the head of fresh forces, joined Garibaldi after the battle of Calatafimi, married the widow of their cousin, Mr. Benjamin Ingham, junior; Alfonso Scalia—later on a lieutenant-general in the Italian army—became father-in-law to Mr. Joseph J. S. Whitaker; and the well-known Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, now one of the oldest members of the Italian Senate, is a brother-in-law of the Whitakers.

The one thousand and seven camped for the night outside the gates, and on the next day started for the heights of Calatafimi, where they gained their first victory, almost under the shadow of the glorious Greek temple of Segesta. A few days later they were outside

IN SICILY

Palermo and won another victory, and modern Italy had begun. It is no wonder that Italians feel that there is something national about their great company of merchant steamers, the Florio-Rubattino, now known as the Navigazione Generale Italiana, which is really the best way of getting about Italy when you are travelling between maritime cities at any distance from each other, like Genoa and Naples. How peaceful men of commerce may occasionally be dragged into history is shown by some letters in the Consular archives at Marsala, written by Mr. R. B. Cossins, a prominent member of Ingham, Whitaker, and Co.'s staff, and British Vice-Consul at Marsala. They describe most graphically the feeling, not altogether devoid of consternation, with which the little English colony regarded the progress of events in these stormy days of May and June, 1860. For nothing was likelier than that either the rebels or the King's men—the King of Naples' men—would try to sack Marsala, which was rich and totally unprotected except by the few resolute English behind the walls of the *baglj* and the irregular force raised by the Municipality, of which Mr. Cossins wrote on June 19th to the captain of the British man-of-war lying in the harbour.

HOW MARSALA WAS IMPERILLED

Letter from the British Vice-Consul to the Captain of H.M.S. "Argus."

"BRITISH VICE-CONSULATE, MARSALA,

"June 19th, 1860.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 18th instant, and beg to inform you in reply that the state of things in Marsala is not yet such as to make me feel confident of the security of British subjects and property here, without the presence of some British vessel-of-war in our vicinity. No actual disturbance has lately taken place in the town, and a national guard of six hundred or seven hundred men have been enrolled for the maintenance of public security, but more than half the number of men are without firearms, and party spirit causes dissensions among the officers. Besides this, a general feeling of discontent seems to prevail among the inhabitants regarding the conscription and organisation of the militia, on which point, as on several others of positive importance for the establishment and maintenance of public order, nothing

LETTERS ON THE REVOLUTION OF 1860

has been done in Marsala, notwithstanding the most energetic orders from the acting authorities in Palermo. The people here seem to be under the influence of a low egotism which excludes public spirit of any kind, and the same feeling paralyses the Civic Council. The office of Local Governor in Marsala was abolished a few days ago by virtue of a general order which places the different towns of the island under the immediate jurisdiction of the Governor of each district, Marsala being included in the district of Trapani. Thus the local administration of the public business of the town centres in the Civic Council and the delegate of public security. The President of the Council tendered his resignation two days ago, and now I am credibly informed that the official letters which came by last post directed to the local authorities remained for some time unopened. In this state of things the security of the place depends entirely on the National Guard, and the dissension arising from party spirit, and, I regret to add, more unworthy and dangerous feelings in some of the officers, renders the force of very doubtful efficiency. The recent liberation of the prisoners from Trapani and Favignana has considerably increased the numbers of dangerous vagabonds in the town and our immediate neighbourhood, and the isolated position of the English factories here makes our situation insecure as long as a sufficient repressive force is wanting in Marsala to insure the public tranquillity.

"The general wish of the English residents here is that the protection of one of H.M.'s vessels-of-war should if possible be continued to us a little longer, in which I coincide, particularly as the departure of Neapolitan troops from Palermo should lead to prompt and we should say effective measures for the establishment of order in the island generally.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"R. B. C.

"H. F. W. INGRAM, R.N.

"*Command of H.M. Steam Ship 'Argus,' Marsala.*"

The Vice-Consul had already written a very interesting letter to the British Consul at Palermo.

Letter from Vice-Consul Cossins to Consul Goodwin at Palermo.

"MARSALA, June 1st, 1860.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that H.M.S. *Intrepid*, Captain Marryatt, called off this port this morning and brought the arms that have been taken from us by General L. This steamer proceeded at once to Malta. We had another disembarkation of emigrants early this

IN SICILY

morning by a small Sardinian steamer which arrived from Genoa. There were about 150 men landed under the command of Enrico Tardello, mostly Italians; they brought with them 2,000 muskets and 100,000 cartridges. I hear they intend to collect some squadri from the adjacent villages and to march on Trapani to-morrow, which city is still in possession of the Royal troops, and the inhabitants are fearing that at any moment their houses may be sacked and burnt by them. The landing of the above men and ammunition was effected without opposition, there being at the time a Neapolitan war vessel near, and the Sardinian craft has set off again for Cagliari. I have written the foregoing to be ready for first opportunity to send you, and at this moment, 6.30 p.m., there is an English gunboat hove in sight from the southward, which I presume will be the *Assurance* and that she will be starting at once for Palermo.

"We are anxiously waiting for news from Palermo and trust that some amicable arrangement will be come to between the contending parties.

"Dear Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"R. B. C.

"JOHN GOODWIN, ESQ.,

"*H.B.M. Consul, Palermo.*"

When I recall the circumstance that it was from this landing of Garibaldi at Marsala that the kingdom of Italy—the first kingdom that Italy the ancient ever had—sprang, I think these letters will be read with much interest.

Daily Express (June 4th, 1901).—"Thirty Sicilian brigands have raided the country-house of Count Passalacqua, near Marsala, and carried off the nine-year-old son of the Count. The brigands now demand £400 for the ransom of their captive.—*Rome, Monday, June 3rd, 1901.*"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CITY OF VENUS—ERYX

THE ELYMIAN ABORIGINES OF SICILY

THE Elymians were an extremely lucky people. There do not seem to have been many of them. Some writers will hardly allow their claim to be considered as the third prehistoric tribe of Sicily. The Sikels; yes, of course! and the Sikans; yes, of course! but the Elymians! There are only two important towns where there is any record of an Elymian origin, and their inhabitants behaved so very unhistorically as to be the descendants of the Trojans. But Professor Freeman is satisfied that there really were Elymians, and that they owned two such famous cities as Eryx (Monte S. Giuliano) and Eggesta (Segesta), which are said to be visible to each other across the intervening hilltops, though I have been to both, and was unable to see either from the other. Nowadays Segesta is chiefly famous for its beautiful Greek temple and rumours of brigands, and Eryx is deservedly famous, because still on its mountain-top, 2,500 feet high, it is surrounded by the Carthaginian walls over which Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus (the doughtiest enemy of the Romans), led his storming party.

THE CITY OF ERYX, OR MONTE S. GIULIANO

Eryx was known for countless centuries as the Hill of Venus; the Saracens called it Jebel Hamed, whatever that means. It owes its present name, according to Murray, to a legend connected with its siege by the Saracens. "While these were assaulting the city S. Julian suddenly confronted them on the walls with a pack of

IN SICILY

hounds, which, flying at the Moslems, drove them over the ramparts and caused them to break their necks in the fall. Of the ancient city of Eryx hardly anything remains beyond the wall, which may be traced along the west face of the mountain. Square towers project at unequal intervals. The masonry is composed of enormous



ERYX: THE BASTION NEAR THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

blocks, rudely squared, in courses generally horizontal, the largest blocks being below, the most regular above. In certain parts the upper courses are of small and regular masonry, apparently the work of a later age and of a different race, and probably show the repairs effected by the Romans. The Porta Spada and Porta di Trapani are now spanned by pointed arches, but the masonry to the height of six or seven feet is of an ancient construction."

Classical scholars will wish that it had retained its ancient name

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS ERYCINA

officially, for it was this Eryx that gave Venus her name of Erycina. However, the natives call it Erice still in fond moments.

Almost the only thing we know about those same Elymians is that they worshipped a goddess of love and beauty, whom the Phœnicians were content to identify with their Ashtaroth, and the Greeks with their Aphrodite, and the Romans with their Venus Erycina Ridens, the laughter-loving lady of Eryx. In the upper court of the castle, says Murray—

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS ERYCINA

“On the summit of the mountain is a large bell-shaped pit, which goes by the name of Pozzo di Venere. It is thirteen feet in diameter at its neck or mouth, sunk in the rock and lined with cement, and was probably a well or reservoir for grain attached to the celebrated Temple of Venus Erycina, which occupied the crest of the mountain. Hard by is a horse-trough, pointed out as the Bagno di Venere. Adjacent is a little bastion on the verge of the precipice, commanding a glorious view over the mountainous country east towards Palermo. Beneath the Castle, on the north, near a mediæval arch, called Arco di Dedalo, or, more vulgarly, Arco di Diavolo, a personage better understood by the peasantry, is a fragment of regular masonry without cement, probably the substructure of the temple sacred to the laughter-loving goddess Erycina Ridens, which stood on the summit. It was built by Eryx, son of the giant Butes (by Venus, or by a native girl called Lycaste, surnamed Venus, for her surpassing beauty). Others, with Virgil, ascribe the temple to Æneas—

‘Tum vicina astris Erycino in vertice sedes
Fundatur Veneri Idaliæ.’

Diodorus tells us that the crest of the mountain, being very rugged and too circumscribed for a temple, was levelled by Dædalus, then an exile from Crete, who built fortifications at the verge of the precipices, and constructed a road up to the building. This celebrated shrine, in splendour, wealth, and beauty, far surpassed all the other temples of Sicily, and was revered alike by Sicanians, Cartha-

IN SICILY

ginians, Greeks, and Romans. The senate assigned it a guard of two hundred soldiers; the most beautiful women in the island became its priestesses, and even Verres, who profaned every other temple in Sicily, offered up his unholy vows at this voluptuous shrine, and enriched it with a silver Cupid."

ERYX IN GREEK TIMES

The halo of Venus, which still lingers about the mountain, is all that we have left of the Elymians; and the Phœnicians have left no more; but the Carthaginians surrounded it, centuries before Christ, with the walls that still guard its western front, capped with mediæval work. It was more than five centuries B.C. that Dorieus, the King's son of Sparta, having no chance of succeeding his father, led his Heraclidæ to claim Eryx as the heritage of his forefather Heracles (Hercules). The oracle had augured his success, but on the way he lingered to attack the rich settlement of Croton in South Italy, and broke the spell. He was slain on the slopes of Eryx. A hundred years later the inhabitants of Egesta (Segesta) having entreated the Athenians to help them against their haughty neighbours of Selinus (Selinunte), the Babylon of Sicily, the Athenians sent envoys to ascertain the resources of the Egestans. Eryx, like Egesta, being an Elymian city, its inhabitants took the Athenians to see the treasures in the temple of their famous goddess. They had an immense treasure of silver-gilt vessels, which the Athenians took for gold, and, similar expedients being employed at Egesta, the Athenians were entrapped into the alliance. In B.C. 397, Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, persuaded the Elymians of Eryx to rebel against their Carthaginian masters at the time of his conquest of Motya. It was retaken by Himilcon in the next year by treachery, and continued Carthaginian till Dionysius, at the very end of his reign, recaptured it with the connivance of its inhabitants, who hated the perpetually invading Carthaginians much worse than the distant Syracusans. Eryx, and its seaport Trapani, are just across the Strait from Africa. Eryx was never Greek but twice—once in the mythical times of Heracles, the Hercules of fable, and once

ERYX IN THE PUNIC WARS

in 276 B.C. at the hands of Pyrrhus the Epirote, if he can be counted as a Greek. Pyrrhus, who was a born sieger of cities, brought his engines up the mountain to play on the defences, but took the city by storm. He was an heir of Hercules, through Achilles, and his soldiers hailed him as the Eagle when he led the storming party over the walls of Eryx.



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins.

ERYX: THE CARTHAGINIAN WALLS (LOWER PORTION ONLY)

ERYX IN THE PUNIC WARS

The next important event in the history of Eryx is the part it played in the war between the Romans and the Carthaginians under Hamilcar Barca, the father of the famous Hannibal. In 248 B.C., though they had been defeated by Hasdrubal in the sea-fight off Drepana (Trapani) the year before, and lost most of their fleet by a storm in that year, the Consul sailed suddenly round to the foot of Eryx, and captured it, just before Hamilcar, whose nickname Barak or Barca signifies the Thunderbolt, came upon the scene. Hamilcar, the greatest commander in the war, recaptured the lower town, but failed to take the temple and the citadel, probably through

IN SICILY

the hostility of the inhabitants, who may have admitted the Romans for the same reason. The fact was that Hamilcar, with the eye of a great commander, saw that it would be possible on the sickle-shaped bay, which gave Drepana its name, to found another mighty fortress, like the unconquerable Lilybæum. Only to make such a fortress he required inhabitants, and had signified his intention of transferring the people of Eryx *en bloc* to his new city.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN ERYX AND TRAPANI

Since the time of Hamilcar many attempts have been made to induce the inhabitants of Eryx to migrate to Trapani, but never with any success till our own day, when it is no longer a question of compulsion, but of higher wages. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the two cities. Trapani has a few old houses, such as that in the Giudecca, but it is essentially a modern town, with a long, straight harbour-wharf, to which are moored the sterns of countless coasting craft, come for its salt. It is a large, naked town, of the modern Italian sort, and is not very interesting, except on Sunday morning, when the peasants ride in to church in dark blue hooded cloaks if it is cold, and in very little if it is warm. You often see mother and child riding on an ass led by a husband, looking for all the world like a Holy Family of Murillo.

TRAPANI AND ERYX IN "VIRGIL"

A very interesting book might be written to identify the spots round Trapani and Eryx mentioned by Virgil. They are treated at great length in *Æneid V.*, during the description of Æneas's funeral games in honour of his father Anchises. An immense deal has been written upon the subject by various classical scholars, but no guide-book has been written about it yet. Baedeker identifies the island of Asinello with the goal of the boat race of the *Æneid*, in which one of the captains threw the pilot overboard for losing ground by being afraid to shave the rocks too closely. He was not drowned. Æneas came straight from Carthage to Trapani, like many a better man before him and after him. I say before, because the Carthaginian

TRAPANI IN THE "ODYSSEY" AND "ÆNEID"

admirals steered for Trapani or the headland of Marsala for centuries before Virgil sent Æneas there, and because the route went on when Carthage was no more.



THE HARBOUR OF TRAPANI

The scene of the boat race in the *Æneid*; Mount Eryx in the background

KING EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND AT TRAPANI

Edward I. of England, going a-crusading, sailed from Tunis to Trapani, where he found St. Louis dead. He or another brought the entrails of St. Louis to rest in Sicily, where they still rest in the glorious Cathedral of Monreale, while the unworthy brother of the saint, Charles of Anjou, whom the Pope had made King of Sicily, took the opportunity of wrecking all the Crusader ships he could to steal their valuables. Edward I. came once again to Trapani when he was homing from his victory at Acre, to begin the forty years of kingship which have given our empire its unity and all the world its constitutions; and Trapani goes to Tunis to-day as much as Drepanum went to Carthage.

THE CONNECTION OF TRAPANI WITH THE "ODYSSEY" AND THE "ÆNEID"

At the foot of the mountain is the shrine of the famous Madonna di Trapani, which contains a miraculous statue of the Virgin and

IN SICILY

Child, made in the fourteenth century. The shrine is very rich, but I found the slopes of the mountain immediately above it more interesting, being as they are the supposed site of the games held by Æneas in honour of his father, Anchises. It is curious that Trapani, which comes so prominently into the *Æneid*, should have been selected by Mr. Butler as the scene of the writing of the *Odyssey*, by a woman. He boldly gives it as his opinion that the scenery of the *Odyssey* is not that of the Ionian Islands, but of the Ægatian Islands, off the west coast of Sicily, opposite Marsala and Trapani, and that all the voyaging Ulysses ever did was to sail round Sicily.

THE BATTLE OF THE ÆGATIAN ISLANDS

But these same Ægatian Islands have a good solid history of their own, and do not have to depend on romance, for in the channel between them was fought out the last act of the first Punic War. The Carthaginians, in 241 B.C., suddenly woke up to the fact that Sicily would be lost if they did not send a fleet to support Hamilcar. Waiting till a fierce sirocco blew, they sent their heavily-laden transports, but the Roman General, or as we should say Admiral, C. Lutatius Catulus, was a man of genius. He saw that the right time to attack the Carthaginians was while they were still laden down with stores and non-combatants, and before the formidable Hamilcar and his fighting-men had time to go aboard. To do this the Romans had to put out in the teeth of the gale; but they manœuvred successfully and won a crushing victory, with the result of the Carthaginians giving up all their conquests in Sicily and the other Italian islands, and paying 3,200 talents in ten years.

THE TUNNY FISHERIES

Nowadays the straits between the islands, where the fate of Carthage was sealed, are the scene of a very different contest, for the most famous tunny fisheries in the world are there, the property of the fortunate Signor Florio, secured by the foresight of his father, who purchased the group of islands, not for their own sake, seeing



THE DELLA ROBBIAS IN S. MARIA DI LEON, TRAPANI

Photo by Alinari.

ERYX FEELING THE PROSPERITY OF TRAPANI

that with the exception of Favignana they are little else than barren rocks, but for the valuable tunny fisheries in their waters. The tunny fishery is the most profitable industry in Italy, as the Londoner can understand when he learns that the tunny fish in oil, for which he pays a shilling a pound, is canned from fish which are often ten feet long and a thousand pounds in weight, and are caught in countless numbers during the brief season extending, as a rule, from the end of April to the third week of June. Besides this fishery and his share in the Florio-Rubattino steamers, Signor Florio is the owner of one of the three large Marsala wine *baglj*.

ERYX FEELING THE PROSPERITY OF TRAPANI

Eryx has a population of 10,000 people, and a mayor and a *municipio*, but its population is now decreasing owing to the prosperity of Trapani, which is beginning to rival Marsala as the centre of the wine trade, and in general prosperity much exceeds it, owing to a curious monopoly with which the present Government have never interfered—the right of making untaxed salt in the salt-pans supplied by the evaporation of sea water. I have heard that more than half of the population have migrated, and feel sure that many of the inhabitants go to Trapani every day for their work, riding there and back on mules and asses. Eryx—Erice, as they now call it—has streets of good and exceedingly picturesque houses, and in the summer is favoured as a health resort by the inhabitants of Trapani and Marsala. One cannot help thinking that there is a great opening for an English tramway company in Sicily to exploit these mountain sanatoria. There are several large towns in the island standing 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the sea-level, such as Eryx itself and Castrogiovanni. In summer, of course, they are much cooler and healthier than the towns in the plains, and all they want is an elevator tramway, similar to that in use on Mount Victoria at Hong Kong, or Mount Royal at Montreal, to make all the wealthy people in the neighbourhood have summer residences in them.

IN SICILY

TAKING TRAIN TO TRAPANI

The one idea of the English who are condemned for their sins to live in that beautiful suburban villa, the Baglio Ingham at Marsala, is to get away from Marsala on a Sunday, and a favourite trip is to take the train to Trapani and climb Eryx, the mountain crowned with a city before history began.

Though it is easy enough to get out of the station at Marsala, it is by no means so easy to get in; for they will not let you enter without a ticket, and tickets are issued through an orifice the size of the clerk's ear, and the country people move about a good deal on Sunday, so there is a long queue of customers, who pay everything in one or two franc notes, though the sum may be fifty francs.

As we steamed slowly out of Marsala we saw crowds of country people riding on asses to market, the men in their great blue-hooded cloaks, the women in rainbows, and the asses of both piled up with panniers, which stuck out on each side like a man-of-war's boat-booms. The reds, greens, and blues were wonderful.

THE VIEW FROM THE TRAIN

As we puffed leisurely away to Trapani we passed white villas down by the shore, sometimes with one tall palm; and tiny shrines by the wayside, occasionally with a woman hooded in a black shawl kneeling in front of them; while in the near distance lay the low, green island of Motya, the firstfruits of Carthage in Sicily; and in the offing the Ægæan Islands, where the Carthaginian power received its first fatal blow. The Ægæan Islands are in much estimation with quail-shooters, for they lie on the lines of migration. It is a curious fact that as the quails go north in the spring they stop at one island, Levanzo, and as they come south in the autumn they invariably stop at another, Favignana. The salt-pans down by the sea would be like oyster beds if it were not for the limpet-shaped heaps of salt, some tiled over, some glittering in the sun. In days gone by they were seized from Marsala by Trapani, and their possession is sorely grudged, because it has made Trapani the most

SUNDAY MORNING MARKET AT TRAPANI

prosperous place in Sicily for its size. Trapani rises from its salt-pans, like S. Malo from the sea, but its numerous churches give it a decidedly more Christian appearance, and in the distance its tiled heaps of salt look like a camp of Arab tents, while the windmills used for pumping up the water from the tideless sea into the outer pans, and thence into inner pans, give a Dutch note.

The railway is hedged with beautiful rose-red geraniums nearly the whole way from Marsala to Trapani. The whole effect of the city is a shimmering lake, backed by Eryx, with its towered walls and rocks, which are themselves a Titan's castle. In Trapani all the cabmen are boys, and boy-cabmen are much the most unconscionable, but our friends from the *baglio* could talk Sicilian.

THE WALK THROUGH TRAPANI TO ERYX

Trapani is by no means such a picturesque town as Marsala; it is too prosperous, its inhabitants can afford to rebuild. The Trapanesi paint their carts, but often only with conventional designs like vases. The road to Eryx took us through a humble portion of the town. This is easy to recognise in Sicily, because the only shops it supports are wood shops, greengrocers' shops, basket shops, and cheap pottery shops. The houses in Trapani are the flattest and most Oriental-looking in the island. Here, as at Marsala, Sunday is a market-day, but the market consists principally of broccoli and fennel, and *carabinieri* with their Sunday knots and plumes. Also the goats are looked after a little less than usual, and are proportionately inquisitive. The men riding in on donkeys with their grand high sheep-skin saddles ought all of them to have been painted by Murillo. We began to think



Photo by the Author.

ARCADES AMBO—A TYPICAL SICILIAN

IN SICILY

that we should never catch the train home if Stephana kodaked so many of them.

CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

She would not hear of driving up the mountain, though climbing mountains in the sun had such a severe effect upon her. She was on her mettle, and from below, the mountain with its farms embowered in faint pink almond blossom, and the silvery green of its prickly-pears, and its splendid tufts of wild palmetto, and its glorious carobs, looked very tempting. Also, as we began to mount the lower slopes, with their memories of Anchises and their view of the white sickle city below, our enthusiasm if anything increased, though the only flowers were big marigolds and small campions and an occasional purple crocus, and of course daisies. But as the climb grew sharper we recognised that he who has walked from Trapani to Eryx on a hot Sicilian day must subscribe to the greatness of Pyrrhus. The mountain, a great mass of yellow limestone, rises 2,500 feet above the sea, which means above Trapani, and is a rough and in places almost precipitous climb, while at the top the cliffs of laminated limestone rise so perpendicularly as to look like Cyclopean walls.

As we struggled up, carrying our cameras and coats, for the early morning had been very cold, we felt mortally hot, and wished we had hired an ass, at any rate for the wraps. But we should have been better off if we had followed the zigzag carriage-road instead of the footpath, for then a mile below the town we should have come to orchards and cypresses and stone pines.

ARRIVAL AT ERYX

Passing through the narrow Trapani gate in the Carthaginian wall, we found ourselves in a queer old town with elaborately flagged streets, and houses with such lofty garden walls that they looked like so many fortresses. There was a *chiesa matrice*, very picturesque and rather Moorish-looking in its exterior, and a sombre, age-worn castle at the other end of the town with a situation simply superb.



Photo by Ainari.

THE CHIESA MATRICE AT ERYX

WHAT THE CITY OF ERYX IS LIKE

The *chiesa matrice* was full of country Sicilians, the men in hooded cloaks and velveteens and top-boots, the women in their black silk *manti*, which no doubt can claim descent from the *mantillas* worn by the ladies who came over from Spain with Pedro of Aragon and his court. There is a beautiful Saracen tower to the left of the entrance. We had taken our cameras into the "matrice," and were followed out by various worshippers who wished to carry them for money. On our way to the castle we did not forget to look into the little hotel and order lunch.

THE HOTEL AT ERYX

The hotel itself was like a fortress. We were only admitted through a kind of postern in a blank wall at the foot of a steep staircase. When we got to the top we had to walk round a sort of terrace, past a look-out where the fat landlord sat; he flew out and embraced one of our party. "You are the brother of Mr. S——h," he said, and on the strength of that promised to give us directly an excellent dinner. Directly meant nearly a precious hour, which would have enabled us to see the castle handsomely and given us time to catch our train, and the excellent dinner consisted of kid and macaroni and the little strong Neapolitan tomatoes, and not very good omelette, and not very good cheese. The wine, too, was the least pleasant we had in all Sicily. But the scene was highly picturesque, and the landlord a great character and a merry, obliging soul. After this frugal repast we hurried round the town to the castle, perched on the huge limestone crag which falls sheer down for hundreds of feet.

THE CITY OF ERYX

In the splendid ring wall, with numberless bastions, which surrounds the city, we could trace the massive Carthaginian masonry to a considerable height from the ground, and the ancient walls were full of cetrach and maidenhair. The town is paved throughout with great slabs of the Roman pattern, and is full of high, romantic-looking walls, all of grey stone. There are a few Gothic buildings,

IN SICILY

such as the convent, and a row of shops with broad stone sills. In one place you can see the white crosses of the Knights Templars, three feet from the ground.

THE CASTLES OF ERYX

At length we got to the castle; it was like the Bolt Head and Corfe Castle run into one, with all the kingdoms of the earth at our feet indicated by the white city on the shore, the wide green plain with its olives and cork trees and symmetrical farms, and the islands on the horizon. The town immediately below us looked very Saracenic with its towers and domes, the *chiesa matrice* tower looked especially Saracenic. And the back of the *matrice* suggested a mosque, as did many combinations of those marvellous laminated rocks. There are two castles at Eryx—one the real one, whose habitable parts are now used as a prison; the other restored, built by an enthusiastic antiquary, Count Pepoli. From a distance this is much the more effective of the two. I was informed by the Count's secretary and by other reliable people that the *castle* has always been a castle—in all ages—but on the site of Count Pepoli's property a Greek temple stood. When this temple was destroyed by their conquerors, parts of the columns were employed in restoring the castle embattlements, and some of these drum-shaped parts, placed horizontally, may be seen to this day. *On the site of the Greek temple a Roman tower arose*, which in its turn fell into decay, and *this tower was restored by Count Pepoli*, the lower part of the tower belongs to the original construction. He also ordered a magnificent bronze gate to take the place of the supposed Roman gate, but the ignorant civic authorities refused to allow the gate to be put up, as *they considered that this would put the tower in a thorough state of defence!* I have seen this bronze gate, and also had the pleasure of meeting Count Pepoli, who has done much to improve Eryx by creating a public garden, and by planting young firs on the otherwise bare slopes of the north side of the mountain. The former has been described above; the latter has the most incomparable site that any man ever lived on, looking out as it does on a depthless precipice green with

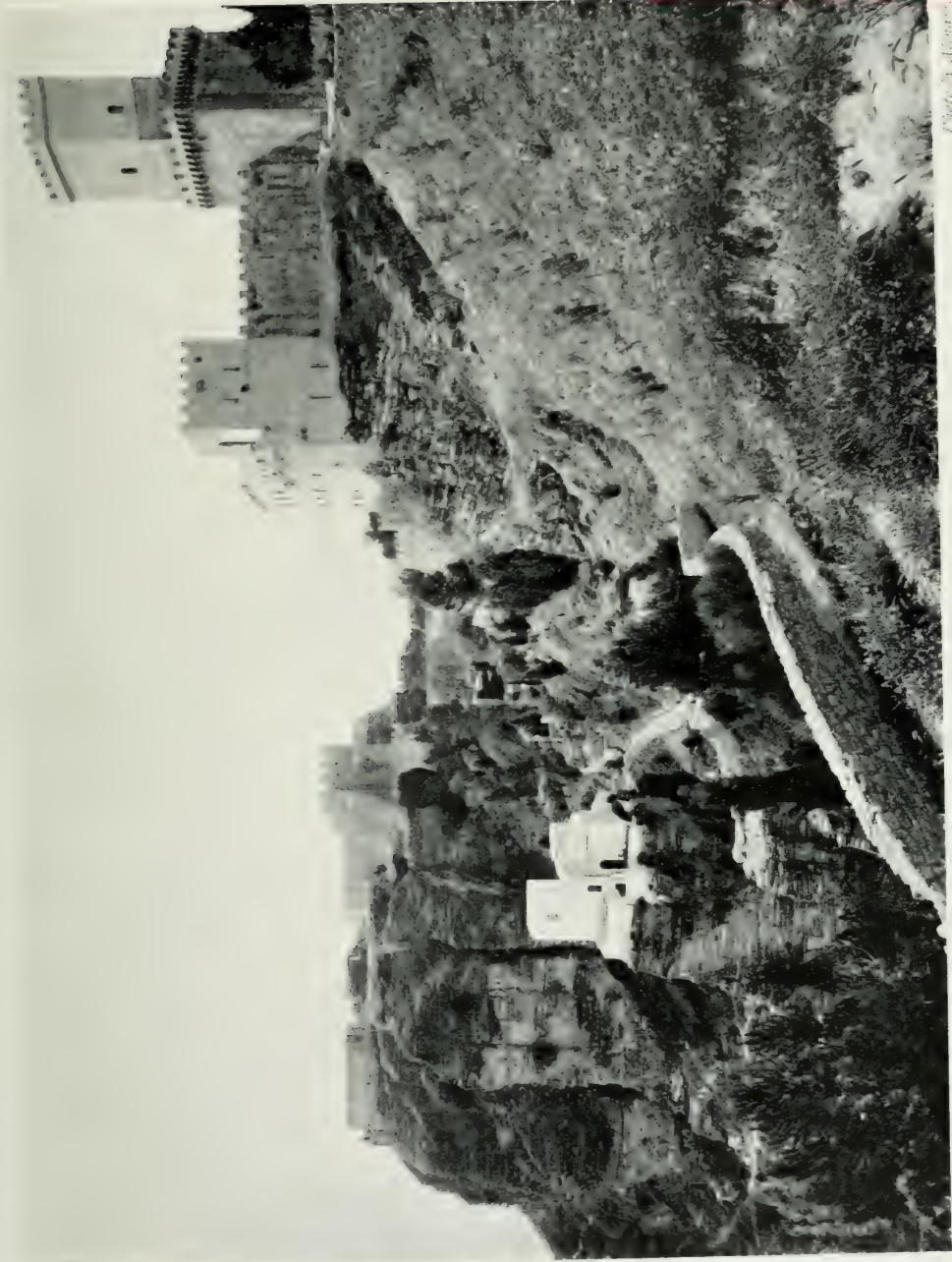


Photo by J. J. J. J.

THE OLD CASTLE: COUNT PEPOLI'S CASTLE

A DRIVE ROUND TRAPANI

fern, and the village-dotted plain, and the city, and the sea, and the islands. Gibraltar is nothing to this city as old as time. "This is Eryx," said our guide; "there are almond trees in the valley and a map of the world below." We could not linger in the delightful old castle as we wished, for our lunch at the inn had dipped into our time and our purses, though not very far into our persons, and we had to tear down the mountain to catch our train. Stephana must have suffered agonies in her slender boots, though their close lacing kept her ankles from turning over; for the path was strewn with little cobbles about the size of eggs, which were supposed to make it better for mules. But for all that, and in spite of the way in which she felt the heat, she kept up with the best of us. Her sufferings were in vain, for though we were lucky enough to strike a tram we saw the last train steaming out of the station a minute ahead of us. There was nothing for it but to go home by carriage or go to the ancient inn. When we talked of driving the twenty miles or so to Marsala in a carriage, the inhabitants stared at us aghast. Did we know what Sicilian roads were like?—mere heaps of stones. There was nothing which an English signor would dignify with the name of a road between Trapani and Marsala (the two principal towns in the west of Sicily); so there was nothing for it but to go to the inn. Our friends said that the inn was clean enough, respectable enough, possibly healthy enough; but they thought that Stephana would die of discomfort. I shall have more to say about that inn lower down. One night in it would supply Mr. Richard Marsh with motifs for a dozen short stories.

A DRIVE ROUND TRAPANI—THE OLD HOUSE IN THE GIUDECCA.

Having ordered our rooms and ascertained what time dinner was, we hired a carriage for a drive round the town. The palm-bordered Marina, with its avenue of *bella sombra* trees, and the sunset, and the cape behind, and a fringe of tall feluccas and trampy-looking English, Italian, and Norwegian steamers, is highly picturesque. The island of Columbara, which lies off, is lovely, while on a spit or island there is a very effective little building like a Greek temple.

IN SICILY

But we were in a hurry to see the old palace in the Giudecca, and the pace of which our carriage was capable can be imagined from the fact that the hotel boots, whom we had taken as a guide, found that he could keep up with us without jumping on the box beside the coachman.

There is a palace or convent in the Via Giudecca which has the statues by Gagini, but the principal attraction there — indeed, the most interesting building in Trapani — is the palace now known as the Spedaletto. The Giudecca is, of course, our old friend the Ghetto. This old house was built somewhere between the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, but it has been very much altered by the insertion of richly sculptured Renaissance windows. It has a fine square tower, which has the stones in its upper part faceted and cut like gems, and there are rich Sicilian-Gothic arches both on the façade and in the cortile. In spite of its



Photo by Pelos.

IN THE GIUDECCA AT TRAPANI—THE SPEDALETTO

decorations being a regular jumble of architecture, the cortile is a very beautiful one; every detail seems to have been spell-bound by a magician's wand at exactly the right stage of decay. It is one of the most beautiful and quaint old houses in Sicily.

THE "ODYSSEY" WRITTEN BY A WOMAN

THE "ODYSSEY" WRITTEN AT TRAPANI BY A WOMAN

Mr. Butler, the celebrated Homeric scholar, spent a great deal of time at Trapani, near which he considers the *Odyssey* to have been written by a woman. To the classical scholar Mr. Butler's book, *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, is a rich intellectual treat, for he is very learned, knows his Sicily like an open book, and is a most ingenious pedlar of his wares, displaying fascinating articles to those who will stare at them open-mouthed, and lashing with a bitter tongue whosoever ventures to remark that he has his own tongue in his cheek and that his wares are not what they seem. Briefly, his proofs that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman lie in the fact that the author makes such ridiculous mistakes about matters of which men have common knowledge, such as believing a ship to have a rudder at both ends (Book IX. 483, 540); thinking that dry and well-seasoned timber can be cut from a growing tree (Book V. 240), and making a hawk, while still on the wing, tear its prey, a thing that no hawk can do (Book XV. 527), while mere household matters are described with a felicity which has never been excelled in the 3,400 years which have elapsed since the *Odyssey* was first committed to memory. That settles the question of authorship, though it is a little hard on women. The question of localities is managed as glibly. Ulysses did not live at Ithaca at all, because the description in the *Odyssey* does not fit the Ionian Islands as well as the Ægatian Islands, which lie off Trapani and Marsala. Ulysses, like the authoress of the poem, was a Sicilian, and nearly every place in the poem, except Troy itself, can easily be traced to Sicily, and, for the most part, to the neighbourhood of Trapani. The book is one of the most brilliant paradoxes of a *fin-de-siècle* age. It is also a monument of scholarship, though it is rather unkind for Mr. Butler to prove that Homer had nothing to do with the *Odyssey* after Wolf had proved that he only edited the *Iliad*.

OUR GHOSTLY INN AT TRAPANI

The hotel we went to at Trapani, though our friends said it was the best, was the most forbidding-looking place I ever slept in. It

IN SICILY

looked as if it had ghosts, and it certainly had all sorts of dark corners for cut-throats, and the walls of the bedrooms did not go up to the ceiling, because, I suppose, several bedrooms were made out of one palatial room. Hotels in out-of-the-way parts of Sicily have always been something else before they were hotels, and the tall narrow stairs had only an old flimsy iron balustrade, over which you could fall quite easily if you went up or down carelessly. However, the beds looked clean, if damp, and the dinner was a great success. The food was excellent, and the wine was excellent, and there were two or three gay parties, and the officers had their mess there, and the room was brilliantly lighted, and because every one of us six men felt sorry for Stephana at being stranded with us without a chaperone we tried to make things go as briskly as possible and cheat her into forgetting. I must say that the four delightful young Englishmen from the *baglio* thought much more of the awkwardness of the situation than either Witheridge or myself, and I do not believe that Stephana, with her American purity of mind, would have given it two thoughts if she had been with Witheridge and myself alone, but she felt that she ought to be sensible of the gravity of the situation, and meekly submitted to being installed in a vast bedroom on the first floor, while Witheridge and I were camped in a pair of rooms at the top of the corkscrew staircase, and the others were all in one big barrack room in a different part of the wilderness. They insisted on Witheridge and myself having the single rooms, because we were the guests of the *baglio*.

Happening to be roomed next to each other, I went in to have a good chat with Witheridge. I seldom saw him alone, he was a fine manly fellow, and the end of our tour was drawing so near. We had been talking for a good while, when we heard an agitated rap-rap-rap at the door. "Come in!" he sang out. "I suppose I ought to say, '*Intrate—Intrate, intrate, there!*'" The door opened very slowly, but at last it was wide open, and I beheld Stephana, looking as scared as a mouse. She stared in, then suddenly noticing that I was with Witheridge, she rushed in and flung herself into his arms, and "snuggled" there. And this was the ordinarily self-possessed

THE HOTEL AT TRAPANI

Stephana! Seeing that she regarded me as a sufficient gooseberry, Witheridge, I must confess, kissed her—kissed her as if he liked it, and she just let him. It revived her like whisky might have revived a man, and then she found her tongue. "Oh, Ralph, I can't stay down there all alone. I hear voices outside the door all the time, and though it may be only Italians saying 'good night' to each other, they are awful people to loaf on and on. I can't help thinking of something worse, and I shouldn't like to have my throat cut just before I am going to see mother again; I have been looking forward to it so."

"Well, Miss Heriot," I asked, "what would you like to do? Would you like us to sit up with you all night?"

"We can't do that," said Witheridge, "unless we do it here. I thought of making myself comfortable down there, with a brandy and soda and a ten-year-old Whitaker's Almanack which somebody has left there. They say the sitting-rooms are locked up at night, to prevent the servants stealing the things."

"You can have my room," I said. "Witheridge's sofa will do for me; I shan't undress anyway, if I have to be up at four in the morning." She thanked me most prettily and accepted my offer, but I did not notice that she was in any hurry to move. The fact is, I believe, that she knew that she would feel thoroughly comfortable in her mind just so long as her hands were in Witheridge's, or her waist in his arm, or something of the kind. It was a situation for which touch was more efficacious than it is for the king's evil. Now that Stephana felt low and frightened she wanted to be held by her lover, like the meekest daughter of Eve. Finally, when we pointed out to her that the division between our two rooms did not go up to the ceiling, and I had ascertained that the other bedroom door had a bolt, she consented to go and lie down, and we never let on to our four friends that she had not used the bedroom which they had so delicately isolated for her.

IN SICILY

AN EARLY START FROM THE TRAPANI HOTEL

There was no difficulty in being down by five in the morning. I was, I believe, the only member of the party who slept a wink, and I was sleeping in my clothes on the sofa. But when we got down we found the whole of the ground floor locked, and had to stand in the passage. We told the waiter that we must get into the dining-room to get our coats and cameras. He replied that it was impossible, because the landlord had the key, and he was asleep and he could not be disturbed.

"But we have *cose*," I said.

"I cannot help it, signor; the landlord must not be awaked."

But he had reckoned without his host; not only were we six men, but four of us could talk Sicilian, and their business in life was to boss Sicilians. In an incredibly short space of time that waiter was humbly showing them the landlord's door, and they must have said something exactly to the purpose, because the door opened and an object from Red-Cotton-Nightcap-Country handed the waiter the key. While the waiter was opening the dining-room the dogs locked up in the office declared in ominous growls what they would do to him if they got out. There was no occasion to have locked the dining-room, for there was nothing in it but our property and one lemon. We took the lemon. It was all we had for breakfast between seven until we got to Marsala; but a suck at the thinnest slice of lemon amuses the human stomach when it has nothing better to do.

SUMMER LIFE AT ERYX

While I was talking of Eryx I forgot to give the experiences of a friend of mine who had such a bad touch of fever that the doctors recommended his spending the hot weather at Eryx instead of Marsala. He found the little city quite gay with summer visitors, and the young ladies further removed from Eastern ideas than their Palermitan sisters, and better educated generally. After he had once instituted picnics they never stopped. Very few of them could sing at all, but that did not signify. They would sing if they

WHAT THEY DO AT PARTIES IN SICILY

did not know a note. All Sicilian girls play games, more or less, and they are very fond of them; but games declined before the excitement of having horses and donkeys and making almost daily excursions down to the fishing village of Bonagia. The visitors belonged mostly to the well-to-do middle-class, and they seemed to have taken their pleasures as sadly as the traditional Englishman. On so festive an occasion as a christening, for instance, all the ladies sat in one room, and all the men in another. Sex is never forgotten in Sicily. Ices came round; they sat in a row and ate. Women have to speak with their eyes in Sicily, because they are seldom allowed to use their tongues to the ears they desire. Then came biscuits; they still sat in a row and ate them; then cold water, then liqueurs, then more cold water, then games, which only meant singing and reciting. Indeed, the fact of the christening was needed to prove that the same distance was not always observed between the sexes. Being English, Mr. A. was quite the distinguished visitor, and was made honorary member of a nice little club. Otherwise his acquaintances were all among the visitors, for the Montesi, as the people of the city style themselves, are very reserved. They never forget that their city gives its name to one of the richest and most extensive communes in the island, which once went all the way to Castellamare, near Palermo. They have a *sindaco*, which means a mayor, and, I fancy, a Senate, and they are talking of having a funicular railway from Trapani. The old ladies who wear the black *manto* (domino), once universal in Sicily, and the little children are conspicuously neat.



Photo by]

[the Author.

FISH HAWKERS AT ERYX

IN SICILY

COURTSHIP IN SICILY

Mr. A. was a very cautious man, and did not fall into the same scrape as the last Englishman who had summered at Eryx, to whom the serenading of Sicilian courtships was an irresistible joke. The lower-class man, if he falls in love with a girl's appearance, goes under her balcony every evening and sings. The Sicilian young woman is quite aware what the singing means, and if she approves just lifts up the *persiane*, which means the lattice-wicket, to let the eyes meet. If she is still pleased, she opens the lattice a little on the following night, and then perhaps waves a hand when no one is looking. At this stage he should write to the family and ask permission to call, and if he does not, there is likely to be a *vendetta*. Breach of courtship is as bad as breach of promise in Sicily, and both are infinitely more resented than a rich man's seeking a poor girl for his mistress, if he is willing to make a pecuniary arrangement with her family.

THE ENGLISH SEA CAPTAIN'S SERENADE

As you walk down the lava-paved streets of Eryx you pass between blind, high walls enclosing gardens ; occasionally houses,



Photo by Mr. R. B. Cossins

THE LAVA-PAVED STREETS OF ERYX

SERENADING IN SICILY

almost as destitute of openings, abut on these walls. But each house is apt to have one Juliet's balcony a dozen feet or more above the street, with a latticed window opening on to it, which looks as if it had been made for serenading. Captain H., a big, bluff, jolly English sea-captain, left behind by his ship at Palermo by an accident, summered at Eryx while he was waiting for his ship to come back from the Black Sea. As he was passing down one of these streets one day he surprised a beautiful girl sitting out on the balcony. Before she had time to retreat he thought it would be great fun to serenade her in the way he had so often heard described. So he went and sang "The Midshipmite," or some other inappropriate melody under her window. And the processes of lifting the *persiane*, opening the lattice, and the waving of the lily-white hand followed each other very rapidly.

After a few days he grew tired of the joke, and thought no more about it till he was waited on by her indignant uncles, who wished to know why he had not asked permission to call upon the family with a view to marriage.

"Marry!" he said. "I've nothing to marry upon."

"You should have thought of that before; besides, the lady has sufficient, if you live in Erice."

"Oh, I call that too good," he said; "fancy a girl with money wanting to marry me!"

"If she had not wished to marry you," they replied with grave Sicilian dignity, "she would have kept the lattice closed."

"Oh, it's all bally rot; I can't marry. Of course, I am willing to apologise to the family if I ought to, but I just sang under her window for a bit of a joke. I had no wish for her to take any notice of me."

"There will be a family council," they said stiffly.

And if he had known more about things he would have wondered if it was to be a duel or a stab in the back.

The father, fortunately, was a sensible man. Perhaps he saw that murdering an Englishman was not quite the same thing as setting the ball rolling with Sicilians, who understand the game of *vendetta*; so

IN SICILY

he said to Captain H., "You have never spoken with my daughter; you had better see her a little, and be happy ever after."

The girl, it appears, had set her heart on marrying him; he was a very fine, handsome man, with a frank, honourable face, six feet two or three inches high, and strong enough to carry three hundred-weight.

The girl was as charming as she was beautiful. They could not understand each other's languages, but that is of little consequence in a country where marriages are arranged between families, when the lady has once opened the lattice to her adoring serenader.

Captain H. had sufficient independence of character not to marry in this snapshot fashion, though he liked the girl very much indeed. For one thing, to live in Eryx on her money promised to be a little appalling.

The father, with splendid dignity and courtesy, bowed to this decision. The girl was very sad. She wanted him desperately for a husband, and when he was going said, "Perhaps you will have another accident and not be able to go to sea any more, then you will come to me."

In the course of a few weeks his ship came back to Palermo and he rejoined her, and very soon forgot all about the smiling lady of Eryx—Erycina Ridens. Within two years an attack of yellow fever, though it left no other trace behind it, made his eyesight too weak for navigation and he felt very sorry for himself. Then it occurred to him that Palermo would not be a bad place to spend the two or three hundred a year he had inherited in the interval from his mother. He went to the Hotel Milano because it was frequented by the dramatic profession as well as by the German and Austrian wine-buyers. Many of the latter are musical, so there was a good piano. In the afternoon, when both the actors and buyers were out, he went into the sitting-room to write a letter. A girl was seated at the piano singing, and an old gentleman reading a newspaper was sitting just behind her. She had a lovely voice, and played charmingly. A smart cape hung elegantly on her straight Sicilian back; she was very *chic*. The old gentleman must have been her father, he was paying so little

AT THE HOTEL MILANO AT PALERMO

attention to her. Presently she turned round to say something to him, and her eyes met the intent gaze of Captain H. He dropped his shamefacedly, but she had jumped up from the piano and come across to him with both hands outstretched, calling out, "Don Giacco," and addressing him in English. "Yes, Don Giacco, I have learnt English since you went away; my father does much business with them now." Don Giacco had soon told them that he was going to live in Palermo, and why.

"Ah, now you will marry me, then?" said the girl. "I always said to myself that you would come back to me when you had done with the sea."

"But, my dear young lady, what should I do at Eryx? I could not hang about as an idle husband. Here at Palermo I hope to find some post connected with English shipping."



Photo by Alinari.

THE HARBOUR OF TRAPANI. THE QUAY IN THE BACKGROUND

IN SICILY

"We do not live at Eryx," she said. "We have a house there for the summer, but we live at Trapani, and I have accepted you. Why cannot you find some post with the English shipping at Trapani? I will ask my father if it cannot be done, and then you will marry me."

He was very anxious to marry her now ; he was much affected by her fidelity, and exactly in the lonely mood to appreciate a pretty wife's affection. The matter was managed as easily as possible. Her father was a wine exporter ; it was that which had taken him to the Milano. He was beginning to do a large English business in Marsala wine by underselling the three great Marsala *bagli*. It suited him quite well to have a gentlemanly English son-in-law in his office, who could receive his English customers and win their good-will and confidence and refer them to himself for terms.

Captain H—— is now one of the most respected citizens of Trapani, and will doubtless be *sindaco* some day, if the office is open to foreigners. It has been a most happy marriage. He is responsible for the statement that in Sicily if a girl and a young man wish to marry, and cannot get the approval of the parents, it is customary for the man's friends to kidnap the girl, and that these runaway matches do not lead to *vendettas*.

CHAPTER LIV.

LEAVING MARSALA

IT was worth while getting to Marsala at seven o'clock in the morning to see the men come in to the *baglio*, each in his blue, hooded cloak, giving the grave Sicilian salute. They swarmed slowly across the court, like so many old-fashioned Japanese in their leather Inverness-cape *kimonos*; and the court itself was quite like some of the courts in the temples at Shiba.

THE BAGLIO FLORIO

As we were up so betimes we sallied forth to see a few churches; for in Marsala the churches all lunch at twelve, and do not get over their siesta till about three. Not that any of the churches were worth seeing, except the cathedral, for its tapestries; and it had its roof off while we were there.

S. Salvatore is a fourteenth-century church, but is much spoiled. We spent the latter part of the day, our last in Marsala, in seeing Signor Florio's *baglio*, which is very interesting, because its owner is so fond



Photo by the Author.
SICILIAN WORKMEN IN
THEIR CLOAKS

IN SICILY

of experimenting with new machinery. Everything here is done in the most expensive style. It is managed, like the other large *bagli*, by an Englishman, Mr. Gordon, but the wine does not enjoy such a high repute in England as Ingham and Whitaker's. The cask-washing wheel and the great steam bath for killing fungi tickled Witheridge immensely.

THE BAGLIO INGHAM

Very early the next morning we went on to another *baglio* of the Messrs. Whitaker, situated at Castelvetro; but we are not likely ever to forget the Baglio Ingham at Marsala, with its long walls, gargoyles, high grated windows, and watch-towers; its Southern-looking colonnaded house; its wharves, and cranes, and lighters, and feluccas, and shore-boats; its *bella sombra* avenue; its blue-cloaked workmen and lean wine-barrels, and farmers' carts from the country.

THE CITY OF MAZZARA

In this part of Sicily an omnibus is called *vapore*, and a little cart *vaporette*, but I do not see the connection. Soon we passed Mazzara, with its picturesque tower, which I had hoped to visit; for though it is a dead city now, it was, in the Middle Ages, one of the most important in Sicily. The importance of Marsala and Trapani is like the hymns—ancient and modern. The city of Mazzara, though Murray calls it a miserable episcopal town of yellow tufa, has a much larger population than S. Malo. The former importance of Mazzara is shown by the fact that the great western road from Palermo issues from its Mazzara Gate. It is the custom in Sicily to call gates after the principal cities to which they lead. Taormina, for instance, has a Catania and a Messina Gate. The importance of Mazzara is likewise shown by the fact that it had *carabinieri* in the station to pass the time of day to the two *carabinieri* which every Sicilian train carries—to protect it from brigands, I suppose. The first thing that happens when you arrive at a station is for the *carabinieri* to step out and march up and down the platform. There is no hurry about these trains; they stop a quarter of an hour at any reasonable-sized place.

SACRAMENTAL WINE FOR CANADA

THE ARCH-PRIEST VOUCHES FOR THE INGHAM MARSALA

As we were leaving Marsala, Mr. Smith, one of the staff, put in my hands a copy of an interesting document, in which the Arch-priest of Marsala vouched for the Ingham wine being a proper wine to be used for the Mass in Montreal. Five pipes, thirty half-pipes, fifty terzi, and fifty quarti, were sent, which sounds as if it would last a long time. It will be noticed that the Cathedral of Marsala is dedicated to Thomas à Becket—S. Thomas of Canterbury.

"ARCIPRETURA DI MARSALA

"Nos S. T. P. D. Petrus Mezzapelle Can^{us}, Sacramentalis et Economus Archipresbyter Insignis collegiatae ecclesiae Matricis sub titulo S. Thomae Martyris Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis hujus antiquissimae ac fidelissimae Urbis Lilybaei Marsaliae nuncupatae omnibus et singulis praesentes inspecturis fidem indubiam facimus ac testamur. Nos subscriptum (Economum Archipresbyterum in cellas vinarias domus Ingham et Socionem perlatos persona; nec non duxisse Nobiscum peritum quendam ad opus a Nobis deputatum qui juramento affirmaret in super et unum de Nostris Cappellanis ut vinum in Canadà mittendum plurium et nostra metipsa experientia praesentibus Nobis probaretur.

"Quapropter declaramus, vinum quod mittitur a Negotiatoribus Ingham et sociis in Canadà per navim Avlona J. G. Baxter eam gubernante infusum servatumque in doliis ligneis cum iquito signaculo infra descripto, simplex esse ac de vitis genimine expressum quod in Missae Sacrificio bene uti possit et valeat.

"Dolia hujus modi riplea vino, hocce sequuntur modo descripta.

QUALITAS.	SIGNUM.	QUANTITAS.	CUI MITTITUR.
Ingham & Co. Colli.	CL & C M	5 Pippe 30 Mezzepippe 50 Terzi 50 Quarti	Carlo Lacaille & Co. Montreal

"Datas Marsalae Die Quarta, Aprilis, 1894.

"(Signed) PETRUS CAN^{US} MEZZAPELLE,

"(Economus Archipresbyter.)"

IN SICILY

The Campobello, the fertile plain of Mazzara, has an evil reputation for malariousness. When the Englishmen from the Baglio Ingham go to buy up the new wine there they often get a touch of fever.

Soon we were abreast of the quarries from which Selinunte was built, which I should very much like to have examined, but I could not secure the attention of the others; they were taken up with the experiences of Witheridge, who had travelled from Marsala third class to get an idea of what it was like. He said it was like an emigrant train in America—the same sort of smell and people.

One of the gentlemen from the *baglio* was accompanying us to Castelvetro, and he pointed out the malarious-looking mist. It was also a Turner-esque-looking mist, with stone pines rising out of it; indeed, the mist was only thick enough to soften the picture of the rich, well-wooded plain, with its almonds and pines.

THE CITY OF CASTELVETRO

When we arrived at Castelvetro, after depositing our luggage at the *baglio* presided over by a splendid Sicilian woman addressed as Donna Cecilia, we jumped into the carriage which was awaiting us—six of us besides the driver, who looked like a nobleman. As usual, the first thing that we thought about Castelvetro was that we should like to spend more time there. I have been there twice, but never devoted more than a passing glance to it, though it is, I believe, the fourth or fifth town in Sicily in population, and very prosperous; for it is the centre of a silk and oil district, and has manufactures. It is said to derive its name from being an outpost of Roman veterans, but I have also heard that its name should be spelt Castelvitrano. The point is not of any consequence, because the town contains nothing more ancient than the Middle Ages.

Architecturally it is very interesting, for it contains several fine convents, some of which, like the Cappuccini and Carmelite convents, are really elegant; and it has some Gothic palaces, though the huge Monteleone Palace and the Palazzo Favona, with its handsome cortile, belong to the Renaissance period.

A THEATRE COPIED FROM THE ANTIQUE

A THEATRE COPIED FROM THE ANTIQUE

What Castelvetroano piques itself on especially is a grand theatre which it is erecting, really a very fine building with splendidly massive masonry, and every detail copied from the ruins of Selinunte except the central box, which is copied from the tomb of Archimedes at Syracuse. It is open to the sky except for an awning in the ancient Roman style, and it has vomitories like the theatre at Syracuse. All round the top, inside, runs a handsome classic arcade. It has a fine Doric façade, consisting of four columns, with a cella on each side. Nearly all the ancient architecture in Sicily is Doric, for the Sicilian Greeks were mostly Dorians.

THE OTHER BUILDINGS OF CASTELVETRANO

It is intended, as nearly as possible, to reproduce an ancient theatre suitable for modern needs, which means for any kind of public meeting as well as theatricals. Garibaldi did something at Castelvetroano, I forget what, so they called a bad hotel after him. Unfortunately for Garibaldi, just as the driver was telling us about him we passed the Monastero del Purgatorio, which had two lovely old green and white jars in niches outside it. Stephana wanted to buy them, and she was so soon going to leave us that she mattered more than many Garibaldis. The driver said that we were not to disturb ourselves, they would be brought to the *baglio*. It sounded too good to be true, but as we wished to get to Selinunte in time to see something, it was safer to pretend to believe him. The *matrice*, which means the same as the French *paroisse*—the parish church—is, as Witheridge remarked, large but baroque. It has a fine late Gothic tower in five tiers, which was never finished, and a Sicilian-Gothic window. Our driver was certainly intelligent, for, seeing that we admired the Gothic features, he drove us past the Palazzo Cudera, which he described as the first house in Castelvetroano, meaning the oldest, and one or two other graceful Gothic palazzetti of the Middle Ages—regular little fortresses; for Castelvetroano is only seven or eight miles from the sea, and must therefore have been

IN SICILY

subject to the attentions of the Saracens, who would have found much to plunder in this fertile neighbourhood. For the same reason, perhaps, the older convents here look like brown battlemented castles, though the Carmelite convent now occupied by the Spedale Civico is an airy and elegant Renaissance building.

This being quite a country town, even before we were through the elegant gate at the end of the Via S. Francesco d'Assisi, which shows a vista for miles like the Murderer's Gate at Macao, fresh glimpses of animal life began to present themselves. Here for the first time we saw a billy-goat surrounded by his harem, and a cow decorated with a starred collar and the red tufts the Sicilians are so fond of applying to horses and donkeys.

Castelvetrano is not convent-ridden, for none of the convents, except the Cappuccini, have any monks.

THE ROAD DOWN TO SELINUNTE

I am not going to describe the dusty, bouldery road which leads from Castelvetrano down to Selinunte between rich vineyards and gardens of olives, and cornfields ablaze with gladiolus and poppy. The road is bordered with a hedge of brambles, wild palms, agaves, and the land-snails which especially affect agaves. Fennel, with its maize-like buds; borage with huge blossoms; Canterbury bells; genestas; the great Sicilian daisy, white and lemon-coloured; golden-hearted cistus blossoms; sea vetches; dwarf white roses; wild garlic; broom rape; patches of blue flax; grape hyacinths; the convolvulus which looks like the mallow; and the purple-flowered, yellow-fruited bush which is like a wild tomato, made the roadside such a blaze of colour that we did not notice that we had arrived at our destination till the majestic ruins rose before us.

CHAPTER LV.

SELINUNTE—THE BABYLON OF SICILY

THE SCENE AT SELINUNTE

SELINUNTE is one of the most interesting places in Sicily. I always regret that I did not take advantage of Signor Florio's offer to spend a few days in his *baglio*, which stands right in the middle of the ruins. The ruins are so majestic, they offer such a rich and ungarnered harvest to the antiquary, and the whole scene is hard to match for either interest or beauty.

Selinunte stands on three hillsides divided by two rivers. The sea washes all their fronts; there are mountains to right of them, and mountains to left of them, and behind them one of the richest valleys in Sicily stretches up to Castelvetro.

Before I saw Selinunte, I used to think Syracuse the floweriest spot I had ever seen, but Selinunte leaves it far behind. The vast ruins which makes Selinunte the Babylon of the West are, until you come right up to them, almost concealed by the rich tangle of asphodels and Sicilian daisies, vetches of twenty colours, convolvuli of a dozen more, and anemones.

A CITY WIPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH

Selinunte tells a tale of vengeance almost unparalleled; for here it was that Hannibal the son of Gisco set himself to wipe out his grandfather Hamilcar's bloody defeat at Himera, by prostrating the great Greek city, that was a state as well as a city, into a ruin from which it should never rise,

IN SICILY

So mightily did Hannibal do his work, that it passes the wit of the antiquary to say what part of the ruins lie as Hannibal left them and what part were hurled down by the earthquake when the attempt had

been made to raise a new Selinus, a shadow of its former self.

In after years the Byzantines, the Saracens, and the Sicilians of many lineages, in turn fortified themselves and eked out a poor existence among these tremendous masses of stone. There was, indeed, a Roman town of a sort built on the ruins of the Greek, but Selinus, in its day the fairest and most majestic of the cities of Greek Sicily, has never been able to lift its head from the vengeance of Hannibal.

And better so, if it was not doomed to stand, like the temples

of Segesta and Girgenti, almost perfect when seen from a short distance. For the stones that we examine on the ground, having been overthrown so early, are of such an ancient date, and in one, at any rate, of the temples the stones lie so nearly in their order, and have suffered so little from depredations, that it would not be impossible to set the temple up again into a building almost perfect. It is a vast pity that the idea has not suggested itself to Mr. Andrew



Photo by Incorpora.

ONE OF THE OLDEST GREEK SCULPTURES

The Metope of the Medusa, from the Temple of Hercules at Selinunte.
Now in the Museum at Palermo

WILD FLOWERS AND RUINS OF EIGHT TEMPLES

Carnegie. By the expenditure of a mere £5,000 he could re-erect, in honour of himself or the American people, a monument as fine as the Pantheon, and employ two hundred poor Sicilians for a year. He might go further, and endow an American School of Archaeology in Selinunte, with its headquarters in the rebuilt temple.

THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLES

There are eight temples at Selinunte, and the most newly excavated of them, which stands in isolation on the furthest hill, is the easiest to understand. It has considerable remains of a fine propylea, of the kind which leads up to the Parthenon. The three first temples one comes to, as one approaches from Castelvetro, look in the distance like three rough pyramids. In two of them the ruins are almost inextricable; in the third, dedicated probably to Jupiter Olympius, the plan of the cella has been preserved pretty perfect, though it is much encroached on by the ruins of the peristyle. The other two temples here are attributed to Apollo and Juno. They are very picturesquely situated, they stood in the middle of a rolling cornfield, both in 1896 and 1898. This looks as if the rotation of crops had not reached so far south as Selinunte, which stands right on the south coast of Sicily, facing the Mare Africano. The corn is full of the rich Sicilian daisy and both kinds of the anemone. After passing the first group you come to Signor Florio's *baglio*, which has a convent-like cortile, with a well in the centre surmounted by a crown of fine ironwork. Here the carriages of visitors put up, and you can generally buy wine and food.

THE FLOWERS OF SELINUNTE

These occupy the first hill. When we were there in the April of '98 the corn was more than breast high, and where a path was trampled by the feet of pilgrims to the citadel on the central hill, crimson poppies, bright blue grape-hyacinths, and little pink poppies asserted themselves so vigorously that they made quite a garden border on each side. Presently, as the corn thinned towards the

IN SICILY

edge of the field, we found ourselves treading a deep carpet of pink, scentless garlic, starry white garlic, a gay little white and blue convolvulus, like a bird's-eye speedwell, a magenta wild gladiolus, the huge lemon-coloured Sicilian daisy, the bright scarlet Adonis, and a little pink campion I had never seen before, with flowers shaped almost like musk flowers. And almost more conspicuous were the huge crimson Sicilian sainfoin, which looks like a tulip in the distance, and the shrub of the sage family, with large bunches of pale yellow flowers, which remind you of a calceolaria.

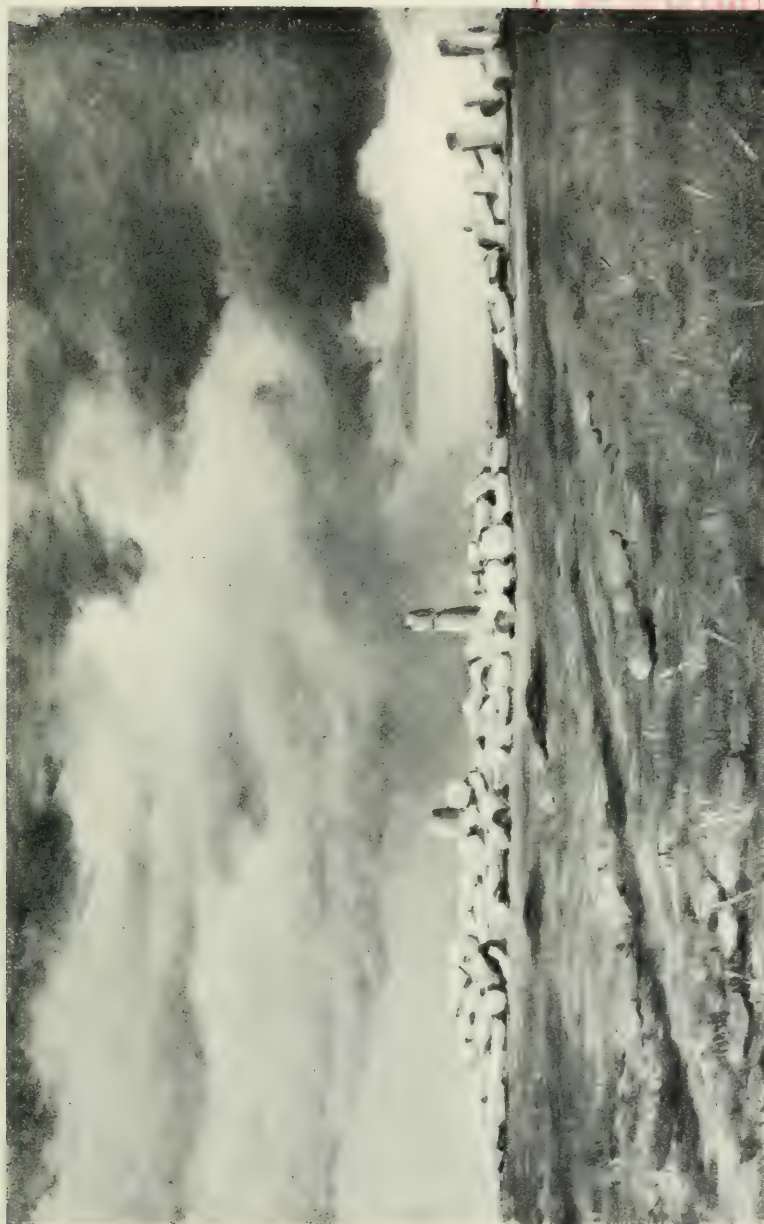
And then we found ourselves on a wild slope with the citadel hill in front of us, which contains the principal ruins, though they were almost concealed from our view by deep, overgrown banks. But our attention for the moment was not for the citadel. Our driver, who was at this stage our enthusiastic cicerone, though at the end of the drive he would be transformed into an avaricious cabman, called out with fervid enthusiasm, "Mare Africano, ecco il mare Africano!"

THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT PORT

He attached less importance to the Gorgo di Cotone at our feet, though he could repeat most of the facts about it like a parrot, when I asked him about it to see how much he knew.

This was the harbour of Selinus, which, like nearly all great Greek cities, except Sparta, was a seaport. To-day it is only a sandy hollow, with a tiny river meandering through it, between conspicuous masses of the large silver-grey shrub from which vermouth is made, and very inconspicuous specimens of the wild parsley, like samphire, from which the ancient city took its name. The wild parsley is figured also on tetradrachmas of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. "These coins," says Professor Middleton, "have on them a youth, representing the River Selinus, sacrificing at an altar, and in the field a parsley leaf with the legend 'Selinos'; on the reverse, Apollo and Artemis in a biga, with the legend 'Selinontion' (retrograde)," and he adds a note, "Sculptured on the altar is a cock, in allusion to the aid given by Æsculapius against the fever which was caused by the marshy site. Drainage works erected by Empedocles are said by Diogenes

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermerhorn Street Branch,
SCHERMERHORN STREET.



THE TEMPLES OF APOLLO AND JUNO
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS

Vol. II.—*To face p. 44*

HARBOUR OF SELINUNTE—ITS WILD FLOWERS

Laertius to have rendered the site healthy." According to the local legend, Empedocles said that the place would never be healthy until the harbour was filled up and the Selinuntians sacrificed their harbour to their health. But the whole hollow is very inconsiderable for the harbour of a great city. As a matter of fact, the place probably never was malarious until the harbour silted up, and it is not the great seaports of the Sicily of to-day which are malarious, but the vineyards round Alcamo and the Campobello—the rich plain of Mazzara.

THE BLAZE OF WILD FLOWERS ON THE SITE OF THE HARBOUR

The sands—now covered with whole fields of the little white and blue and gold convolvulus, patches of bright blue and light red pimpernels, multi-coloured pea-vetches, and gigantic yellow spurges, puce crane's-bill, bright blue borage, crimson orpine, and the silvery vermouth—exhale more malaria than would be likely to come from the clear waters of the tideless Mare Africano. A little higher up there were masses of the Sicilian weed, the *trifoglio*—a trefoil of small esteem for fodder, with a yellow flower like the giant musk, which carpets the lemon groves in spring, making them all like Sandro Botticelli's "Primavera"—with thickets of crane's-bill and campion, purple and pink anemones, agaves crusted with land-snails, deep red poppies, Sicilian daisies, small marigolds, some pale orange with dark eyes, some almost scarlet. The marigolds and daisies made ramparts of orange and yellow blossoms thrown into fine relief by the trails of the white-studded purple vetch. I do not think I ever saw such a brilliant blaze of wild flowers as there was in that valley drained by Empedocles, who gained so much distinction by the job that they confused him with Æsculapius and built him a temple.

THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLES IN THE ACROPOLIS

When you get near the top of that central hill you come suddenly upon a gate, which admits you into the Acropolis of Selinus. Part of it has been newly excavated; it has some good ornaments and one fresh little column. There is very clear water still running in the

IN SICILY

aqueduct. The flowers here are henbane and burrs and smooth thistles like knapweeds.

It is impossible to keep the temples of Selinus properly sorted, because they are known as temples A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and some of the authorities have copied from others and confused the letters in the process. The account in Murray, for instance, is hopelessly at variance with the account of the late Professor Middleton. Murray's writer must be in error, for there is another mistake which shows that he was writing from memory or without an adequate inspection.

THE TEMPLE FROM WHICH THE OLDEST (PALERMO) METOPES WERE TAKEN

The principal temple in the Acropolis is known locally as the Temple of Hercules, though it is marked C in the guide-book. It is also attributed to Apollo. Some of the columns on the sea side are



Photo by Alinari.

THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES

"All the columns have fallen as they stood, architraves and all"

HOW WERE THE TEMPLES OVERTHROWN

monoliths ; on the land side they are all formed of drums. The oldest of the famous metopes at Palermo were taken from this temple, which, like all the other temples at Selinunte, except one, faces east. All the columns have fallen as they stood, architraves and all ; those on the sea side fell inwards, those on the land side outwards. It is wonderful to see column, capital, and architrave, cornice, trylyph, and metope lying there as if they were waiting for a steam crane to put them up again ; and on the stone flags in front of the temple are the rut-marks of the chariots made in the poor two hundred years for which the city stood before the son of Gisco and his Carthaginians hurled it to the ground. The question has often been asked, How did he make destruction so complete ? I am inclined to think that he destroyed the temples by harnessing so many of the 16,000 citizens whom he captured to huge cables, which he passed round architrave and cornice, and pulled them down. The Greeks used no mortar, and the heavy top work, balanced with so much nicety on the top of the columns, would have given pretty easily and brought down the columns with them. However they fell, the real acanthus blossoms round the fallen capitals, and the vast masonry is almost buried every spring in garlic, daisies, hemlock, vetches, candy-tuft, borage, marigolds, poppies, and huge white cam-pions. This temple seems to have been a great favourite with the Byzantines, as Witheridge said, " Not content with living in it while they were alive, they went on living in it after they were dead." They marked its stones with crosses to counteract the influence of Pagan gods whom they feared, though they did not believe in them. There is a regular Byzantine Necropolis here, and some tombs shaped like coffins cut out in the surface of the ground, others in little squares. There is one hole in the ground which was cemented once as a bath and once as a boy's tomb. These tombs are mostly about eight feet square. The houses were built of ancient fragments, and the lizards seem to regard everything as having been built for their special convenience, except the antique well with a sort of tiled chimney down into it, into which Miss Heriot nearly stumbled, it was so hidden by the masses of purple vetch, vermouth, and marigolds. The asphodels had done blossoming here.

IN SICILY



Photo by Incorpora

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES

Our cabman-guide, who persisted that there was not the slightest need for the services of the *custode* in charge of the ruins while *he* was there, paraded us with great pride down the stately main street to show us what he claimed to be Greek houses. He did not wish us to examine the other three temples of the Acropolis, marked in the plan A, B, and D, because they had no metopes taken from them to Palermo. He did not know that B, that little bit of a thing technically described as a prostyle-tetrastyle-ædicula, was precious to the soul of the antiquarian as giving some of the best examples extant of the polychromatic decoration of the Greeks.

THE FORTIFICATIONS AND THE GREEK HOUSES

Now, that was exactly the kind of thing which appealed to Stephana's Bostonian soul. She did not discover, until we were nearly at the opposite end of the main street, that we had passed it,

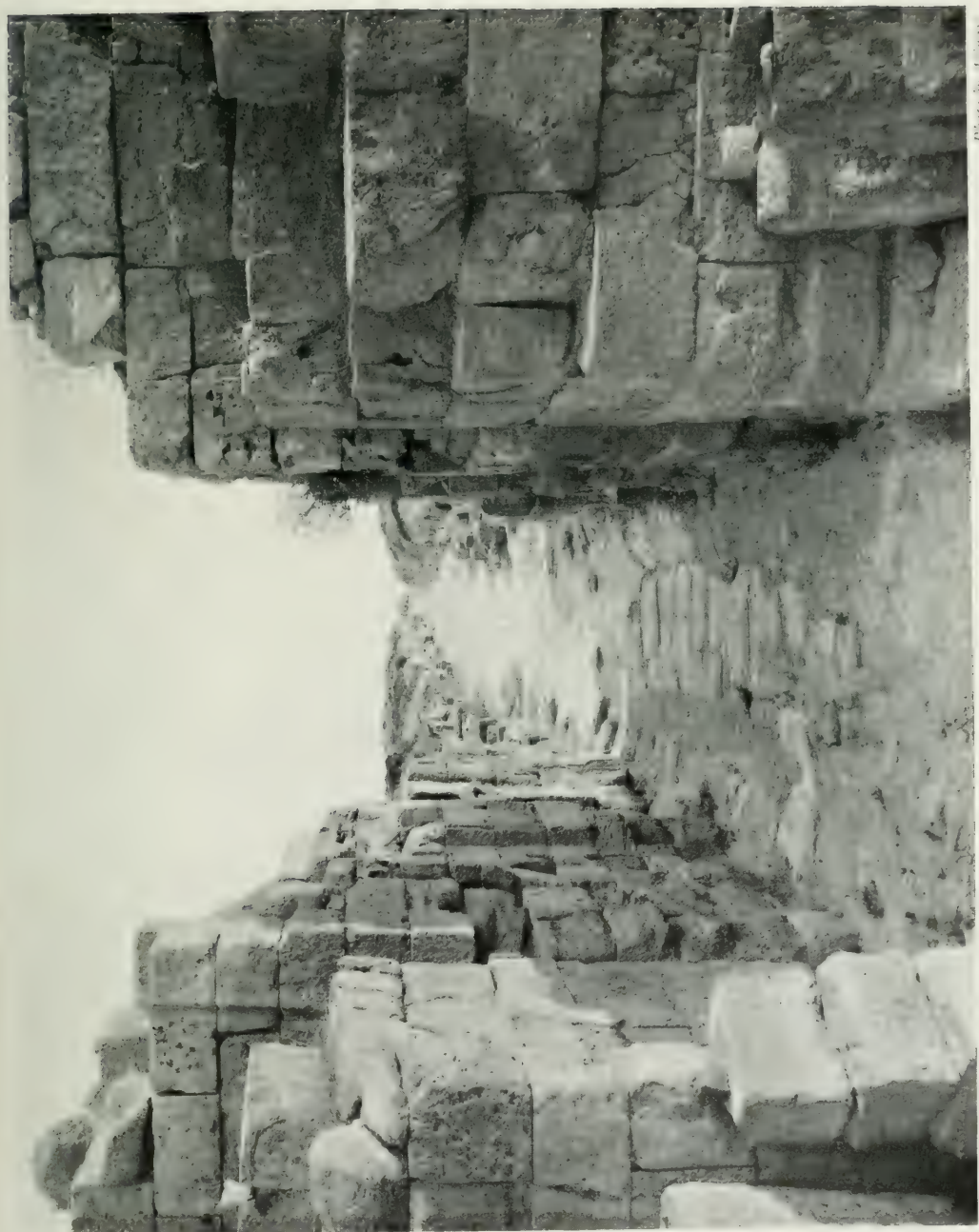


Photo by Alinari.

THE HIGH STREET OF ANCIENT SELINUNTE AND THE PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE CITY

THE SO-CALLED GREEK HOUSES AT SELINUNTE

and back we should have gone if she had not suddenly spied the newly unearthed temple on the third hill, divided from us by the muddy Madiuni the Selinus river of antiquity. Having seen that she projected her mind upon it, the guide had pointed it out with much pride; but when he saw the spirit he had raised he at once began to belittle it and to exaggerate the difficulties about getting to it. Here we were at the Greek houses, he said, of immense importance - the only ancient Greek houses in the world. That there was a doubt of their being Greek and not Roman he would not admit. He did not think about it. The houses, Greek or Roman, seemed to have had square-bottomed windows, eighteen inches from the ground. Witheridge, who had been in North Africa, and who was no fool, said they were like Tunisian houses; at any rate they were extremely small, and though they had only a single story had both a front and a side door. You could put any of them into a good-sized room. Their stones, on the other hand, were very large, a couple of feet long and a foot wide and thick, quite in keeping with the tremendous twelve-foot-thick wall of the Acropolis, of which there is a fine piece close by containing the only gateway of the ancient city. A thick



THE RAPE OF EUROPA

*Unearthed and photographed by Professor Salinas
Now in the Palermo Museum*

IN SICILY

mediæval face has been added on the outside of this. There is a great deal of mediæval work outside this face of the Acropolis, the place was so subject to the descents of the Saracens. The so-called theatre was a mediæval tower, but the two round bastions at the corner of the ancient fortifications may be largely Greek, like the fine subterranean passage from this exterior fortification (which Baedeker considers may have been the work of Hermocrates, 407 B.C.) into the temples. These fortifications, with their tremendous masses of masonry, are of almost as much interest as the temples themselves, and our cabman-guide was prepared to enter into great detail on the subject. He waxed especially eloquent over a little gateway in this, the north wall of the Acropolis, the arch of which was not built, but hewn out of a single stone. It was near here that Professor Salinas, the head of the Palermo Museum, unearthed the beautiful metopes entitled *The Rape of Europa* and *The Sphinx*, and one too much effaced to be recognisable.

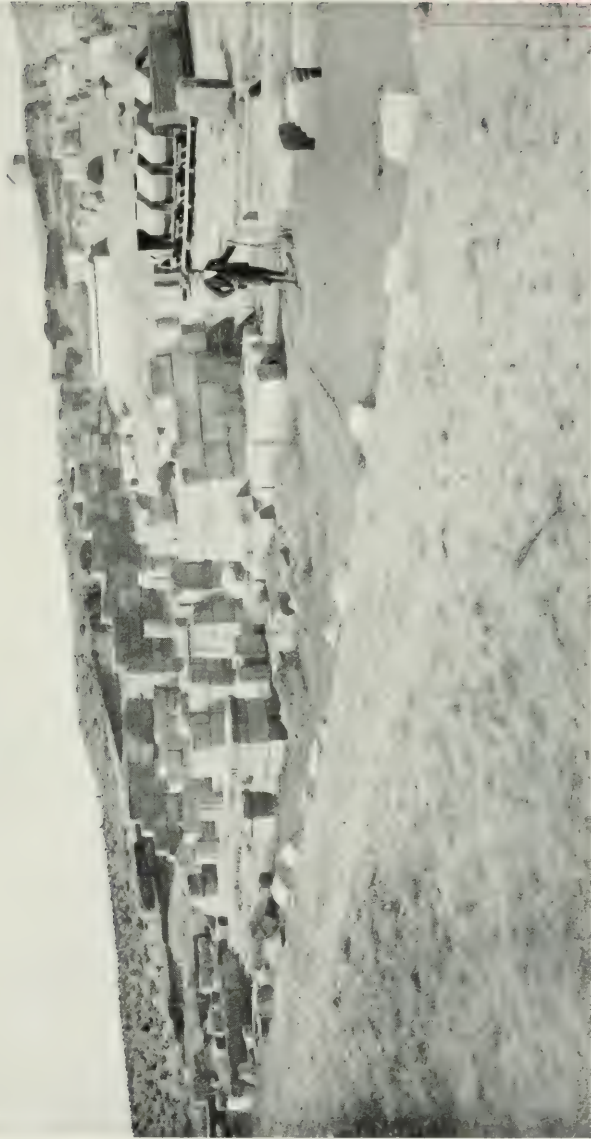
STEPHANA MAKES UP HER MIND TO SEE THE EXCAVATIONS

But Stephana cut him short. She had observed through the field-glasses which she carried slung round her neck, that men were still at work excavating a new temple on the opposite hill, which the guide called the Temple of Messana, because it lies behind the house of Messana, and she meant to see those excavations. "I had rather see them," she said, "than all the rest of Sicily put together—we have got to see them." The cabman said that the river, which looked about a yard wide, was very deep, and could only be crossed at its mouth, where, like most Sicilian rivers, it ran into the sand instead of running into the sea. It would take nearly two hours each way, and then there was the time taken in seeing the temple, and we should have to leave Selinunte for Castelvetro in little over two hours' time, and he did not think we should be allowed to go near the excavations without a special *permesso*. To all of which Miss Heriot simply retorted that she was going there, and going straight, and would swim the river if necessary, and that he, the cabman, must at any rate come as far as the river bank if he could not swim. He

BRONX PUBLIC LIBRARY

Merion Street Branch,

27 MERMERHORN STREET.



THE NEW TEMPLE ACROSS THE MAUNANI

Excavated by Professor Salinas and Signor Patekova

CROSSING THE RIVER MADIUNI

shrugged his shoulders, and said we should not get back before dark. Stephana said she thought it would be worth while to stay late in order to see the ruins in the dusk. Of course she did not mean it, but only to impress the cabman with the idea that she was a woman that nothing could stop.

He bowed to the inevitable, and I must say, that when he had made his bow, he was ready to do his best, and he was more useful than he had been all day.

CROSSING OUR RUBICON

A walk of about a quarter of an hour through cornfields—you always walk through the corn in Sicily, if there is no better way—carried us down a sharp incline to the banks of the Madiuni, which was for a lady a formidable thing to cross, though any ordinary man could have taken it at a jump. It was not wide; it was the type of the vicious little rivers you get in the malarious districts with one to six feet of water, and I daresay one to six feet of mud, between its treacherous overhanging banks. It was fringed with tall bamboo reeds, great yellow flags, and a kind of flower like a large pink garlic. The forgiving cabby came in useful, for he hailed some men about half a mile off in Sicilian to ask where the nearest crossing was. It would have, of course, been hopeless for us to try and make them understand, as we could not speak Sicilian, and they could speak nothing else. There was, it appears, a *tavola*, both a little way up and a little way down, the said *tavola* (table) consisting of some planks laid on an iron table. A short walk along the banks, past splendid beds of bulrushes and flowering yellow iris, brought us to one of them. All that remained was a few minutes' scramble through the sand to the temple disembowelled from the sandy hill. The whole walk had taken us about twenty minutes, and the cabman gave the beautiful smile with which an Italian "makes face" when his position is no longer tenable.

THE TEMPLE WITH A PROPYLEA

We found that the newly excavated buildings were not two temples, but one fine temple, standing in the bosom of a hill like a

IN SICILY

Greek theatre, with a very elegant propylæa, consisting of a columned façade and wings, in front of it. The best modern word to convey the idea of the propylæa of the Greeks is portico. Their propylæa formed a portico "in front of the gates" (pylæ). The propylæa here, as at Athens, lies a good deal below the temple, the ground plan of which is remarkably perfect, though the ruins are of no great height. To tell the honest truth we did not examine them very particularly, for I was by no means certain that the average reader would be interested in knowing whether they were in antis or peripteral, or hexastyle, and we were all amazingly interested in the excavations which were going on just outside.

Baedeker says this propylæa belonged not to the temple, but to a necropolis, but that it was itself used as a temple (probably of Hecate, to judge from an inscription). Behind this Signor Salinas and Signor Patricolo have excavated not only a temple, but altars and grave-steles and terra-cotta statuettes and lamps innumerable.

Above the propylæa is a very large *ara*, and above that the cella of the temple proper. There is also a containing wall on the left-hand side, and just within the wall they were excavating. We saw a whole-length figure and many beautiful heads of the best period taken out, but the carelessness of the workmen and the engineer in charge was incredible. They just hammered away with a small pick-axe, and before our eyes knocked pieces out of the faces of the beautiful heads, and broke up a figure a foot long, and a dozen similar figures, because they were too idle or too ignorant to scrape away the earth sufficiently before they began prizing them up, and if they did not fancy the fragments, would deliberately smash them up with their picks. They did their excavating with geologists' hammers and pocket knives.

When I suggested to the engineer that a bucket of water thrown over obdurately buried pieces would often bring them out quite easily, he said it would spoil them, though they must have had some experience of damp during the two thousand years they had lain in the earth, awaiting the hands of this barbarian to smash them up. He was a charming young fellow, of the gentlest and most genial manners.



THE EXCAVATOR'S TREASURE TROVE AT SELINUNTE
From a photograph by Professor Salinas, Director of the Palermo Museum

EXCAVATING TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES

far more careless and reckless than the average schoolboy in digging out antiques, which might, some of them, be priceless. He might even have been a good engineer, but was more fit for any other business in the world than superintending excavations. Stephana was furious at his carelessness. "Why doesn't one of your universities buy the excavating rights of Selinunte, as Harvard College bought that place in Yucatan?" She might well ask why. Sicily is starving, and the Berlin Museum would be only too glad to buy the mining rights of Selinunte, where workmen engaged for a few pence a day destroy pounds' worth for every penny they get. It was heartrending to see these exquisite little antiques broken up like so much road metal.

I RESIST THE GREATEST TEMPTATION I EVER FELT

I never was so tempted to break the eighth commandment in my life as I was there, where the workmen, as they prized up the heads, handed them to us to look at without the smallest concern as to what we did with them. We could just as easily have put them into our pockets as into the baskets—I wish I had, now. To us they would have been things of beauty and joys for ever. To the Sicilian they were nothing—just objects dug out by the hundred, to be taken to the house at the corner of the ruins, where the real chief of the excava-



Photo by the Author.

EXCAVATING

IN SICILY

tions spent a few hours a day in examining them, and then to be relegated to the cellars at Selinunte, which contain so many thousands of small antiques, and probably never to see daylight again. If they ever find their way to the Palermo museum it will not be for years. I had in my hands, and could have carried away as easily as possible, two perfectly exquisite heads—one of a man, in general expression and head-dress, absurdly like the Tudor Henry VII. we get on the coins, and the other of a lovely and gracious woman with the particular smile and wave of the hair on the forehead characteristic of the best period of Athenian statuary. I would have given just anything to have had those heads, though each of them was scratched by the pick, and they just went into the basket of what the engineer considered ordinary specimens, to take their chance of being re-buried in the cellars of the local museum.

It made me feel quite sick to see the beautiful figures and heads being broken by careless picks, and I could hardly resist striking them when they had spoiled a specimen or dug up one they did not think of sufficient value and deliberately broke it in half before they threw it away. It was terrible to see things which had lasted two or three thousand years smashed in this wanton way. The ground was literally packed with them. The best specimens were laid out on a tray, where they had several full-length figures, some bits of Phœnician glass, a beautiful little bull's head, two rings, and other elegant objects in bronze, all of a beautiful verdigris green. Other marvellously beautiful heads were just laid anyhow on workmen's tool baskets. The refuse was collected into iron wheel-barrows, which were run down to the sea on a small railway line, and there turned over. I collected some charming specimens from the rubbish thus thrown away.

Witheridge asked in his pertinent way, "Why don't they give that engineer the job of improving the drainage in the new part of Palermo. It wants it, and it would keep him out of the mischief he is doing here." The only comfort about the whole thing was that the knives the men were using were the knives men have used in Sicily for untold generations, with long pointed dagger blades

THE ANTIQUES IN SICILY GENERALLY GENUINE

and brass handles of the quaintest designs, which are rough and almost ugly when they are new, but wear with much handling into things of beauty, and in the midst of it all was a clump of the little blue Greek iris, a few inches high, which grows all over the Pnyx at Athens.



Photo by Prof. Salinas.

A TRAY OF CHOICE SPECIMENS

THE ANTIQUES IN SICILY GENERALLY GENUINE

They dig out quantities of lamps, little clay things of the pattern used by the wise and foolish virgins in most mediæval pictures. In the three days before our visit they had dug out eight thousand of them, and there were another thirty or forty thousand waiting for their company in the Selinunte cellars.

Truly there is no reason why the little clay antiquies which you buy should, in Sicily at any rate, be forgeries. You do not give more for them than you would for successful imitations, and who is going to imitate them so beautifully and bury them so patiently for such a price? Besides, in a country like Italy, it is a kind of rule that the Government should not get half what they ought to

IN SICILY

get, and probably for every lamp or head which finds its way to the museums there is one which does not. The people who pick them up are always willing to sell them for coppers. They will sell the silver coins they find for their mere weight in silver. This you learn from the Englishmen in the employ of local firms. They can generally speak Sicilian fluently, and being on the spot such objects are often offered to them by their finders. We ourselves carried away pocketfuls of charming broken heads and portions of figures from the shore of the Mare Africano at Selinunte, where they dump the refuse from the excavation.

"I like your idea of getting up a fund for the relief of starving Sicily by purchasing the digging rights of Selinunte," I said to Stephana. "Our museums do not seem to have the go in them to seize these wonderful opportunities of securing art treasures. Of course the Sicilian authorities might object, there would at any rate be no harm in trying, and Heaven knows that Sicily wants every halfpenny it can get."

THE TREASURE TROVE OF ANTIQUITIES ON THE DUSTHEAP

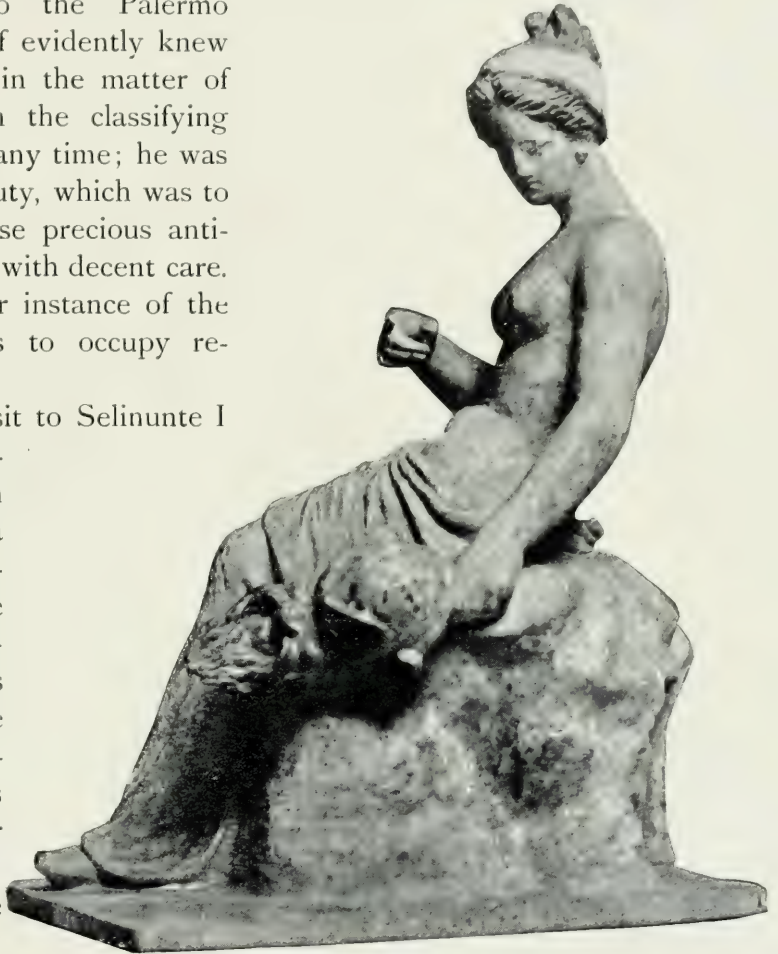
When we had finished with the new temple we did not return across the slab bridge and the hillside cornfield to the ruins of the Acropolis, but followed the line of the little tramway which took the refuse from the excavations to dump it on the seashore. We went with the engineer, and when we got to the temple dust-heaps our real danger of being left behind began, for the wind scattered the sand of the jetsam as it listed, but the little clay heads and arms and bosoms and draperies which had defied the damp and decay of twenty centuries, defied the force of the wind which could wreck tall ships on the African Sea, and there they lay, stranded, food for the pockets of any passer-by. It was fascinating turning over these tailings of the gold-mine of antiquities on the hill above. We filled our pockets with the best, and should have taken off our coats and made sacks of them if we had only had time. But though Stephana was prepared to be benighted to see a newly-dug-out temple, she was not prepared to risk it for filling her pockets with

WHY SO MANY TERRA-COTTAS ARE DISCOVERED

a few more bodiless heads and headless bodies. Besides, the engineer was very anxious that we should go into his chief's office for a minute and see the pick of the discoveries, which were shelved and labelled for transmission to the Palermo Museum. The chief evidently knew what he was about in the matter of classifying, but then the classifying would have done at any time; he was neglecting his real duty, which was to go and see that those precious antiquities were dug out with decent care. He was only another instance of the unfitness of Italians to occupy responsible positions.

Since my last visit to Selinunte I have read a recently-published work on Greek terra-cotta statuettes. The author accounts for the large finds of statuettes outside temples in this way. Since any kind of a statuette, whatever its subject, was a proper offering for a Divinity, the temples from time to time became overcrowded. To relieve them the priests melted down the

bronze statues into lavers or anything else that might be needed for the service of the temple, and threw the terra-cotta statuettes on the temple dust-heap, first breaking them, lest that which had belonged



AN ATTENDANT SPIRIT (TANAGRA)

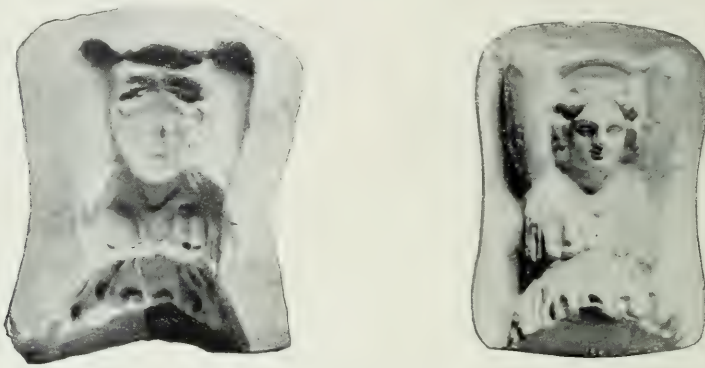
British Museum, C. 316

Showing how beautiful these Statuettes are

From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

IN SICILY

to the Divinity should pass into common use. But at Selinunte this rule does not seem to have been very carefully observed, for there were many whole statuettes in the office of the chief of excavations. Indeed, Professor Salinas denies that it was the custom to break them at all. These little statuettes seem to have been of three classes, at any rate: (1) *Hieratic*, i.e. representing divinities or the persons and objects employed in their worship; (2) *Idealistic*, figures of young men



ANCIENT MOULD (TARENTUM), WITH MODERN CAST

British Museum, E. 14

Showing how these Statuettes were made

From "*Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes*," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

and women endued with a superhuman grace and elegance (a perfect copy of the Apollo Belvedere might be held to belong to either of these two classes; (3) *Realistic*, the realism mostly taking the form of caricature. The figurines of the second class are superbly lovely, and by far the greater number of them are idealisations of beautiful Greek women of the day, especially in the third and fourth centuries before Christ. We know from them not only the shape of the garments these lovely aristocratic women wore, but their very colours survive in many instances. There is really no class of woman, until we get to modern times, of whose personal appearance we know so much as that of the Greek ladies who lived between the time of the Battle of Salamis and the foundation of Greek Empires in the East by the generals of Alexander.



ANCIENT GREEK LADIES (MYRINA)

British Museum, C. 520

From "Greek Terracotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Stanley & Co.

IN SICILY

Incautiously I told Stephana this, and from that day to the hour we left Sicily her ruling passion was buying these "Tanagra" figurines.

THE THREE TEMPLES NEAR THE ROAD

When we got back to Florio's *baglio* we found that we had taken such a prudent consideration of time that we had leisure to stumble through the three temples near the road, from one of which, marked E, and popularly called the Temple of Juno, the later metopes came which are, as I have said, after the metopes of the Parthenon, the finest examples extant of ancient Greek sculptures. Of them Professor Middleton says:—

"The sculptured metopes of temple E are of extraordinary beauty and interest, and appear to date from the finest period of Greek art—the age of Phidias, or perhaps that of Myron. The chief subjects are Zeus and Hera on Mount Olympus, Artemis and Actæon, and Heracles defeating an Amazon. They are of the noblest style, simply and highly sculpturesque in treatment, and full of grace and expression. One remarkable peculiarity in their technique is that the nude parts of the female figures (heads, feet, and hands) are executed in white marble, while the rest of the reliefs are in the native grey tufa, which originally was covered with marble-dust stucco and then painted. The whole of the stone-work of all the temples was treated in a similar way, and gives most valuable examples of early Greek coloured decoration. Recent excavations at Selinus have shown that in many cases the cornices and other architectural features were covered with moulded slabs of terra-cotta, all richly coloured."

There are still three columns standing in one corner on the south side, but the rest of the temple, though prostrate, is in such order that Murray says it looks as if the pieces had been arranged ready for construction—was it not more likely for reconstruction? unless Hannibal, as I have said, simply tied cables round the superstructure and made the captive Selinuntians, harnessed in hundreds, drag them down. Or was it due to the geometrical destructiveness of an earthquake?

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY,
Schermehorn Street Branch,
67 SCHERMERHORN STREET



Photo by Sommer.

THE ACTÆON FROM THE TEMPLE OF JUNO

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT SELINUNTE

UNLUCKY TO BUILD A TEMPLE TO THE OLYMPIAN JOVE

To-day the vast Temple of Jupiter, marked G in the plans, is one of the most imposing objects of Selinunte. I have mentioned that the most perfect part of the irregular pyramid is a portion of the cella. Locally it is known as the Temple of Apollo, but it was probably the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, and, like so many of his temples, was unfinished. If I had been at the head of affairs in a Greek city, I should have made it a capital offence for anyone to propose building a temple to the Olympian Jove. As sure as ever the citizens started it something happened to prevent the completion. They overreached themselves in a supreme effort to build the champion temple of the Greek states. When Athens began a temple to the Olympian Jove there came the disastrous expedition to Syracuse and the capture of the city by the Spartans. When Selinunte commenced hers, Hannibal the son of Gisco came along and disposed of the pretensions of Selinunte for ever; and Girgenti and Syracuse may have completed theirs, but their period of decay followed swiftly. "The great Temple of Zeus at Selinunte," according to Professor Middleton, "was the largest peripteral temple of the whole Hellenic world, being almost exactly the same size as the enormous pseudo-peripteral Olympeæum at the neighbouring city of Girgenti." I could not get Witheridge to take any interest in the fact that it was octastyle, pseudo-dipteral with seventeen columns on the sides, and that it measured 360 by 162 feet, or that its columns were 10 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the base and 48 feet 7 inches high. He asked, with mock interest, whether it was "in antis." But he showed more interest when, inspired by the guide-book, I pointed out that the temple could not have been finished because they had not had time to flute all the columns. Professor Middleton has no doubt as to the cause of their destruction, for he says, in so many words: "The whole of these six massive buildings now lie in a complete state of ruin, a work of evidently wilful destruction on the part of the Carthaginians, as the temple at Segesta, not many miles distant, has still every column and its whole entablature quite

IN SICILY

perfect; so it is impossible to suppose that an earthquake was the cause of the utter ruin at Selinus. Few or no marks of fire are visible on the stone blocks."

It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Andrew Carnegie or the Italian Government will see their way to re-erecting the two best temples at Selinunte. They would be among the most perfect specimens of antique temples, for almost the whole of their fragments lie exactly as they fell. The three or four columns of the temples of Castor and Pollux at Girgenti, re-erected by Signor Cavallari, have proved an extremely successful and popular work. I have no hesitation in saying that the number of visitors to Selinunte would be doubled, if not quadrupled, were the Government of Italy to re-erect a temple or two, and some of the expense could be covered by charging a franc for admission to the re-erected temples.

THE RUINS IN THE ACROPOLIS AT SELINUNTE

Those of our party who had elected to stay behind, when we made our dash across the Madiuni with the cabman, spent their time, I daresay, a great deal more profitably than we did. They did not, perhaps, experience the dram-drinker's exhilaration which fell to us at seeing those exquisite little antiques dug up like potatoes, but they undoubtedly saw more than we did in a general way, for they had time to make a pretty good examination of the objects that interested me so in 1896, and there is much to see in the Acropolis at Selinunte.

THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR

The Temple of Castor, for instance, is very interesting, for it is the survivor of a pair of temples, which is proved by the fact that the perished temple was the only one at Selinunte which did not face east. Its neighbour, attributed to Castor, without any ground, except that it was one of a pair, was burnt in ancient times, and for a hundred years covered by a modern house, which was promptly knocked down when the discovery was made in 1898, to allow of the proper excavations. The temples would be more



THE THREE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUNO

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS

Vol. II.—To face page 442



GREEK LADY, SHOWING OUTDOOR DRESS (ERETRIA)

British Museum, C. 215

From "Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes," by permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.

IN SICILY

perfect than they are if the poor Byzantines, harassed by Saracen corsairs, had not taken their stones to build a sort of breastwork round the hovels in which they squatted amidst the ruins of the Acropolis. The ruins of Selinunte, besides yielding those glorious metopes, yielded the principal proofs that the Greeks decorated their temples with painted terra-cotta. The cella of one temple showed extensive traces of having been lined with painted terra-cotta. Another curious feature of this temple was that it had evidently been excavated in ancient times, for its columns were found to be supported by big stones, while the spaces in between were only filled with soil. There are the remains of ancient houses between the temples. The excavations at the temple marked D, attributed to Jupiter Agorius, do not seem to have progressed much since 1896, the excavators being occupied more fruitfully on the opposite hill. We were the first foreigners to see these excavations. The earth was still lying loose on the long, broad, unusually flat steps of the stylobate, and the exhumed portions of the columns had not had time to dry after being steeped in mould for two thousand four hundred years. The high-water mark of the earth on the columns was very distinct.

BYZANTINE TOMBS

The temples were full of Byzantine tombs. The Byzantines seemed to have had a fancy for being buried in temples. They thought, I suppose, that they might as well have any sanctity there was in both religions to help them to rise on the Judgment Day from tombs which were as handy for yielding up their dead as anything which could well be imagined, being merely flat niches in the surface of the road, about the size and shape of a coffin, and once closed in with-lids; or else a loose kind of altar-tomb, composed of long stones eighteen inches wide, with two or three slabs on the top, two feet wide by four or five feet long. They stand perhaps two or three feet from the ground, and are as loosely constructed as cromlechs. Indeed, considering the moderate size of the stones and the looseness of their construction, you almost imagine that they must have had earth heaped up over them to preserve them.

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE RUINS OF SELINUNTE

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE RUINS OF SELINUNTE

The local antiquaries believe that the Acropolis, which was surrounded with a splendid "battered" wall like a Japanese castle, was reserved for the temples and their enclosures and the habitations of the aristocracy. There are very extensive remains of it embowered in a thicket of wild flowers, extraordinary even for Sicily. The *custode*, who could not be lured from the new temple in 1898, told us in 1896 that the cabman's Greek houses were Byzantine, and the cabman's windows were doors. I was content to leave the point open. That ancient street at Selinunte, leading past the ruins of the temples and ancient houses of whatever date to the grand gateway, which was in classical times the only entrance, and still bears the marks of the fires lit by Hannibal, is so superb. It is to be noted that it stands on the side farthest from the sea, though probably the harbour head was commanded by it.

The fortifications outside that gate are so vast that you could well



Photo by Cruppi.

A BULLOCK-WAGGON FROM THE CLASSICS

IN SICILY

spend upon them the time that most visitors devote to the whole ruins, only no one ever does examine Selinunte properly. You could spend a week profitably in that Sicilian Babylon sorting out those vast remains.

"You can make a very cheap uniform out of top-boots and a cap," observed Witheridge, as we regretfully turned our backs on Selinunte.

"Yes; but what would Italy do without them?" said Stephana.

While if either of them had known Japan I should have asked them if Sicilian sheep did not remind them of Japanese coolies in the rain, with their thin legs and thatch cloaks.

On the way back we passed a procession of dignified West Sicilians on donkeys or carts, or bullock-waggons from the Classics. For the most part the old men were fine, and the young girls beautiful; and when they were going uphill the horses zigzagged across the road of their own accord. The Sicilian and his beast are brothers—in intelligence at any rate, and this is throwing no reflection on the man.

OUR VISIT TO THE BAGLIO AT CASTELVETRANO

The *baglio* at Castelvetro where we were to pass the night is a kind of rest-house for members of Mr. Whitaker's staff when they are tasting wines in the district. A broker lives there, and carries on the small amount of routine business necessary. He is a splendid specimen of a man, and he had a great deal to tell us about the revolution which so nearly came a few years ago. If Crispi had not poured 50,000 men into Sicily it would have revolted, and Italy after it; but Crispi is a Sicilian, and knew more about the revolvers than their leaders did. The Sicilians who did not belong to Socialistic societies did not know what was happening; they thought that an army was being collected for Africa.

We enjoyed our visit to that *baglio* very much, it was such a thorough novelty. On the ground floor are a large entrance-hall, the kitchen, Donna Cecilia's rooms, and a spare bedroom. Up above these is a central sitting-room with a domed ceiling, surrounded by

MORA—THE GAME OF THROWING OUT FINGERS

little bedrooms with French windows. All of these have blue-tiled floors. We were waited on by a man-of-all-work, quiet, quick, anticipative of all our wants; and Donna Cecilia cooked us quite a party dinner, including excellent soup and such chicken! The wine naturally was sound and plentiful, and they had provided syphons. We ate like hunters, and the queerness of the situation loosened our tongues and our laughter. It really was an odd situation. Our friends had lent us their servants and their house stocked with food and drink in a place we should never have dreamt of if they had not suggested it, and we had suddenly dropped our family party into it for a single night, and been made quite at home, though in the morning early, when we left for Segesta, that town would pass clean out of our lives.

THE GAME OF THROWING OUT FINGERS

In the morning, before we started, we looked out on the yard. Somebody's children were playing at Mora, the great Italian gambling game of throwing out fingers, which I have explained in vol. i. p. 259. I have never been able to understand it. It is said to be one of the oldest games in the world. I suppose I knew all about it, when I was doing the Classics, from notes on some Latin or Greek author, but I have no recollection of it. Italian workmen always play it during their lunch hour. Witheridge said that it was a game that you could always carry about with you. It has the merit for Italians, who are not rich, of not involving any stock-in-trade, such as cards or dominoes. I daresay they gamble in centesimi or chestnuts. Trouser buttons would be too costly.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN SICILY

One thing about Sicilian railways is that the ends of the carriages have nice open doors to see through. You can stand on the platform or walk through the train. The railway officials do not mind your killing yourself—that is your affair. The corridor runs through the middle of the carriage, each compartment having a pair of double

IN SICILY

seats on one side of the corridor and treble seats on the other. Trains are not so overcrowded as they are in Italy, because there are not enough people travelling. When the poor Sicilian goes on the railway he likes to start in the morning and get in at night. The longer the train takes the better he likes it; he is getting more for his money. He regards it as a form of entertainment—as seeing the world. He has not got beyond the top-boot stage yet.

Our friend from the *baglio* told us that the common Sicilians do get malaria a great deal, that when their men come back from malarious districts they often have to give them large doses of quinine, and let them away from their work early to avoid the malarious time.

A SICILIAN WAY OF PENSIONING PEOPLE

The funniest thing about the wine business is the pensioning. The old men regard it as a pension to be allowed to pick oakum, which is regarded in another light in England at the *pensions* kept by King Edward VII. They are also taken to and from their work at Messrs. Whitaker's in an omnibus. The very poorest of them have big blue-hooded cloaks for morning and evening, and if their work is in the country a donkey or a mule to take them to it. Of course they do not have to feed the beast; it boards itself while they are working.

ON THE LINE BETWEEN SELINUNTE AND SEGESTA

The line from Castelvetro to Alcamo-Calatafimi runs through a gorgeous amphitheatre of wild hills and vines; and, at the season of the year, the many-headed narcissus which tempted Proserpine glows in the valleys.

When the almond blossom is out there is no more beautiful place in the world, for the rich valleys are full of almonds and olives and corn and vines; indeed, Castelvetro is quite a centre of the oil trade in Sicily. You see splendid cities on the hilltops too. S. Nimfa, with its magnificent old castle, looks finer than Eryx.

BUYING VASES

THE VASES OF THE MONASTERO DEL PURGATORIO

Soon we drew up at the Alcamo-Calatafimi Station, so called because it is five miles from either of them. I forgot to mention the fate of the vases at the Monastero del Purgatorio, which the driver had promised should be brought for sale to the *baglio*. Of course they never came, but just as we were getting into the train the man brought some new ones, something like them, but not worth a franc apiece. He valued them at five francs, and swore that they were the ones we had seen. As they still had the shavings of the packing-case on them they obviously had not been exposed to the weather for a couple of centuries, nor had the specimens he brought any kind of distinction; they were jars, and they were green, and that was all. He calculated on us buying them in a hurry, as the train was going out, but, as Witheridge said, "He did not know his bird."

CHAPTER LVI.

SEGESTA

COACH-DRIVERS AND BRIGANDS

WE had to leave Castelvetro early in the morning in order to get to Segesta at all. For we had arranged to continue our journey to Palermo by the afternoon train, not knowing what the inn might be like at Calatafimi. Our Baedeker informed

us that the journey from the Alcamo - Calatafimi Station to Segesta costs fifteen francs for four persons. But the driver of the mail-coach, which was the only trap to be had, would not hear of taking us under thirty francs, and, as we were here to see Segesta, there was nothing to do but to pay it.

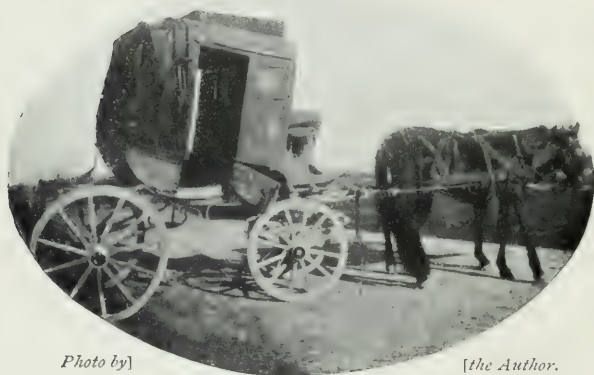


Photo by]

[the Author.

THE MAIL COACH FOR SEGESTA

We had been informed that the district had a bad name for brigandage, and appearances tended to confirm the idea; for the road wound up to Calatafimi round the edges of wild-looking hills, and we saw so many villainous-looking sportsmen, mounted as well as armed and accompanied by dogs. When Mr. Forbes-Robertson made the journey in 1900, he was compelled to have a *carabiniere* in the carriage with him, who, on starting, loaded his revolver with most disquieting ostentatiousness.

SCENERY OF THE ROAD UP TO CALATAFIMI

SCENERY LIKE HOKUSAI'S SKETCHES OF JAPAN

The scenery up which we wound was very like Japan in general effect, the pinky almond blossoms and grey olives giving the effect of the cherry blossoms and grey bamboos of Japan. Though corn-fields and vineyards hedged with prickly-pears filled the terraces, which would have been laid out in ricefields there, it was very like the road up to Myanoshita, but wilder. The hollows in the hills were so Jappy, and the donax, the Sicilian reed, is so like bamboo. The little farms on the hills surrounded by almond orchards have just the Japanese effect of brown tinted with pink. The one un-Japanese touch was the border of fine agaves which hedged the road. Behind us was a panorama of rolling hills round one noble lion-shaped mountain, which I took to be Corleone. At last we came into sight of Calatafimi—an old grey town, with three monasteries, a boys' orphanage, and a couple of nunneries lying under the shadow of a Saracen castle.

ARRIVAL AT CALATAFIMI

We had enjoyed our drive amazingly as we dashed round those wild hills, dotted here and there with little thatched Jappy-looking houses. Just before we came to the town we passed a shallow almond-fringed valley, with a picturesque washing-pool, and many men in their dark blue, hooded cloaks, and flocks of striped goats, while on the hill there was a ruined convent with a dome like a mosque. The point of view from which the native regards the agave is that of a handy thing on which to stretch washing. The eternal Garibaldi has an obelisk here. He won one of his most important victories on the hills round Calatafimi. As Witheridge said, the coach looked as if it had been in the battle, and was a knocked-about old tea-chest without any paint on it (which is not an ordinary Sicilian failing), drawn by five mules with rope harness which had a knot in it for every day in the year. However, they could and did go, and it was part of our contract with the driver that he should take us on to the nearest point to the temple that

IN SICILY

a carriage could approach. He drove us into another charming valley, overhung by grand grey screes and full of lemon groves, cypresses, olives, and donax, mixed with brambles. The wild palmetto, wild fennel, wild blue-blossomed flax rioted everywhere.

Fortunately it had not been raining lately, for there was a Japanese river to cross before we could get to the temple, and we had to cross it on foot. We found it a tiny rill meandering gently in the middle of a wide bed of sand and boulders—the orthodox out-of-work mountain torrent.

SEGESTA

We lost no time in climbing up to the temple. It is not easy to exaggerate the beauty of this temple, which has never been finished and never been ruined in two thousand years of time. You come upon it suddenly, crowning a knoll so steep that no one has ever yet taken a satisfactory photograph of the temple, which perhaps is the very building whose treasures were shown with those of Aphrodite at Eryx, to lure the Athenians into the alliance against Syracuse which proved their ruin. Of the city of Egesta, as the Greeks called it, which was the only city, except Eryx, of any importance founded by the mysterious Elymians, there remains nothing except this temple and a ruined theatre on still higher ground, though there are plenty of Roman, mediæval, and Saracenic remains scattered around. It is noteworthy that the citizens, as they sat in their theatre on a clear day, could see the sister city of Eryx as well as the sea, and their own noble temple. The simple, massive and pure Doric style of the temple suggests that it must have been begun at the time of the Athenian alliance. The cella and the pavement seem never to have been added.

THE ROMANS HAIL THE EGESTANS AS BROTHERS

When the Athenians were defeated the Egestans turned for aid to the Carthaginians; but finding that their African allies did not mean to play them fair, they turned to Agathocles of Syracuse, who played them worse, and, watching his opportunity, massacred ten

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Schermerhorn Street Branch,

57 SCHERMERHORN STREET



THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

"Crowning a knoll so steep"

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS

Vol. II.—To face page 456

THE BEAUTY OF THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

thousand of them, and enslaved the rest in order to seize the treasures with which they were credited. He rechristened the city Dicaëopolis. But brighter days were ahead for it. When the Romans came to Sicily in the first Punic War, they chose to identify the Elymians with the Trojans, and to regard the Egestans as brothers, but persuaded them to change their name to Segestans, because it was so ill-omened to have a name like Egestas (want).

THE BEAUTY OF THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

Hardly any Greek temple is more unforgettable than this perfect shell at Segesta. Its rusting stone has turned such a glorious salmon colour, its columns taper so airily, and give vistas of mountains between. Its grace is almost perfect; its outlines are so simple and majestic, and its position is so marvellously impressive. Standing upon a little hill amid wild mountains, it is, like the three great temples of Pæstum, lined not with flagstones, but with a flowery meadow glowing with marigolds and asphodels.

I could not persuade Witheridge that there was any difficulty in building a temple of this kind.

"It is as simple as daylight," he said; "much easier to build than a railway station."

"But you've got to do it exactly right," I said. "No, worse than that; you've got to do it not exactly right, so that it may look right. The best Greek temples, which look the most upright things in the world, are not really perpendicular; their columns taper, not so much as this temple's columns, which are rather decadent, and all incline a trifle inwards."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he said; "I can't take all that in, not all at once. I think I'll stay here with Steph, while you do the theatre, and think it out. Now, if I had been asked how this temple had been built, I should have said that the chief priest sent for a mason, and told him to stick twelve columns each side and six in front and six behind, and put a roof on it."

I must say that I expected Stephana to protest, to say that she would not give up the theatre, and to reprove his views on Art with

IN SICILY

becoming scorn : instead of which, she sat down on the bottom step of the stylobate and spread her skirt out far enough for him to sit down upon it.

As we climbed up to the theatre we noticed that they were still seeing the temple through the backs of their heads.

THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT SEGESTA

The theatre of Segesta is like other Sicilian theatres ; it is hewn in the rock, and commands a view of the sea (and the sister city of Eryx). The diameter of the auditorium is two hundred and five feet, that of the stage ninety feet. There are six vomitories and traces of the theatre having been adapted by the Romans. It is very perfect. The last row of seats have curved backs, and there is a chamber up at the top on the right-hand side with a huge slab roof. Both the seats and the stage are built of fine, squared masonry, but this noble theatre is abandoned more than any other to the lizards for their eternal comedy.

The day we were there the lizards must have been more put out than usual, for there was a charmingly pretty and elegant and smart German woman, with a very gentlemanly-looking husband, being shown round by quite half a dozen people. The lizards must have stared, for they are only accustomed to Germans in mackintoshes, and perhaps they knew as well as I did what a very smart man a German had to be to look like that. Everything was being explained to them, unfortunately in German, though, to be sure, the Sicilian lizards may have got accustomed to the language by this time. The tourists from the Fatherland migrate to Sicily with the regularity of the quails. I noticed that, like ourselves, they had walked up from the valley where they had left their carriage, for there was neither horse, nor mule, nor ass waiting for them.

Segesta did not seem such a deserted place as we had heard it described ; we saw shepherds or sportsmen on all the surrounding hills, and there were Sicilian visitors both before and after us. Suddenly Witheridge halloed ; he had the voice of Stentor, and the word he said was "Train !" This might have been only because

HOW THE SICILIAN WOMEN CARRY WATER

the coachman's boy had intruded upon their privacy ; but we hurried down, and were soon back on the coach discussing our lunch and heading for Calatafimi.

AT CALATAFIMI

We decided that we should have liked to stay at Calatafimi. That chimneyless town in the clear mountain air stood out like a piece of carving, especially the ruined Saracenic castle and the ruinous convent with its brown battlements and mosque-like dome. In the little valley below were *gebbias* and wells, and nowhere else had we seen such groups of women drawing water into antique-looking pitchers, and gliding away with them balanced on their shoulders—the perfection of grace.

As they came up from the valley they walked in Indian file up the narrow, stony paths, as if they had been as smooth as the roads, but on the road they walked two or three abreast, and when they were on a rise in front of you against the sky they looked as if they might have been taken from the frieze on the Parthenon. In different parts of the island they carry their pitchers in different ways ; here it is always on the shoulder. At Taormina it is always on the head ; but whichever way was in vogue at the place we were in was always the most graceful to Stephana, who felt also on this occasion that she ought to talk a good deal to make us forget her skulking behind from the theatre.

Witheridge started her with a remark characteristic of his mind ; he said that that brown, indistinguishable town, Calatafimi, looked like one house with a lot of bath-rooms tacked on—and it did as soon as you were half a mile out of it.

Stephana said it looked as if it had dropped down from some other planet. And then she compared some old prickly-pears to wicked old men ; but she had done this before, and we reminded her of it, and she really was quite confused till a washing-pool, where women in yellow headkerchiefs were drying clothes with an overhead wring quite new to us, came to her rescue.

IN SICILY

THE DRIVE DOWN TO THE RAILWAY STATION

Soon we had crested the brow of the little basin in which the town lies, and were dashing downhill at quite a breakneck pace for Italy, where it is much easier to get your coachman to break your neck than to go the pace. We could see our route circling down the hills by the waving line of blue agaves at the side of the road, but it was difficult at first to take our eyes off the sea of mountains in front round the noble lion's head which we supposed to be Corleone. The country was really not rich, though the vines and almonds and olives, the tall agaves with their sword-like blades, the gaily-kerchiefed women with their great Greek jars, the white adobe walls and wayside washing-pools made the landscape delightfully varied to us; and the hedges of the Sicilian reed, seen from above, made the gorge more than ever like Japan.

BRIGANDS AHOOY!

Stephana was really very fond of Witheridge; she was holding on to him now. It could not have been because she was afraid of being upset, for she was quite fearless where horses were concerned, but I noticed the same sort of expression on her face that it had worn that night at Trapani.

"What is the matter, Stephana?" I asked, and her answer showed how much more observant she was than I.

"Haven't you noticed," she asked, "that hardly any of the people we are passing know the driver?"

"No, I hadn't thought about it."

"I have," she said; "wherever you go you see the Sicilian people giving each other the Sicilian salute."

"What is the Sicilian salute?"

"Why, the half-raised hand."

"Well, what do you make of it?"

"Well, I think that all these men with asses and mules and guns and dogs and these goat-herds in their skin-clothes are brigands, and that they are just wondering whether we are worth ransoming;

BRIGANDS

that's the only thing they molest foreigners for. The men don't look like what they are; they are such fine-looking men."

This sounded a little inconsequent, but some of the men with their top-boots and spurs, and blue, hooded cloaks falling in elegant folds on their mules, certainly did not look very much like peasants out to shoot small birds. At one time I really thought her fears were about to be realised, for just as we neared the railway station a cart drew up suddenly in front of the coach, and brought us to a dead stop, while two of the armed men on mules clattered up. But a second later I caught sight of three *bersaglieri* with their rifles at the port guarding nothing on earth apparently but the station monkey.

They did not have to fire. Perhaps the stopping of the coach and the riding up of the men was a pure coincidence.

The coach did look very appropriate for brigandage; it was the kind of coach you see starting for Cariboo from a little Canadian Pacific station, but it really did not go badly.

TEA AT ALCAMO STATION

The first use we made of our safety was to get out our tea-basket from the cloak-room, and monopolise the table and most of the seats in the tiny waiting-room. Presently the Germans came in, which reminds me that I have forgotten the most brigandy episode of the whole day. Seeing us hurry down in response to Witheridge's halloo, they flew down too, and were nearly at their carriage when she slipped and fell. Instantly the rough-looking men who had been eyeing them from above in a most suspicious sort of way, though they had not even gone so far as to beg, rushed down. But all they did was to lift her up quite gently and help her down to her carriage. We had visions of heavy blackmail, but saw no money pass. When these two Germans came into the waiting-room we noticed that all the people who were with them waited outside. We were glad. We had only to make room for two people. Directly she was seated he went out and fetched a chair for her to put up her sprained foot. We felt that we ought to clear a sofa for her, but they would not hear

IN SICILY

of it; and when we tried to make the preparations for the tea less obtrusive, she smiled to Stephana that we were not to disturb ourselves.

So we finished our tea, and in the failing dusk glided out of the valley with its picturesque vines; caught a faint glimpse of distant Alcamo with its white domes and Saracen walls and tall, nodding stone-pines; and watched the long trail of carts and mules carrying people, who looked as if they had been taken from frescoes of the Holy Family, up to that Moorish-looking city. No one, not even the stationmaster, dares sleep in the valley below, for it is one of the most malarious spots in Sicily, and the kindly railway people warned us to close our windows, as sunset is the deadly hour.

THE EXPLANATION OF OUR BRIGANDS

When we got back to Palermo, and Stephana told the padrone's charming wife how scared she had been by brigands, and what a lot of desperate-looking characters we had seen, the padrona laughed.

"You were quite safe from brigands to-day," she said, "though the prefect must have thought it a bad place for them. There was quite a regiment of *bersaglieri* guarding you. All the sportsmen and goat-herds and country people, as well as the men in uniform at the station, were *bersaglieri*."

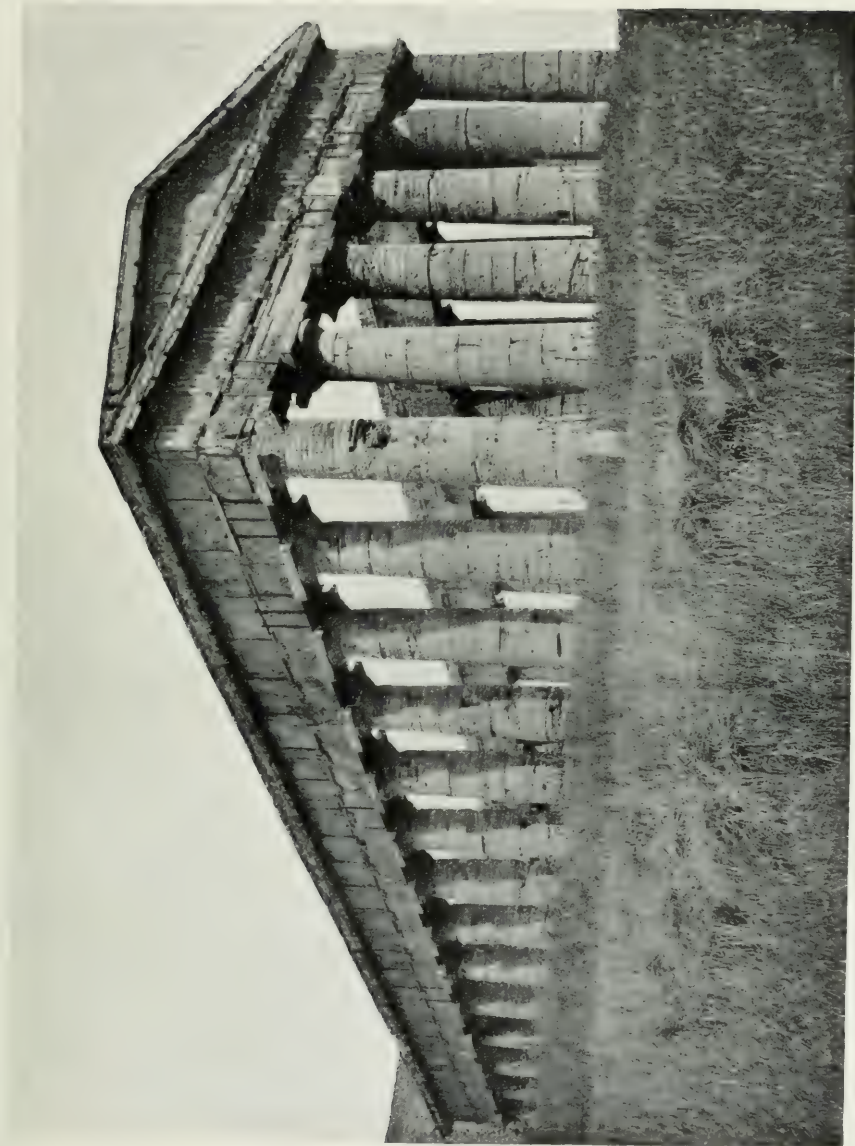
"Not all for us?" said Stephana, in the really innocent and childlike way she had at times.

"No, not all for you," said the padrona, with Southern politeness and wit; "some of them were for the brother of the German Emperor and his wife, who also have been to Segesta to-day."

They were only his cousins, but a Prince and Princess of Prussia were quite big enough birds for brigands to hold to ransom; and the Sicilian authorities were right in supposing that if they had been caught there would have been the devil to pay.

SEGESTA IN THE PAGES OF CICERO

Segesta, as I informed Stephana when we were chatting over our dessert, had had its brigands before the days of the Prince of Prussia



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT SEGESTA (ROBBED BY VERRIES)

Photo by Incipona.

GREAT WAS DIANA OF THE SEGESTANS

and Mr. Forbes-Robertson. I told her Cardinal Newman's experience, and carried her back to the days of the arch-brigand Verres.

"Of Egesta, the Elymian city which lured the Athenians into their fatal expedition against Syracuse, we know little beyond its dishonest display of wealth, which made it seem a formidable ally. The other great Elymian city, Eryx, had, chiefly in its world-famous Temple of Venus, a vast treasure of silver plate. This and their own plate the Egestans—who also had a notable temple, that of Diana—with a fine Krugerian touch, had gilded.

"Of the life at Segesta, accepted as a sister city by Rome on account of its supposed founding by Trojans, we get one little glimpse from Cicero in his *Verres*:—'There is a woman, a citizen of Segesta, very rich and nobly born, by name Lamia. She having her house full of spinning-jennies, for three years was making him robes and coverlets, all dyed with purple.'

GREAT WAS DIANA OF THE SEGESTANS

"These Verres probably paid for in some direct or indirect fashion, but he took also from Segesta that which no money could buy—the thrice sacred image of Diana, the glory of the famous temple, which was ancient even in Cicero's day, and still stands one of the most beautiful objects we inherit from the antique world. Said Cicero to the judges of Verres—

"Segesta is a very ancient town, O judges, which its inhabitants assert was founded by Æneas when he was flying from Troy and coming to this country. And accordingly the Segestans think that they are connected with the Roman people, not only by a perpetual alliance with friendship, but even by some relationship. This town, as the state of the Segestans was at war with the Carthaginians on its own account and of its own accord, was formerly stormed and destroyed by the Carthaginians; and everything which could be any ornament to the city was transported from thence to Carthage. There was among the Segestans a statue of Diana, of brass, not only invested with the most sacred character, but also wrought with the most exquisite skill and beauty. When transferred to Carthage

IN SICILY

it only changed its situation and its worshippers ; it retained its former sanctity. For on account of its eminent beauty it seemed, even to their enemies, worthy of being most religiously worshipped.'

"When Publius Scipio Africanus the Younger took Carthage 'some ages afterwards,' he restored the sacred image to its ancient situation at Segesta with a very lofty pedestal, 'on which was cut in large letters the name of Publius Africanus,' and a statement was also engraved that he restored it after having taken Carthage. Said Cicero—'It was worshipped by the citizens ; it was visited by all strangers ; when I was Quæstor it was the very first thing they showed me. It was a very large and tall statue, with a flowing robe ; but, in spite of its large size, it gave the idea of the age and dress of a virgin. Her arrows hung from her shoulder, in her left hand she carried her bow, her right hand held a burning torch.'

"Verres cared neither for its sacredness nor for the fact that it was a monument of the greatest triumph and the greatest general of Republican Rome ; and, when he could not bribe anyone in Segesta to remove it, hired barbarians from Lilybæum. There were men alive old enough to remember the proud day on which it was brought back as a monument of the destruction of Carthage. Now says Cicero—'All the matrons and virgins of Segesta came together when Diana was being taken out of their city. They anointed her with precious unguents ; they crowned her with chaplets and flowers ; they attended her to the borders of their territory with frankincense and burning perfumes.'

"The Publius Scipio of Cicero's day was among the defenders of Verres till Cicero silenced him with this silent impeachment from Segesta. Fortunately for Verres, Virgil did not give Segesta its niche in the epic of Rome, the *Æneid*, till a generation later. Virgil invented a hero, Acestes, from whom the city is supposed to have taken its name, and describes the foundation of the city in the fifth *Æneid*, at the same time as he makes Æneas found the temple to his mother, Venus, in the other Elymian city of Eryx."

"I don't call Acestes very like Segesta," said Witheridge ; "but I suppose it was near enough for Virgil."

NEWMAN UPON THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

"It is rather a far cry from Verres and Virgil to Newman," said Stephana, when I shut the *Cicero*.

"Yes, but in all its two dozen centuries of existence few greater men than John Henry Newman have ever trodden the steps of that temple."

CARDINAL NEWMAN UPON THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA

Newman, I explained, drove from Palermo through Alcamo to Calatafimi, a distance of forty-three miles, and rode from Calatafimi to Segesta and back on a mule. He describes his experiences thus:—

"I recommended a slight 'refection,' as Lady Margaret would say, before starting on our mules; so, after an egg or two, we set off for the Temple, which is four miles off, and which came in sight suddenly after we had advanced about a mile. Oh, that I could tell you one-quarter what I have to say about it! First, the surrounding scene on approaching it is a rich valley—now, don't fancy valleys and hills as in England; it is all depth and height, nothing lumpish—and even at this season the colouring is rich. We went through groves of olive and prickly-pear, and by orange orchards, till we came to a steep hill covered with ruins. We wound up the ascent—once, doubtless, a regular road to the city gate—and, on surmounting the brow, we saw what we had seen at a distance (and what we saw also afterwards at the end of a long valley on leaving the plain of Castel-a-mare for Palermo), the Temple. Here the desolation was a striking contrast to the richness of the valley we had been passing. The hill on which we stood was covered with ruins, especially of a theatre. Opposite to it a precipitous rock started out of the ravine below. On the hill beyond it there were, as on our hill, ruins, and we conjectured they might mark the site of the Greek town; but on the circular hill there was nothing but a single Temple. Such was the genius of ancient Greek worship—grand in the midst of error, simple and unadorned in its architecture. It chose some elevated spot, and fixed there its solitary witness, where it could not be hid. I believe it is the most perfect building remaining anywhere—Doric; six gigantic pillars

IN SICILY

before and behind, twelve in length, no roof. Its history is unknown. The temples of later and classical times have vanished—the whole place is one ruin except this in the waste of solitude. A shepherd's hut is near and a sort of farmyard—a number of eager dogs—a few rude, intrusive men, who would have robbed us, I fancy, had they dared. On the hill on which the theatre stood was a savage-looking bull prowling amid the ruins. Mountains around Eryx in the distance. The past and present! Once these hills were full of life! I began to understand what Scripture means when speaking of lofty cities vaunting in the security of their strongholds. What a great but ungodly sight was this place in its glory! And then its history, to say nothing of Virgil's fictions. Here it was that Nicias came; this was the ally of Athens. What a strange place! How did people take it into their heads to plant themselves here?"

And elsewhere he writes that in all Sicily "the chief sight has been Egesta (Segesta), its ruins, with its temple. Oh, wonderful sight!—full of the most strange pleasure. Strange, from the position of the town, its awful desolateness, the beauty of the scenery—rich even in winter—its historical recollections, by contrast with the misery of the population, the depth of squalidness and brutality by which it is surrounded. It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta!"*

Goethe, when he visited this temple, had no remarks to make about it beyond a technical architectural description. The warmest praise it rung from him was that "The restoration, which was carried on in 1781, had done much good to the building," and that "the cutting of the stone with which the parts have been reconnected is simple but beautiful." And he qualified even this grudging tribute by remarking, almost immediately below, that "The wearisomeness of winding through the insignificant ruins of a theatre took away from us all the pleasures we might otherwise have had in visiting the remains of the ancient city."

It was almost as far a cry from Newman to Goethe as it was from Newman to Verres.

* From *The Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman*, edited by Mrs. Mozley (Longmans), 2nd edition, vol. i. p. 307.



Photo by Crupi.

CEFALU AND ITS PELLEGRINO-LIKE MOUNTAIN

CHAPTER LVII.

CEFALU

ITS CATHEDRAL AND ITS PREHISTORIC HOUSE

OUR last two days in Palermo we had determined to spend in seeing Cefalu, with its prehistoric house and its noble Norman cathedral; Bagheria, the old Court suburb; and Solunto, the Sicilian Pompeii. We had left them to the end of our visit, like Marsala and Trapani, Selinunte and Segesta, because it is only human nature to postpone making an expedition if you have scenes of inexhaustible interest and beauty at your doors. Piana dei Greci, the village where Albanians have lived for four hundred years without turning into Sicilians; Termini, the ancient Himera, with its mediæval palaces; and the Saracen Palace at Miminerno, alas! we never found time to see. Cefalu is thirty or forty miles from Palermo on the road to Messina, situated at the foot of a rock which is almost the exact counterpart of Monte Pellegrino.

IN SICILY

THE BOYS OF CEFALU

Cefalu requires a special kind of visitor—the kind of visitor who will not be disappointed because he does not expect too much, and who remembers that to inherit the earth you must be meek.

People who expect Cefalu to be as easy and as highly gilt as Monreale will be disappointed; and of all the boys in the world designed for the chastening of the flesh, those of Cefalu are the most rapid-working. They are little beasts, the boys of Cefalu, and their importunities are the outcome of pure “cussedness.” They need not, and do not, beg much; the place is quite prosperous. Sardines, or something of the kind, are made there.

ON THE WANT OF CONSCIENTIOUSNESS IN CEFALU CABMEN

When we reached Cefalu Station we did not realise how near it was to the town, and from the moment that we had caught sight of its noble cathedral rising above its picturesque little marina, under the shadow of a mountain only second to Monte Pellegrino for elegance and majesty, we determined to waste not a minute on making our way to the cathedral.

Knowing that cabs were only worth thirty centesimi (threepence) in those days at Palermo, which is a much larger place with much finer vehicles, we determined to drive; but neither Baedeker nor Murray is in possession of the cab tariff of Cefalu, so it was necessary to inquire the price. The boy with the nearest cab said the fare was a franc a head. Witheridge offered him ten centesimi (a penny) a head, and eventually, after a discussion which occupied as many minutes as would have taken us to the town, we compounded for fifty centesimi for the party. Witheridge repeated “for the party” two or three times, and he said, “Si, si, signor.” When we reached the cathedral he suggested that we should pay him at the end of the day. But we knew what this meant in Sicily, so we pressed the fifty cents on him. He professed not to understand what it was for, and when we mentioned that it was for the fare we had agreed on he simulated wrath, contempt, and all the other useful passions, and

A LUNCH AT CEFALU

demanded two francs. We were at the time trying to look at the cathedral. We knew that we should not have to pay him any more, but he would keep interrupting.

WE TAKE REFUGE IN THE ALBERGO D'ITALIA

Then a *Deus ex machina* appeared in the shape of a person dressed like a waiter, who stepped out of the Albergo d'Italia, just as if it had been a bit of stage scenery and he an actor. He wished to know if we would not have lunch. Here, also, there was no tariff; but we made our bargain and went in, principally to get rid of the cabman. But the cabman followed us, and began the argument afresh, till I explained to the waiter, who was also the son of the house, that we had not asked the cabman to lunch, and that if he was not turned out we should not stay. There is an etiquette in these matters in Sicily. The man who is trying to overcharge for a job already performed is not allowed to interfere with the chances of the man who is taking on a fresh job, so the cabman deferred his hopes. He had probably never heard of the Nicaraguan proverb, "Have patience, fleas, the night is long," but he reflected that it was only one o'clock, and that we could not leave Cefalu till about eight, and went out to abide his time. The lunch was one of the worst and one of the dearest we ever had in Sicily. But the food is never very bad in Sicily, for the Sicilians are born cooks, and have a horror of things which have been kept too long. The aggravating feature about it was that, having regard to whether we should see over the cathedral before or after lunch, we inquired if it was ready, and were told that it was, but were kept waiting at least half an hour, at the expiration of which the son-waiter brought us in the dessert, which consisted of nespoli—Japanese medlars—mixed with sliced fennel and raw broad beans. The dish was artistic in appearance, but dominated by the strong fennel. Indignation was useless, nor could we, with any comfort, stand in the square looking at the rich, yellow façade of the cathedral with its green bells and black lava arcading, for the moment we set a foot outside the cabman was ready to resume the discussion.

IN SICILY

THE ORIGIN OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CEFALU

At last that simple and expensive lunch was over, and we sallied forth to see the cathedral built by Roger the Norman, nearly eight hundred years ago, to commemorate his escape in a great storm off Palermo, as he was returning from Naples to Sicily. He made the usual vow, to erect a church on the first piece of land he set foot on, to be dedicated to Christ and His apostles, and, having succeeded in landing at Cefalu, founded a church where the cathedral now stands, which, for some reason or other, he dedicated to S. George. It fell into decay, but the citizens rebuilt it and dedicated it to S. Leonardo. Two years afterwards, according to Murray, "Roger determined to fulfil his vow, and laid the foundations of the present cathedral, by far the largest and most magnificent temple in Sicily at that time."



Photo by Alinari.

THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL

House with Arabo-Norman facade.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CEFALU

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

This time we stood forth boldly in the square to examine the stately west front, which is still about the finest in Sicily. We knew, of course, that the cathedral would not be open. In a place like Cefalu churches never are open at any time when a stranger could want to see them. The cabman made his appearance at once, but in a new rôle. He seemed to have buried the hatchet with regard to the fare; he even extended to us some kind of protection from the smaller and therefore more truculent boys. You can hardly convey with a pen all the diverse elements of charm which force themselves on you when you gaze for the first time at the west front of Cefalu. It is very old, and brings you face to face with the other Normans who roused the envy of Europe with the splendour of their achievements and their courts, long before the more solid work of their contemporaries in England excited much comment, except from their powerless suzerain at Paris. Matilda had built her abbey for ladies, and the Conqueror was sleeping in his abbey for men at Caen, a generation and more before Roger reared this cathedral under the cliff of lonely Cefalu. Their architecture is more primitive in its severity, but they do not give you the impression of old, old age like this church with its stone yellowed by years, and preserved by the purity of the climate without the renovating hand of the mason. It stands on a fine stone platform, approached by a broad flight of steps, with three faces, said to be of classical antiquity, and it is guarded by a beautiful old wrought-iron railing, broken at intervals by the usual marble saints on pedestals. Entering the elegant gate surmounted by a cardinal's hat, also of iron, when you can find it open, you are confronted by a façade not unlike that of Monreale. I am not going to describe it in detail, though sometimes it is necessary to pile up detail to give the effect. The details of this west front of Cefalu are very unordinary, but the effect is that of a deep and dark portico between two square towers pierced with unglazed windows of antique grace, and crowned each by a beautiful centre turret with a pyramidal roof. Over the portico is

IN SICILY

a broad terrace, and the church wall behind it has two beautiful tiers of arcading picked out with black lava, the lower interlaced round a very fine window. You cannot, from so close in, see the queerness of the roof and its little flanking belfries.

FINDING THE SACRISTAN

We found the gates hermetically locked. The cabby suggested that if we climbed the stairway between the cathedral and the cliff we were more likely to make the sacristan hear at the little side door. We hammered, but for half an hour in vain, and the attentions of the boys became overpowering, until Stephana, who had been reading volumes and volumes about the evil eye and other handy forms of witchcraft, made such evil faces at them that they did not know whether to fly or fall upon her. But the cab boy decided in her favour; it was a form of bullying, and enlisted his sympathies.

Having given this overt proof of his favour, he broached the subject of showing us over the castle, which was at the top, ever so much at the top, of the hill above us. For this he demanded two francs; but as Baedeker had said the fee for admission was only twenty centimes, and that no guide was necessary, I refused to give more than fifty centimes, including the twenty centimes for the key. He refused it with scorn, and a beautiful little boy, more beautiful, I think, than Vincenzo at Girgenti, but not so big, said that he would show us the way to where the *custode* lived for some impossible sum, a halfpenny, I think. Just as we were about to close with him for the fifty cents offered to the other boy, the weediest sacristan I ever saw opened the door and he asked what we wanted. He should have known that we wanted to see the cathedral. I told him that we wanted him to disperse the boys, a task for which that broken-down human cab-horse was wholly inadequate. But he motioned us to come in, which was what we really wanted, so we complied.

THE CHRIST OF CEFALU

To the enthusiast the interior of Cefalu cathedral is one of the most interesting things in Sicily. Its grimy Byzantine Christ, which



Photo by Crupi.

THE CHRIST OF CEFALU AND THE OLDEST MOSAICS IN SICILY

COMPARE THE CHRIST OF THE CAPPELLA REALE, PAGE 77, AND THE CHRIST OF MONREALE, PAGE 157

THE CHRIST OF CEFALU : THE MOSAICS

fills up half the apse, is the true Eastern enthusiast, much more the type of man who would shake the world by a new religion founded on self-sacrifice than the gentle, auburn-haired "good young man" Christ, familiar to us in our Sunday-school books. The Christ of Cefalu is a Jew, wan with fasting, with a strong aquiline nose and a black beard. The beard, as in so many strong men, grows thinly on the under lip and upper curve of the chin. Prayer and fasting are written on every line of the almost grim face, full of underlying tenderness. The Christ portrayed on the Norman mosaics of Cefalu is one of the greatest conceptions of Him which have come down to us from the Middle Ages, when the world seemed so much nearer to God as well as so much nearer to the devil.

THE ANGELS LIKE THE CROSSED WINGS AT S. SOFIA

It is a curious fact that Cefalu contains in its mosaics, which rank with those of Palermo and Monreale as the finest creations of Norman-Byzantine art, angels which occur again at St. Mark's, Venice, almost identical with the figures of six crossed wings in Santa Sofia in Constantinople. We are told that the Turks in historical times changed the figures of angels into these figures of six wings, because their religion will not permit of anthropomorphic pictures. Here, at Cefalu, we have almost identical figures as Christian emblems. The principal mosaics are those of the apse, and they are in three tiers, immediately under the Christ, which occupies the entire vault (of the apse), being the Virgin between four angels. The choir is by no means equal to the apse ; it is surrounded by saints in unpleasant attitudes of martyrdom, and the stalls are so poor. Witheridge thought it "an overrated business altogether ; the Norman-Byzantine was so muddled up with Renaissance Spanish viceroys on horses, and that sort of thing." I pointed him out an antique ciborium of the epoch of Roger, made of white marbles yellowed and mellowed by age, with a sort of tent above, and six angels with folded wings below. He pointed me out a crucifix thrown with its face to the wall behind the altar. Witheridge is no fool, though he had not hitherto given his mind much to this sort of thing.

IN SICILY

THE SACRISTY AND CLOISTER

Just as we were getting wound up to the proper pitch to appreciate the cathedral, which is a little disappointing from its depreciation of antique splendour through modern ill taste and poverty, the sacristan took us into the vestry to peep through a window at the pretty little Lombard cloister of the Augustinian monastery attached by Roger to his cathedral. He was careful to explain that the showing of this was the perquisite of another man, and that as the fee for it was small it was not worth his while to stay for long, so we must see it now or never. We decided to see it now, and a very graceful little cloister it was, rather in the Monreale style, with pairs of columns. The man of small fees, who could not wait long, thought more of a nice little creeper-covered summer-house in the middle, which was made tolerable by its surrounding of tame grape-hyacinths, abnormally large and blue, and lemons with fragrant snowy blossoms and young, brown leaves. Stephana was a good deal interested in some fine fifteenth-century silk panels for altarpieces, which to my mind were spoiled by the introduction of coral beads into the embroidery. There were many of them stowed, like extra leaves for dining-tables, in cupboards which opened sideways, and were labelled "fiori," "tappeti," and so on. I felt quite impressed with their numbers and the hundreds of gilt-wood candle spikes, until Witheridge spoilt it all by asking what they wanted such a lot of bill files for, and speaking of the sacristy, whose sacred character he had not grasped, as the "property room."

OTHER ANTIQUE FEATURES

Then we went back into the church, and what an odd mixture it was of splendour and squalor! The throne-panel of King Roger, with its proud blazon of *Sedes Regia*, has had its mosaics repaired with paint, by a child, presumably, and there is an eye over the Cardinal-Archbishop's throne such as you get on the bows of the barcas in the bay and junks in China. Witheridge said, "Ask him what they are doing with an archbishop and a swell Norman

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LIBRARY
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
1950



THE BACK OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CEFALU

THE INTERIOR OF CEFALU CATHEDRAL

cathedral in such a pottering town." I drew his attention to the fine Norman arcading under the roof of the transept, and the two splendid Norman capitals of the choir arch, of which the guide-books make so much. It was an error of judgment on my part, for all he could say of those world-famous capitals, which are about six feet long, was, "What, those funny old totems?" and the worst of it is, that there is nothing in heaven or earth which they resemble so much as the totems on the poles of the Queen-Charlotte-Islanders. As I have said, Witheridge was no fool, though his remarks on Norman cathedrals were of an iconoclastic nature. He was simply convulsed over a thirteenth-century fresco of the Virgin and Child, which gave her a pug nose, and an aureole suggestive of the snails who clustered round Buddha's head to save him from sunstroke. Witheridge had been to Japan, and the gigantic Buddha at Kamakura was one of the things which he remembered best, though he could not recall that there was any particular beauty about *it*—the most beautiful of all the world's famous idols. The frame was very curiously painted.

There are a couple of rather good paintings in the Guido style behind the altar. But the pictures of martyrdoms had nothing to recommend them except their gruesomeness, though one representing our Lord handcuffed instead of bound with the conventional cord is, as far as I know, unique. Witheridge was much more interested in the bell-wheel than in the splendid font, when he had learned that the lions or leopards supporting it were not Corean tigers—another Japanese reminiscence. Indeed, after that, he took no further interest in the interior of Cefalu Cathedral. It was nothing to him that the nave columns had such great capitals and such splendid white marble bases, or that the white marble ambones which might, for all we could see, have rivalled the pulpit at Salerno, were lost in cheap green and gilt seventeenth-century organ-lofts, so that only the columns (whose capitals had been gilded) showed. He never raised his eyes to the curious woodwork roof, with some of its ancient colouring on it, and almost like our "open" roofs; or at the beautiful stilted arches of the tower and nave.

IN SICILY

THE TOMBS

There are a few fine tombs, notably that of the Marquis of Geraci, dating back to 1200, and of a Princess of Aragon. The Marquis's tomb is very fine and simple and archaic. It is ornamented with a heart at each end, four trefoils, a quatrefoil, and the Pascal Lamb, with a Catherine-wheel and a pennon flowing over its tail. The Princess's tomb is a Greek Christian sarcophagus of the wave pattern, which signifies something, I forget what.

THE CATHEDRAL OF CEFALU IS FOR THE ANTIQUARIAN AND FOR THE ARTIST

Certainly the interior of Cefalu Cathedral is for the antiquarian. To him it is very interesting and imposing. Its columns are lofty, and its capitals interesting. It rises finely in four tiers to the altar, its Christ is splendid, and its nave is noble. It has two tiers of columns with fine capitals at the tower, beside the two great columns that support the chancel arch, which has a curious old cross hanging from it.

Cefalu is a little sister of Monreale,—a decayed gentlewoman. Everything is very shabby and humble now.

THE CAB-BOY TURNS GUIDE

No sooner were we out of the cathedral than that cab-boy bobbed up again to inform us that we should be compelled to submit to his services as a guide now because he had got the key. He produced a large, rusty key. He thought he had nonplussed us, but we said we would not go at all. It did not strike him that we should die of ennui if we stayed from three to eight at Cefalu doing nothing, and, on the other hand, like a true cabman, he considered the walk a formidable one for foreigners, who are not expected to be able to go more than two or three hundred yards without a cab. I saw that he was wavering, for he began to use weak-kneed arguments to make us go, instead of laughing out triumphantly, "All right, what will you do with yourselves?" So I repeated my offer of fifty cents for his

THE SMALL-BOY NUISANCE AT CEFALU

services as a guide, to be increased to a franc if we were perfectly satisfied with him at the end of the day, and I further promised to defray the twopence for the gatekeeper myself.

THE SMALL-BOY NUISANCE AT CEFALU

We then marched through the city with our suite of small boys, who kept a respectful distance until the cab-boy left to hurry up the gatekeeper, when they at once closed round, and by incessantly addressing us prevented our seeing anything properly. Whenever a policeman or respectable adult inhabitant met us, he charged them and knocked a few about. But they always came back again. They did not beg much; they regarded us as a kind of theatrical representation. If we had started a conversation with them they would have vied with each other in their eagerness to answer us. But we did not want to converse with them; we wanted to discuss Cefalu between ourselves, and so they made themselves a nuisance, like dogs who insist on shaking hands at meal time, or cats who claw you gently.

THE PALACE OF KING ROGER, AND THE SAILOR WHO WOULD TALK ENGLISH

Cefalu makes the most of Roger the Norman. Not content with having a cathedral built by him, it maintains a tradition that the Palace of Ruggiero, in the main street, was built by him. It certainly does not look old enough, and the few mouldings it has high up on its walls do not compensate for the attentions of a Cefalu crowd. I thought of Lot in his house at Sodom, entertaining the angels, when we first took refuge in the Albergo d'Italia. The greatest bore of the whole lot, while we were examining King Roger's ruins and trying to find the Palazzo Geraci, was a sailor who could talk a few words of English, and wished to help us. I can talk quite enough Italian to get all the information I want when there are boys about to interpret. The schoolboys can all speak Italian as well as Sicilian. I knew a hundred times as much Italian as that sailor knew of English, and was getting all my questions answered, when he came along with his

IN SICILY

“Well, sair, wod is it you want?” Many Sicilians can manage their w’s and h’s.

Beguiled into the idea that he could speak English, I entered into details, and he worried me nearly into a fit. Nothing would satisfy that conscientious person but that I should repeat every word to him about a dozen times, and beyond the short everyday words which strung the sentences together, he had not a conception what any of them meant. He had been employed on an English ship, but the captain had not talked to him at all about architecture or the history of the Normans in Sicily, and so he was far worse than useless; for he would help. Witheridge was our salvation. He was getting a little tired of the Normans in Sicily, and would, I believed, welcome any diversion, so I said to our sailor in Italian, “Have you ever been to Nuova York?” “Si, si, signor.” “Well, this gentleman comes from Boston, and he would like to have a bit of a talk with you about America.” Witheridge did not know a bit what I was saying, and before he knew where he was this old man of the sea had him entangled in the ape-like arms of his conversation.

WE ARE RESCUED FROM THE BOYS BY A STUDENT

Our progress was very slow till the cab-boy reappeared and in his airy way intimated that we would proceed to the castle at once. I should probably have resented his impertinence, but I wanted to get on somehow; so we followed him meekly up a very sharp incline, which terminated in a high Saracen wall with an old gateway in it. During the last few minutes we had enjoyed comparative peace, for a student had joined us, and issued his orders to the boys to keep farther away.

Now, in Sicily, the respect for rank is still very strong. The boys expect to be knocked about by the better-class citizens, and a student has a double claim on their respect. He is at once the swaggering upper-class-being with whom they are brought most in contact, and he has numbers and organisation on his side. The seminary to which he belongs may have its hundreds of students, some of whom are quite men, and they can be trusted to support each other in enforcing

THE WILD AGAVE FLOWERS AT CEFALU

respect from the town boys. The student waved the boys back, and they stayed a wave's distance, but none the less we were very thankful that there was a charge for entering the castle. Only ourselves, the cab-boy, the student, and the gatekeeper were admitted.

THE GATEKEEPER STONES THE BOYS

The gatekeeper is only allowed to charge twopence for each party, and the cab-boy informed him that we did not require any guide but himself; but the gatekeeper had nothing in particular to do, and thought he would like to climb to the top of the mountain with us and watch us, so he came. But when we got about fifty yards he halted and told us not to wait for him. I was a little curious as to what he was going to do. He pointed out the boys, who were half of them already on the top of the tall chisel-edged Saracen wall, and, stooping down, picked up half a dozen stones about the size of a half-pound weight, and stoned the boys. I was afraid that he would kill someone; the stones were heavy enough, even if they did not do their work in another way by destroying the boys' balance. The wall had such a ghastly drop. He did not seem to think that it signified, but he bowed to my prejudice.

THE WILD AGAVE FLOWERS AT CEFALU

The cab-boy had spirits like a runaway horse. I felt he would be a burden to the flesh—from his desire to please—long before he had done with us. It struck him as droll that we should take an interest in wild flowers, but, seeing me pick a sprig of the yellow-blossomed wormwood and the spike of a wild agave, he at once set about gathering armfuls of dandelions and marguerites. I have never see anywhere else the beautiful wild agave which is so plentiful on the rock of Cefalu. It flowers very freely, a tall bright yellow spike, something like a mullein, and its sword-shaped leaves are of an exquisite rose-brown. Possibly the leaves change their colour later in the year. I never saw them except on that occasion; they certainly struck me as among the most splendid and unique wild flowers I had ever seen. "Not those," I said to the cab-boy, when he brought me

IN SICILY

his humble floral offering; "but you can gather me as many as you like of these," pointing to the agave in my hand, and to masses of them on the edges of the cliff above us. "I can get you as many as you like of them," he said gaily. "How many will you have—a thousand?" I said twenty or thirty would do. The one I had gathered seemed to be the last specimen left except on the cliff edges. I did not see how he was to get to them, but I thought he might try and break his neck, and I was getting so weary of him.

THE BAGNO DI DIANA

He danced off and left us to the contemplation of the Bagno di Diana, one of the numerous antique cisterns scattered about the rock which looked as if it might have been one of the *lavandaii* in which the Sicilians, like the Normans and Genoese after them, washed their linen at the time of the Christian era. A wild gourd, a red snapdragon, bright blue pimpernels, and tall fennel flowers were growing over the very dangerous opening into this gigantic cemented cistern, which was full of a huge maidenhair, called by the Sicilians Capello di Venere. Before we had done with it that human flea, the cab-boy, had hopped back again. He felt sure that we should come to other agaves more easy to get at. If they were not he would get these, but in any case they would be fresher if we did not gather them till the end of our walk. My eye fell upon a peculiar plant, of which you see so much in Sicily, the member of the potato tribe with the fruit like yellow tomatoes. It is a thorny shrub. I told the cab-boy I wanted some. He cut me a whole bush, but his idea was that I should carry the flowers; he was going to amuse himself by gathering them. I disabused him, and carrying that thorn-bush acted as a drag on his spirits till we came in sight of the so-called Tempio di Diana, which is worth a journey from the other end of Sicily. Before we had got over our first raptures he had lost the thorn-bush, though it had not impressed me as a very easy thing to lose, being the size of a small Christmas tree and covered with flaming yellow tomatoes.

THE PREHISTORIC HOUSE OF CEFALU

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA—A PREHISTORIC HOUSE

The Tempio di Diana has of course nothing on earth to do with the goddess who forgot herself with Endymion ; but it is the habit of Sicilians to call any ancient fountain or temple, which has no right to a name, after her or Venus, whom, by a happy confusion with a saint of a similar name, they, quite as often as not, call S. Venere. The more highly educated natives of Cefalu, like our student, who had come up partly to enjoy the pleasures of our society and partly, perhaps, to work this off on us as a surprise, called it a Phœnician house. It has probably no more to do with the Phœnicians than it has to do with Diana, but it is built of extremely fine polygonal masonry of a hard and beautiful shell marble, which shows its chiselling as plainly as if it had been cut yesterday instead of having weathered the storms of thirty odd centuries. It has a wonderfully elegant flat-headed porch with symmetrically-cut sunken panels, and it is older than Homer, for, like the sister buildings at Tiryns and Mycenæ, it must have been standing before the siege of Troy. This, and the bit of the wall down by the shore under the cathedral, are the oldest monuments in Sicily.

Mr. Butler, in his *Authoress of the Odyssey*, writes :—"Can we, then, find a place answering to the description of Telepylus on the north coast of Sicily between Ustica and the island of



THE HOUSE OF THE MYCENEAN AGE IN THE CASTLE OF CEFALU
MISKNOWN AS THE TEMPLE OF DIANA

Lipari? I have no hesitation in saying that Cefalu will give us all we want. It has two fine examples of megalithic work. They must both of them be centuries earlier than the *Odyssey*. They are about three-

IN SICILY

quarters of a mile apart; one, a wall rising from the sea, the other a building on the hill, behind the town, in part polygonal, and very rude, and in part of much later and singularly exquisite work—the later work being generally held to be of the Mycenæan age. The city, therefore, must have been for those days extensive. The whole modern town is called among the common people Portazza, *i.e.* *portaccia*, or ‘wide gate,’ which is too like a corrupt mistranslation of Telepylus to allow of my passing it over. There can, I think, be no doubt that Eryx and Cefalu were built in a very remote age by people of the same race. I have seen no other megalithic remains in Sicily than at the two places just named; I have seen remains of ancient buildings at Collesano, about fifteen miles south-west of Cefalu, which are commonly called Cyclopean, but they are very doubtful, and Dr. Orsi suspects them, I have little doubt correctly, to be Byzantine. I have also seen a few, neither striking nor yet certain ones, at Capo Schiso near Taormina. What little is left of the walls of Segesta is of a greatly later age, and I find it very difficult to think that Segesta was in existence when the *Odyssey* was being written. (Segesta would have been seen from the top of Mount Eryx gleaming in the summer sunset, and I think there would have been some kind of allusion to it.) I have heard of the remains of a Cyclopean acropolis behind Termini, a monograph about which, by Signor Luigi Maucri, will be found in the British Museum. At Isnello, two hours inland from Collesano, a very early necropolis has been discovered not long since, and the efforts of local archæologists will, I doubt not, lead to the finding of others at or near many of the little-known mountain sites in the north of Sicily; Dr. Orsi, indeed, has recently discovered the remains of a megalithic house at Pantalica, some forty miles inland from Syracuse. No megalithic work, however, that has yet been found will compare in importance with the remains at Eryx and Cefalu, nor does it seem likely that any other such remains will be discovered. Bearing in mind, then, the situation of Cefalu both as regards Ustica and Lipari, the affinity between its founders and those of Eryx as evidenced by existing remains, its great extent, and the name it still bears among the

THE CASTLE OF CEFALU

common people, I do not hesitate to accept it as the city of the Lastrygonians, nor does it affect me that the details of the harbour, as given in the *Odyssey*, have no correspondence with the place itself."

IT SHOULD PERHAPS BE CALLED THE PELASGIC HOUSE

There are two fine original doorways inside the house, but the interior is rather spoiled by having Roman vaulting added to it, and over the vaulting a comparatively recent building has been erected. While I was standing in the house admiring the wonderful selection, growing inside it, of the healing and aromatic herbs with which Sicily is so plentifully blessed, a great fat black snake jumped past my head into the house. He was terribly frightened; I was too intent to notice him, but the others told me. I suppose it would be safest to call it a Pelasgic house, which takes it back to a date before the Italo-Hellenic races had differentiated by long separation into Greeks and Italians. It has one very peculiar feature; it is not quadrangular, but six-sided, having a deep angle just beyond the doorway. Standing as it does high up on that noble rock, commanding a view of that lovely bay and pearly mountains and islands, and looking down on the pale, red-roofed old town below, with its wonderful cathedral, I have not visited many more memorable objects than this house of the ancients built of blocks as vast as the Castle of Osaka in Japan.

THE CASTLE OF CEFALU

There is not much castle about the castle, for the rock is so precipitous that nothing was required except a curtain wall across the zigzag path which leads up from the town. The low wall with split Arab battlements which edges the rock above the town must have been built, as Witheridge said, to prevent the garrison falling overboard, for there was a natural wall several hundred feet high round the castle already. But, as Witheridge added, it makes a nice finish, and goes all right with the Saracenic guardroom, which had probably no more to do with the Saracens than the Temple of Diana with Diana. It also enables you to look over the cliffs at the road to Messina. We could smell the lemon groves below.

IN SICILY

OUR GUIDES AT CEFALU

The municipality is now planting the rock with trees; they will probably not be contented until they have extirpated those rose-brown wild agaves which look like sea anemones as they cluster on the cliff and send forth their great yellow spikes. The gatekeeper pointed out the railway as a great curiosity to Witheridge, or it may have been that he was proud of having picked up the word railway. At any rate his English was not equal to following Witheridge's reply.

"Railways! my dear sir, Sicily cannot be said to have a railway. It is a one line affair with stations rented to fakeeny and expresses that go fifteen miles an hour." The gatekeeper said "Si, si, signor." He felt that Witheridge was impressed with Sicilian railways, and wished to take us to the other end of the rock, if we did not mind the risk of breaking our necks and could jump from boulder to boulder, to see a little more of the road to Messina. We excused ourselves. Besides, I did not wish to deprive the cab-boy of the opportunity of picking me those thirty agave spikes, for he had sung and given us selections from Sicilian plays, and contortionised and cracked jokes until we were utterly sick of him, and I wished to remove him from the path of any other strangers who might come to Cefalu. Of course it was his way of making the franc certain instead of the half-franc. I was sorry I had not offered him fourbles or quits, four times the half-franc if he succeeded in getting back without opening his mouth until he was spoken to, and nothing at all if he did not succeed. I shall adopt this plan with guides in the future. They can seldom tell you anything you want to know, though they are useful for carrying coats and kodaks and botanical burdens, except this cab-boy, who looked too insecty for coats, and who certainly would have let the kodak drop out of its case and gone on without looking round to see what the smash was. He ought to have been a cricket—silly, noisy, skipping beast—and I wanted my kodak to be in condition, because I did not feel at all sure that the Cefalu photographer would consider the Temple of Diana worth taking.

The agaves kept the cab-boy quiet for a very long time. He did

A CEFALU CABMAN

not appear again until we were just at the wall where the gatekeeper had tried to kill the boys, and he brought with him one quite small agave flower. He made no allusion to the cause of his defeat. He merely said that he thought the one would do, and at once shifted the conversation as to what time he should come and call for us at the hotel to drive us to the station. He did not wish to be paid then, he had no fear of our levanting. Cefalu is not the kind of place where three strangers could leave unobserved. I was going to say three Europeans, but Stephana and Witheridge were of course Americans. Cefalu cannot be counted as Europe. The cab-boy seemed quite disappointed to be paid his franc. It was not that he expected to get more, he had worked hard to amuse us to be worth that, but the act of paying him showed that we had done with him irrevocably. When I insisted on it he said he must go back to his horse, which he had left just where it stood, but he said it would have gone back to the railway station. No one would steal either that horse or that carriage, and I suppose the horse had been trained to bite or yell if anyone tried to touch his valuable harness.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF CEFALU

The student had hardly opened his lips except over the Temple of Diana of which he was so justifiably proud. He was like the gatekeeper, he just liked going round with us, though possibly Stephana's fair American beauty counted for more with him than with the gatekeeper. When we got back to the gate of the castle he lifted his hat and said good-bye. I asked him if he thought it was possible to buy a photograph of his beloved temple. He was sure that we could, but said that the photographer was very difficult to find. He added, very diffidently, that if he would not be in the way he should be delighted to take us to the photographer's.

Stephana had a mania for photographs. Wherever she went in Sicily she bought a copy of every photograph that had been taken. Without being purse-proud, she could explain that so many photographs at fifty centesimi apiece were nothing to her father, and that she was never likely to come to Sicily again, and wished to have them mounted

IN SICILY

in albums to keep her trips sorted in her head. It was not difficult to see that Witheridge was unlikely to visit Italy every year. "Italy is like a second-hand shop," he said.

Few Americans go to Sicily, and hardly any to Cefalu, so Stephana calculated on being so much to the good of her competitors by all she could buy at Cefalu. She was distinctly disappointed when she found a number of Cefalu photographs in Mr. Incorpora's collection.

She felt sorry for that student; he was so diffident that she took him in hand; I cannot recollect anybody so fitted as Stephana to take a shy man in hand. She was so frank and pretty that no man could be insensible to her charm, and there was a strength about her which such a man would feel quite a protection. By this time she could talk a good deal of Italian, and the student was soon at his ease, very respectful ease, with her. The odd thing about it was that his fellow-students began to form up on his far side, and soon she had at least half a dozen of them and a couple of young priests. She talked to as many as she could reach, but they persisted in all walking on the same side of her.

The student was quite right, we never should have found that photographer. He also had an iron gate across his stair like the photographer at Girgenti—Italians must be very fond of photographs—and he also used his bedroom as a waiting-room for his customers and a sale-room for his productions. Stephana and Witheridge and I and the six students and the two priests all went into the unhappy man's bedroom, and succeeded in buying half a dozen photographs. The students had by this time plucked up courage, and, when we could not buy any more photographs, offered to take us to the prehistoric wall down by the shore, which also we should never have found, for it is under the town drain. But a prehistoric wall of huge stones it undoubtedly is. Then we were escorted back to our hotel. As usual, nothing would induce any of them to take a glass of wine or even a cup of coffee with us, but they were all flattered by my suggesting an exchange of cards. Italians are very fond of showering their cards about, and I could see that Witheridge was a little wild at

THE COURTESY OF SICILIAN STUDENTS

not having his card-case with him. He was a thorough American. But they cannot engrave cards in Palermo or print them from an engraved plate, so he was waiting for a supply from Naples rather than submit to lithography or printing from type.

We had ordered dinner to be ready for us at the Albergo d'Italia. Of course it was not ready, so we spent a few minutes in examining the particularly fine palace just above the *albergo* which had a massive stone lintel above its main doorway, and arched doors and windows in pairs. It had one of the most unique ground-floor façades we had seen in Sicily. It is one of the houses in the view of the west front of the cathedral. But it was growing dusk, and the boys were growing troublesome again, and Stephana wanted to see the kitchen. The widow who owned the hotel presided over the kitchen, apparently with no assistance. It certainly was not very extensive; though it might possibly have been twenty feet long, it was not more than eight or ten feet wide, and all the copper pots, which shone like gold, were handy to the hand. The cooking was done on an earthenware stove, with a lot of little holes on the top to contain the burning charcoal. Stephana poured forth a very creditable flood of questions in Italian, but the *padrona* could only speak Sicilian and the son-waiter was not in. The dinner, though the fare was modest, like the lunch (well enough cooked), took us so long that we had to fly to the station lest by any fell chance the train should be in time. Half-way there we were greeted with a "Buona sera," and, lo and behold, three of our student friends. The first student had confided to two others, who took an interest in flowers, Stephana's interest in wild flowers, and they had brought with them the sheets of dried wild flowers, of the locality, which they had to prepare for their botany class. These they thrust upon her, and I happen to know that the night before she left Sicily, Stephana sent each of them her portrait, by Walery, of New York. Their names and the names of their seminary were on the sheets of wild flowers.

IN SICILY

GUIDE-BOOK INFORMATION

There are two hotels at Cefalu—the Albergo d'Italia and the Albergo Centrale. The former is on the Piazza del Duomo, and has a good deal of character. In spite of its considerable size it is conducted, apparently, by the landlady, who cooks, and her son, who does everything else. The food is fair, but not cheap. There are a few cabs, but no tariff, that I could find out.

Yielding to Stephana's charm, the principal local photographer at Palermo, Mr. Incorpora, had consented to send his albums of photographs in for us to examine after dinner. He accompanied his *facchino*, and was able to give us much valuable information about the places we had seen, for he had photographed most of them himself. He had his reward. Stephana never showed to greater advantage than when she was looking at photographs. Her whole soul was in her eyes, as a beautifully taken picture recalled some scene which had captured her sense of beauty, and, if you held your tongue, you then learnt what had really struck her most in a place, for she was such a sweet-natured woman that she was always willing to share the enthusiasm of others while she was in the act of sight-seeing.

Nor was it a bad speculation for Mr. Incorpora pecuniarily, seeing that I bought a great many photographs, and that nothing would satisfy Witheridge short of buying the entire set of everything Mr. Incorpora had ever photographed, as a present for Stephana. And immediately afterwards we went to bed, for to see Bagheria and Solunto thoroughly meant an early start.



Photo by Alinari.

SOLUNTO, THE SICILIAN POMPEII

CHAPTER LVIII.

A DRIVE TO BAGHERIA AND SOLUNTO

A JAPPY LUNCH

THEY packed us a most appetising lunch at the Palazzo Monteleone, which quite reminded us of the lunch our Japanese host at the Fujiya Hotel at Miyanoshita prepared for us the day we took the never-to-be-forgotten walk over the hills from Miyanoshita to Hakone. There were not, of course, the same little dodgy boxes for each individual article, whether it was chicken or salt, that we got in Japan, but there were the same evidences of a kindly and particular interest in our tastes.

SIGHTS ON THE SEA ROAD TO BAGHERIA

Stephana was extremely interested in the roadside sights—the lean barrels of salt fish at the Corleone Station; the officers of the Dazio Consumo, the oppressive *octroi*, probing with their long spits every bale of merchandise that passed; the yellow carts, with their tales of antique kings; the “Ah-o-ah-ay!” of red-kerchiefed drivers; the hedges of the scraggy bamboo-like Sicilian reed; the gebbias filled by Archimedean screws; and the tiny little boat-harbour made with throwing boulders by hand into the Mediterranean, which to-day was as calm as a mill pool. This little harbour was no bigger than the boat-harbours you sometimes see attached to private houses on the Thames. You could get a dozen barcas into it, perhaps, by packing them like sardines, and that was all.

IN SICILY

SVENDOTA AND ACQUA DEI CORSARI

The first village we came to after S. Giovanni was Svendota, which consisted chiefly of wayside eating-houses like those the riksha boys patronise in Japan. One and all of them had a loggia, sometimes thatched and poled, sometimes tiled and columned. They grow a good deal of maize round here. At Acqua dei Corsari there was, as might have been expected, a castle to protect the coast against the corsairs; it was a big square tower of the fourteenth century, as bare as a lighthouse. It had no window, and was entered at the first floor by a sort of back stair. Standing as it did on the flat shore, where its machicolated corners and age-mellowed yellow stone made such a striking object in the landscape, I was glad to have something to attract the attention of Stephana, who did not show up so well on hot days. The sirocco, it was true, was blowing, but as it was not accompanied by rain, and had not been blowing long enough to raise a dust fog yet, I hardly noticed it. But every time we passed a train of country carts, no matter how gaily illustrated they were, they raised a cloud of dust which blew into our faces just as we came up, and if you were wearing a light, much-embroidered blouse, and had hair like Stephana, the dust must have been very annoying. Quite apart from having to do all her hair brushing without the assistance of a maid, and sacrificing the coolest and prettiest garment she had brought with her, she was distressed by the heat and choked by the dust, and quite cross when Witheridge made small jokes.

Ficarazzi, the next village, had a corsair tower too, with Saracen battlements, to protect its villagers from Saracens, and facilities on each side for pouring hot lead and similar amenities on the heads of invaders. At Ficarazzi you realise that Sicily is really largely peopled with the dregs of other nations. The houses here were full of chickens, pigs, turkeys, and pretty children. The shrine in the street was doing its best to tumble over backwards. Even the postmaster had nothing to do here—the final test of desolation in Sicily. He was sitting on a form outside the post office, utterly miserable at having no one to register letters. The people, having

THE VILLAS OF BAGHERIA

nothing else to do, were sitting outside the barber's salone. As he was not shaving anyone, perhaps the barber did not allow the club to meet inside. There is a river here, sometimes called the Ficarazzi, sometimes the Fiume Grande. It is of course, in spite of its name, alternately a ditch and a torrent. Just before we reached Bagheria we came to the finest outside staircase I ever saw, belonging to a villa of the Principe S. Elia. The villa stands on a little hill, and the splendid sweeping staircase leads right down to the bottom of the hill, where it ends in a double flight of steps. This villa, which has been a fine one, is in rather a poor neighbourhood. It is right on the road lined with an eternal procession of lemon carts for Palermo.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF BAGHERIA AND THE VILLA CATTOLICA

From this point onwards we were surrounded by the lemon groves which make Bagheria the most beautiful plain near Palermo. Noble villas—some of them fit to be the country pleasure-houses of royal princes—begin to rise in every direction. The first you come to after the Villa S. Elia is that of the Prince Cattolica, a large yellow building with a parapeted terrace round it, one of the most inhabited-looking of the Bagheria palaces; for Bagheria, the royal suburb in the days when Ferdinand and Maria Caroline held high court at Palermo, is to-day the abomination of desolation—a sort of dirty Notting Hill, with Earl's Court Exhibition palaces rising out of it at intervals. The palaces are, for the most part, so daring in shape and colour, and so frankly yielding to the weather, that they look much more like the temporary palaces of an exhibition than real dwellings.

Stephana asked the driver the names of the various palaces. He only knew about half a dozen—the Valguarnera, the Trabia, the Pallagonia, Cattolica, S. Elia, and Cuto. What did it matter? Visitors were not allowed to go into them, and their owners did not live in them. The enormous palace at the top of the hill belonged, he thought, to the Prince Villarmosa. He did not know if that was the right way to spell it; he was pretty sure that the *carabinieri* barrack had belonged to the Marchese S. Gherardo.

IN SICILY

IN THE TOWN OF BAGHERIA

Not even royalty could have kept Bagheria undusty when the sirocco was blowing. Nothing ever looked so brown and dusty and drear as it did to-day, with its broken cortili and desolate arches encroaching on the very street. Stephana spied a *Salone Americano*. Her heart leapt within her; she had visions of an ice-cream soda. Her heart should not have leapt; there was nothing in the name. There is one very funny house in Bagheria, where the rain-water from the roof runs through the muzzle of an old cannon into a huge Roman amphora. The owner's sense of congruity is not offended by this violent conjunction.

When we got towards the top of the town, near the rather picturesque little cathedral, we found them still engaged in cutting down the street whose level they were altering in 1896, just as they used to cut streets in the native part of Yokohama. As men were working at it, you supposed they were a little "forrader," but you could not be sure. I think the most melancholy feature of all in Bagheria is to find a huge gateway on the public street, now leading to nothing at all, though it once had a palace behind it where queens and heroes may have made gay.

THE APPROACH TO THE VILLA VALGUARNERA

Of course we drove straight to the huge park gates of the Villa Valguarnera, and bowled up between the long walls, with half their stucco off, which take the place of an avenue; then under the arcade of the terrace, adorned with statues; then on between two more long walls and two more huge gate-posts, one with the vase fallen from its top, into a fine horseshoe-shaped colonnade—a little S. Peter's—where we found ourselves confronted by the lofty villa, with statues all round its base and an elegant outside staircase recessed between two wings.

THE VIEW FROM THE VILLA VALGUARNERA

LUNCH AND THE VIEWS IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA VALGUARNERA

"We will have lunch here," cried Stephana, when the rather uncivil woman in charge of the villa conducted us to the terrace to show us Stromboli and other islands on one side and Ustica on the other, and Trabia with its castle, and Termini with its lofty citadel, and Cefalu with its great old Norman cathedral under a Pellegrino-shaped headland receding into the landscape eastwards. This did not suit the grim *padrona* at all, but as we had the Prince's card we paid no attention to her wishes to hurry us through and be done with it. We ate our lunch with our eyes trained on Termini, for was it not at Termini, the ancient Himera, that the Greeks of Sicily fought their Marathon when they destroyed the host of Hamilcar, the Carthaginian? It is said by Herodotus to have been fought on the actual day that the Athenians defeated the Persians at Salamis. This was not, of course, Hamilcar the father of Hannibal, and the Carthaginians took a terrible revenge afterwards, in which cities that were flourishing republics were wiped off the face of the earth, so that they never afterwards recovered themselves. Stephana asked far too many questions about the battle. For some reason or other the student of classical history in English public schools and universities does not trouble himself about the history of the Sicilian Greeks, or indeed of any Greeks except those of Athens and Sparta, and Thebes in its prime. To cover my retreat I called the *padrona* to tell us the names of the stately villas rising from the wide lemon groves below. We forgot them as soon as she had told us. The view from that terrace was so marvellous that your attention could not help wandering, for when once the old lady was started it was impossible to stop her. To her, as a native of that dead city, Bagheria was the universe; to the cabman, who was a Palermitan, it was not Palermo, and therefore not worth thinking about, except to be able to tell foreigners sufficient for them to give a good report of him to the porter at the Palazzo Monteleone, who might then send for him when other foreigners meant to go to Bagheria, though probably a present of an extra twopence on his commission would go farther than any mere question of merit.

IN SICILY

THE INTERIOR OF THE VILLA VALGUARNERA

When we had digested our lunch and the view, and sufficiently admired the picturesque riot of roses, and red and white pig's-face round splendid yuccas and agaves, we went into the house. The rooms are smaller than you would expect, the heavy shuttering and cellar-like nature of the dwelling-rooms tells the tale of intense heat. The walls are frescoed, gaily but without much distinction, in the Pompeian style, and the colours are shockingly bright to the Northern eye, but the painted ceilings *à la Pompeii* and the ancient tiled floors had a pleasing effect.

The upper stories of the villa were so well worth examining that I would not allow the *padrona's* surliness to prevent Stephana's seeing them. In the centre of the first floor is a fine panelled salon, with pictures of bygone princes of the house in scarlet and armour. It is built in the form of a Maltese cross and has frescoed ceilings, and opens on to a splendid semicircular terrace with old blue and yellow tiles. The salon itself is decorated with white and gold, and has the usual arrangement of mirrors reaching up to the ceiling, and huge doors with square pictures above them, filling the whole space between the floor and the lofty ceiling. The tufa-balustraded terraces command a view of the sea on almost every hand, and a magnificent view of Monte Zafferana rising up between its two seas. The best bedroom, which has a fine arched alcove, is decorated in white and gold also, and has the same arrangement of tall mirrors and doors with pictures over them. It contains no less than eight spindle-legged sofas round its walls. The adjoining Pompeian room is coarsely done, but is of a good shape, and has a very appropriate vaulted ceiling. Every room in the house seems to have a tiled floor and a frescoed ceiling. The house is not so large as its noble exterior, crowned with white statues and airy with outside stairs and terraces, would suggest; so much room is lost in these landings and terraces. In the salon are pictures of the Castle of Prince Ganci, the Prince's kinsman, and of the castles belonging to his various principalities—the Castle of Valguarnera, the Castle of Gravina, and so on.



Photo by A. Diarke

MONTE ZAFFERANA

THE ITALIAN GARDEN AND THE CALVARY

THE ITALIAN GARDEN AND THE CALVARY

The villa is surrounded by olives, pears, cactus, aloes, agaves, and in its old sub-tropical garden the scarlet hibiscus is brilliant. But the very dogs have gone to seed, and the beautiful marble seats in the antique style are rusting and yawning at their joints.

One of the most imposing sights in Sicily is this mournful Bagheria, especially as you regard it from the Villa Valguarnera, where it has for its foreground the ruinous terraced path climbing up to the little hill, clustered over with prickly-pears and dwarf palms, and crowned by a Calvary. Once this little hill was a formal Italian garden, now it is a forest of tall asphodels and a sanctuary for all the wild flowers in the locality.

The Calvary has for its background a blaze of colour, red earth, green lemon groves, golden villas, built in airy Saracenic forms, grey olives, blue sea, and hot brown mountains.

SEEING THE VILLA TRABIA

From the Villa Valguarnera we drove to the adjoining Villa Trabia, a parti-coloured palace with a rosemary hedge, multifold yuccas, bowers of acacia, and a splendid crimson bougainvillea climbing over the long terrace-wall.

The Prince had given us his permission to go over this villa, one of the few which have not gone to rack and ruin. But when we presented his card to the porter we were told that the man who had the key had gone into Palermo to see the Prince. As we knew that the Prince was not at Palermo, and as the identical excuse had been made to us when we tried to go over the Villa Trabia in 1896, the man was obviously lying. When I told him that the Prince was not at Palermo, and showed him a letter from the Prince saying how sorry he was that he was away himself, but that he enclosed a card with very precise directions, the man shifted his ground, and said that the permission was only for the imitation Carthusian Monastery. I played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. I

IN SICILY

asked why should a great man like the Prince of Trabia trouble to write a letter and send a card for me to see the monastery, which is shown to anybody without a *permesso*. "I do not know, signor," he said; "but that is what the Prince means." "Look at this," I said; "here is a card from the Prince on which he has written in his own handwriting that he does not mean the monastery, but the villa. Signor Whitaker told him of the lie which you told me in 1896, and he was very angry, and he has written this so that you cannot tell me any more lies."

The porter was not to be done in such a simple way as this—he said he could not read. I said to him, "Very well, I shall fetch a *carabiniere* to read it to you; you will know that he is telling the truth. You can tell me any number of lies you like, but I intend to go into this villa to-day; and if you waste my time, the Signor Whitaker will tell the Prince, and you will be discharged. The Prince of Trabia is not the kind of man who wishes his orders to be defied by one like you."

The man was very sure of that, and when he heard me tell the cabman to fetch a *carabiniere* his defence broke down, and he said, "Very well, signor, as the man has the key, I will climb into one of the windows and open the door from inside."

And what was it all about? Simply that the furniture had all been moved out of its place and covered up for some cleaning or repairs to be done, and he did not wish us foreigners to see his Prince's villa in a state of *déshabille*. This is taking the most charitable view of the subject. It is quite likely that the servants had moved the furniture at some date prior to our 1896 visit, and had been too lazy to put it back again, and that their resistance to our seeing the villa proceeded from their unwillingness that anyone sent by the Prince should see that it had not been put back. This would be thoroughly Sicilian. If he had shown me the state of the villa for one second at the beginning of all this palaver I should never have wanted to go over it. The only thing I wanted to see it for was to know how a Sicilian of great wealth and perfect taste furnished his country villa.

THE TOY MONASTERY AT THE VILLA TRABIA

THE TOY CERTOSA IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA TRABIA

In the garden of the Villa Trabia is one of the quaintest fancies man ever had—a monastery filled with wax Madame-Tussaud figures of the various monks, superiors, and laymen connected with a Carthusian establishment. This is the famous toy Certosa. The white-robed monks are represented in the acts of feeding, sleeping, working, reading. There is even one in the act of sweeping. He stands with his palm-broom in the passage so naturally that you almost speak to him. The designer went so far as to have a stuffed S. Bernard dog beside a wax gardener armed with hoe and basket. Most of the waxworks have blue eyes, but Queen Maria Caroline, who is represented with her lover, the Prince of Butera, and her husband, Ferdinand I., had black eyes; and her lover has black torreador whiskers, and Ferdinand's piggish face is crowned with sandy hair. They are, as far as I remember, playing at something. The face of Roger the Great Count is given to the librarian. The whole thing is a freak erected by the Prince of Butera just mentioned above. This kind of building, and the fountains which give unsuspecting visitors shower-baths, show what little things can please Italian minds. The garden also contains a splendid magenta-coloured bougainvillea on the face of the terrace, and the finest clumps of daisies I have ever seen.

Directly we found that the villa was all upside down it ceased to have any interest for us, and we drove off at once to the Villa Pallagonia, advertised by Goethe in his Sicilian diary. Goethe wrote :—*

GOETHE ON THE VILLA PALLAGONIA

“We entered therefore the great hall, which stands at the beginning of the property, and found ourselves in an octagonal room, of a breadth altogether disproportioned to its height. Four vast giants with modern spatterdashes, which had just been *buttoned* on, support

* From George Bell and Son's *Translation of Goethe's Letters from Italy*, in their new edition of Bohn's Library.

IN SICILY

the cornice, on which, directly meeting the eye as you enter, is a representation of the Holy Trinity.

"The passage to the castle is broader than usual, the wall being converted into one continuous high socle; from which basement the strangest groups possible reach to the top, while in the spaces between them several vases are placed. The ugliness of these unshapely figures (the bungling work of the most ordinary mason) is increased by their having been cut out of a very crumbly muscheltufa, although,



Balustrade du Palais du Prince de Salagonia.

From a French print of Goethe's time

perhaps, a better material would have made the badness of the form still more striking to the eye. I used the word 'groups' a moment ago, but I have employed a false term, and most inappropriate one for anything here. For they are mere juxtapositions, determined by no thought, but by mere arbitrary caprice. In each case three form the ornament of a square pedestal, their bases being so arranged as to fill up the space by their various postures. The principal groups have generally two figures which occupy the chief face of the pedestal, and then two are yet wanting to fill up the back part of the pedestal;

GOETHE AT THE VILLA PALLAGONIA

one of a moderate size generally represents a shepherd or shepherdess—a cavalier or a lady—a dancing ape or a hound. Still there is a vacant spot on the pedestal. This is generally held by a dwarf, as, indeed, in dull jokes, this sort of gentry usually play a conspicuous part.

“That we may not omit any of the elements of Prince Pallagonia’s folly, we give you the accompanying catalogue. Men : Beggars (male and female), Spanish men and women, Moors, Turks, hunchbacks, cripples of all sorts, strolling musicians, pulcinellos, soldiers in ancient uniforms, gods, goddesses, gentlemen in old French costumes, soldiers with cartouche boxes and gaiters, mythological personages (with most ridiculous companions—Achilles and Charon, for instance, with Punch). Animals (merely parts of them) : heads of horses on human bodies, mis-shapen apes, lots of dragons and serpents ; all sorts of feet under figures of all kinds, double-headed monsters, and creatures with heads that do not belong to them. Vases : all sorts of monsters and scrolls, which below end in the hollows and bases of vases.

“Just let anyone think of such figures furnished by wholesale, produced without thought or sense, and arranged without choice or purpose—only let him conceive to himself this socle, these pedestals and unshapely objects in an endless series, and he will be able to sympathise with the disagreeable feelings which must seize every one whose miserable fate condemns him to run the gauntlet of such absurdities.

“We now approach the castle, and are received into a semi-circular fore-court. The chief wall before us, through which is the entrance door, is in the castle style. Here we find an Egyptian figure, built into the wall, a fountain without water, a monument, vases stuck around in no sort of order, statues designedly laid on their noses. Next we come to the castle court, and find the usual round area, enclosed with little cottages distorted into small semi-circles, in order, forsooth, that there might be no want of variety.

“The ground is, for the most part, overgrown with grass. Here, as in the neighbourhood of a church in ruins, are marble urns with strange scrolls and foliations, collected by his father ; dwarfs and

IN SICILY

other abortions of the later epoch, for which, as yet, fitting places have not been found; one even comes upon an arbour, propped up with ancient vases, and stone scrolls of various shapes.

“The absurdities produced by such want of judgment and taste, however, are strikingly instanced by the fact, that the window-sills in these cottages are, without exception, oblique, and lean to one side or the other, so as to offend and violate all sense of the level and perpendicular, which are so indispensable in the human mind, and form the foundation of all architectural propriety. And then, again, the edges of all the roofs are *embellished* with hydras and little busts, with choirs of monkeys playing music, and similar conceits. Dragons alternate with deities; an Atlas, who sustains not the mundane sphere, but an empty wine-barrel! One hopes to escape from all this by entering the castle, which, having been built by the father, presents relatively a more rational appearance when viewed from the exterior. But in vain, for at no great distance from the door, one stumbles upon the laurel-crowned head of a Roman emperor on the body of a dwarf, who is sitting astride a dolphin.

“Now, in the castle itself, of which the exterior gives hope of, at least, a tolerable interior, the madness of the Prince now begins again to rave. Many of the seats have lost their legs, so that no one can sit upon them; and if some appear to promise a resting-place, the chamberlain warns you against them, as having sharp prickles beneath their satin-covered cushions. In all the corners are candelabra of porcelain china, which, on a nearer view, you discover to be cemented together out of different bowls, cups, saucers, etc., etc. Not a corner but some whim peeps out of it. Even the unequalled prospect over the promontory into the sea is spoiled by coloured glass, which, by its false lights, gives either a cold or a fiery tint to the neighbouring scenes. I must, also, mention a cabinet which is inlaid with old gold frames cut in pieces. All the hundred-fold carvings, all the endless varieties of ancient and modern, more or less dust-stained and time-injured, gilding, closely huddled together, cover all the walls, and give the idea of a miniature lumber-room.

THE MONSTROSITIES OF THE VILLA PALLAGONIA

"To describe the chapel alone, would require a volume. Here one finds the solution of the whole folly, which could never have reached such a pitch in any but a bigoted mind. How many monstrous creations of a false and misled devotion are here to be found I must leave you to guess for yourself. However, I cannot refrain from mentioning the most outrageous; a carved crucifix is fastened flat to the roof, painted after nature, lackered, and gilded; into the navel of the figure attached to the cross a hook is screwed, and from the latter hangs a chain, which is fastened to the head of a man, who, in a kneeling and praying posture, is suspended in the air, and, like all the other figures in the church, is painted and lackered. In all probability it is intended to serve as a type of the owner's unceasing devotion."

SOLUNTO THE SICILIAN POMPEII

We were glad to quit the imbecilities of the Villa Pallagonia for Solunto, the Sicilian Pompeii, one of the most remarkable monuments in the island. It differs from Pompeii in the fact that it was not overwhelmed by a volcano, but buried beneath the dust of Time, and that it was built of stone, not stuccoed brick. It stands up high on a mountain commanding a thirty-mile view. It differs from Pompeii, also, in the fact that, though to some extent Romanised, it is a Phœnician city. It was even, so tradition says, partly built by Hiram, King of Tyre, the friend and Cook (Thomas Cook) of King Solomon.

SOLUNTO NOT SO DESOLATE AS BAGHERIA

The dead Phœnician city on the mountain slope a mile away from Bagheria is not so truly desolate as the royal suburb deserted less than a hundred years ago. It is true that there is not a house in the exhumed city which has its wall more than a few feet high; that there is no temple with anything beyond a few columns and a bit of a cornice standing; that the water has run off from the curious baths and reservoirs; that the mosaic floors for the most part lie

IN SICILY

open to the sky on the bare hillside. But the peace of ages has settled down upon the ruins of Solunto, and in this lofty city you forget that such things as pageants and love-making between queens and nobles ever took place.

THE VIEW FROM SOLUNTO

Before describing it in detail I must say something about the view—the glorious succession of bays and capes stretching away to the cathedral rock of Cefalu. Nearly every headland is crowned



THE VIEW FROM SOLUNTO

From an oil painting by Margaret Thomas

by a castle, such as Prince Ganci's castle, near the modern town of Solunto, close to your feet. Between that and the dromedary Cape of Monte Zafferana on your left, embracing in its arm such an exquisite blue bay, is the sea-front of the ancient Solunto. Three tiny fishing ports, with little yellow towns clustering round the tiny basins made by their moles, are embedded in the foot of our mountain. There have always been ports there.

KING HIRAM'S CITY

In them, and others such, the ships of Hiram anchored while he was building the great flagged streets, rising at such a sharp

SOLUNTO BUILT BY HIRAM KING OF TYRE

incline that, if it were not for their wonderful stone, you could hardly walk down them. The flags are almost as perfect as they were on the day they were laid. The surface of this stone is a very curious one. It is very hard, though it feels as sticky as indiarubber to the tread. The mountain is overgrown with dwarf wild palm and asphodels. King Hiram's Phœnician streets are shown well in the illustration. They are all of them broad and flagged, and parallel with each other at pretty regular intervals. The main Roman street is on the level, and crosses them at right angles. Among the ruins are a good bake-house and a curious cemented cistern, with the virgin rock for its back wall, and divided up by square piers and doorways which once contained doors, on something the same principle as you get in the water-tight bulkheads of steamers. There are a good many



Photo by Alinari.

THE CLIMBING STREETS OF KING HIRAM'S CITY

IN SICILY

Phœnician houses still left. They are of much the same size as the Greek houses at Selinunte, and, of course, contain polygonal masonry. Solunto is rich in mosaic floors in good condition, and valuable statues have been found in the ruins. Solous was a place of much importance, one of the last cities retained by the Phœnicians in Sicily. Its walls are nearly two miles in circuit.

THE DISCOVERY OF SOLUNTO

When it was first discovered there were abundant remains both of public and private buildings to attest its former magnificence. This was in 1825, but there were occasional small finds and rumours thirty years before, and it was on these that I based the archæological aspirations of the Prince of Favara in *The Admiral*. In 1825 the fact of there being a Sicilian Pompeii was placed beyond all doubt by the discovery of the great statue of Jupiter, of two exquisite stone candelabra, and, later, of the famous archaic figure of Isis.

WHAT THERE IS TO SEE IN SOLUNTO

Though there is nothing of great importance now *in situ*, the tourist can easily spend an afternoon in investigating its streets, two of which have a good many Roman and Phœnician houses; the elegant ruined palace, which looks like a temple in the illustration, and commands such glorious views; the sacrificial altar, consisting of a slab cut out of the rock, supported by two carved, upright slabs; the numerous rock-hewn cisterns, bits of columns, and cornices; the mosaic floors, and, above all, the still perfect and splendidly flagged roads. It is possible to make a detour on a cycle by the three little ports at the foot of the mountain, and to go round the hardly visited base of Monte Zafferana, but the very amusing guide to the ruins does not think it worth the trouble.

Plate by J. J. J.



THE MAIN ROMAN STREET OF SOLUNTO

OUR WINDOWS BLOWN IN BY THE SIROCCO

THE SIROCCO

The sirocco had not reached Solunto yet. The view towards Cefalu and the view seaward were quite clear, but one could almost follow the road to Palermo by the dust overhanging it.

Stephana made tea and other excuses to put off facing that dust. But the time came when we had to start, and all the way dear, sweet-tempered Stephana sat with a face like a leopard, eyeing savagely every flock of goats, every horse, with his hoofs powdered white from the dust which followed on his steps—drawing an illustrated cart full of empty lemon-boxes. A little before we got home we halted to have one more look at the steep-pitched Norman Bridge of the Admiral, with its quaint water-towers and little shrines. We ascended it—Stephana to clear her lungs of the dust, I to think of the mighty tale of the Normans in Sicily.

As we drew near Palermo the sky grew greyer and greyer, and the dust drew Lenten veils round the horizon. The sea was black and crisped with little white breakers, though the wind was blowing directly off shore. The bay opposite the Marina, which ordinarily shows no ship nearer than the horizon, had a fine assortment of coasting steamers in it, and everyone who had the chance was indoors, for the day was as disagreeable as a hot-wind day in Melbourne. Even indoors we could not escape it. All of a sudden, while we were sitting at dinner, without any special warning, the sirocco blew the glass right out of the folding-doors which opened from the *sala* on to the terrace, and volleys of rain came into the room. Fortunately there was nothing near those doors in the *sala* except the tiled floor, and the glass in the terraced doors of our bedroom stood firm. But you experience quite a sensation the first time you happen to be in a room where the windows are blown in.

The sirocco made no difference to our intention to leave for Naples; the wind and sea would be with us. As it chanced, when we woke next morning the sirocco had disappeared entirely, and the

IN SICILY

copious rains which had fallen during the night washed the air back to Sicilian clearness. Which only added to our loathness to leave our palace, with its fragrant lemon groves and its marble terrace and its frescoed halls.



Photo by Crupi.

FAREWELL TO SOLUNTO

CHAPTER LIX.

FAREWELL TO SICILY

WHAT WE PAID FAREWELL VISITS TO IN PALERMO

WE spent the morning and afternoon of the day on which we left Sicily in doing a little necessary shopping and in driving round some of our favourite haunts. We visited in turn the lemon grove of the Marquis de Gregorio; the Borgo and the Cala, for their picturesque life and illustrated carts; the museum, for its two lovely cortili; the Dogana, for its wonderful windows and painted ceiling—a sort of fourteenth-century Bayeux tapestry; the Norman house in the Salita S. Antonio; the two old markets; the two old gates—the Porta S. Agata and the Porta Mazzara; S. Giovanni dei Eremiti, with its five mosque-like domes and exquisite Lombard cloister; the cathedral, with its mosque-like entrance and tombs of the Norman kings; the two old Arabo-Norman churches—the Martorana and S. Cataldo; and old streets, like the Via Alloro. The Cappella Reale, the most beautiful piece of colour in Europe, we kept till the very end, so as to give it as long as possible.

At last the hour of our going aboard had come. A few friends, like the Marquis Antonio de Gregorio, came to see us off, and soon we were in a gaily coloured *barca* pulling across to the nineteen-knot *Marco Polo*, which was to take us to Naples. We felt a little down. We never leave dear, primitive Sicily without a wrench; and, though we were to stay at the same hotels with Mr. and Mrs. Heriot and Stephana for a few weeks, Stephana would no longer be a member of our family, sharing almost every waking hour. We should miss

IN SICILY

Witheridge, too, very much, for, when about to part, it came forcibly home to us what a good fellow he was. For two whole months, though the bulk of our sight-seeing did not interest him in the least, he had subordinated his strong and independent nature till we had almost lost sight of the effort it must have cost him.

OUR COMPANIONS FOR THE VOYAGE: A BRIDAL PARTY AND SOLDIERS ON SERVICE

Soon, however, our spirits rose, for the time being. Going on board for a voyage—and we have done it more than fifty times—is almost always entertaining. That afternoon it was doubly entertaining, for we had two most interesting classes of passengers—a lot of Sicilian soldiers on their way to Africa, and a newly married couple in very smart society.

Witheridge and my son were much taken up with the Italian “Tommies,” who came on board without any luggage whatever. Their rifles, their overcoats, and their knapsacks, and pieces of bread sticking out of their trouser pockets, constituted their all. A week or two after we discovered that they were not going as far as Africa, when we found Naples with thirty or forty thousand soldiers bivouacking about its streets as a sedative to the bread-rioters.

THE RIOTERS DO NOT MOLEST FOREIGNERS

The Italians are very like the Red Indians in one respect. We have been both in Naples and Sicily in a state of siege for riots, and wandered about the lower parts of the towns, which are the picturesque parts, just the same as usual. The riotously minded recognised that foreigners have nothing to do with the matter except that they spend a good deal of money among the poor, in directions in which the well-to-do natives do not spend money. In the same way, during the last Sioux War in the United States, English or Canadian traders, if they carried a little Union Jack, were never molested by the Indians on the war-path.

AN ARISTOCRATIC BRIDAL PARTY

THE BRIDAL PARTY

Stephana, and the ladies of my party and myself were more occupied with the marriage folk, and the exquisite view of Palermo from the sea. The whole bridal party came on board. One shabby boatman often brought as many as twenty plumes, and no one who has seen a smart Sicilian woman's hats would dispute their title to be classed as plumes. Their hats are simply marvellous, especially for an occasion like a wedding. Pretty creatures they were, most of them, all ostrich feathers, white gloves, and smiles, and the note of congratulation on the faces of the young girls, with their slim straight backs and aristocratic carriage, said plainly, "Lucky married sister, you who have achieved liberty, and are even going to Rome, where all good Sicilians would like to go when they die."

Unlike Italians, Sicilian women retain their elegance, though as they grow old their faces get the dried-up appearance so noticeable in New England. The bride was extremely good-looking and full of animation; the bridegroom looked a vacuous fool, young, but doubtless he had the one thing needful—a good banking account—and she certainly was proud and fond of him, or his money, and the "Open, Sesame!" to flirtations which only comes with marriage. The half-hour during which we watched the wedding guests, paying little attentions to the bride and bridegroom, was as interesting as any play, and when the steam whistle blew, the bride waved her diamonded fingers till the last *barca* full of plumes had glided away, reflecting their gay colours in the waters, to the Arsenal steps. Then she went straight downstairs to make arrangements, I suppose, before we got out of the harbour, for being sea-sick. Sicilians are not good sailors.

PALERMO FROM THE SEA

Stephana was more interested in the boatfuls of peasant women who had come to say good-bye to the Tommies—mothers with pathetic Sicilian faces. I was in love with the whole picture, the gaily-clad bridal party, the peasants just as gay in colours, the *barcas* with their red and green and blue and white stripes, and Palermo

IN SICILY

lying between the still waters and the noble peaks of Castellaccio and Monte Gallo.

Under the peak of the mountain, Monreale stood out against her dark hillside. Cut off from Monreale by the rich groves of the Conca d'Oro, Palermo came down to the water near enough for the white, yellow, pale pink, and pale blue houses, with their green jalousies, to show their variety of tints instead of merging into a pale buff, like Monreale. The roofs you did not notice much, they were so flat, but what you saw suggested red or yellow ochre. Long white moles embraced the clear blue waters of the harbour, and here and there—as, for instance, in front of the de Gregorio Palace, with its handsome yellow façade, its marble scutcheon, its balconies, arcades, and watch-tower, and the grey old Arsenal—there were a few trees. But Palermo does not show her trees to those who eye her from the sea; they are mostly low, like palms and lemons, and ringed in with houses or high walls. Nor is it easy to pick out individual buildings except those close to the water, and the vast Royal Palace and great churches like the cathedral or S. Domenico. But the quarantine station at the end of the mole recalls what threatened to be an episode in the life of Nelson.

Punctually to time the smart white steamer hauled up her anchors, swung round, and darted rapidly out to sea right under Monte Pellegrino. The mountain and the Villa Belmonte stood out majestically against the sky. We were glad that the last we saw of Sicily was this beautiful Mount of Pilgrims, for we always felt ourselves like pilgrims in Sicily. It reflected a great black crown on the silver mirror of the water. In the rapidly falling dusk the soldiers were squatting for canteen in an open space abaft the forecastle—masses of them in white caps and long blue overcoats, after stacking their rifles.

THE LAST OF SICILY

Then the dinner-bell rang, and a very merry dinner we had to stifle the feeling that it was the last meal of our little vagabonds' club. Dinner takes a good while on the Florio-Rubattino mailboats; there is a good deal to eat and a good deal of ceremony. By the



HOW THE SICILIANS SPIN

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY MARGARET THOMAS

Vol. II.—To face page 322

FAREWELL TO SICILY

time that we were up on deck again, looking at the star-lit Sicilian sky and the last lights of Sicily, the soldiers were all lying on the bare deck in their overcoats, with their knapsacks for pillows.

I understood that Italian soldiers do not generally fare better on board ship. The deck and the sky are considered wholesome hardening for them. In the distances they can march, the weights they can carry, and the hardships they can endure, Italians are very fine soldiers.

I left the others watching these sleeping heroes—heroes in the way they were sleeping—and went over to the other side of the ship to see if there was any glimmer on the island-volcano Stromboli, upon whose sides three thousand people live between the devil and the deep sea. I had not been there above a few minutes when I felt a light touch upon my shoulder, and Stephana stood before me with proffered hands—"Thank you, for Sicily."

APPENDIX

THE BEST WAY TO GET TO SICILY

THE two main considerations we put before ourselves when we are going to Sicily and back are cheapness and ease. Greater ease we could get at a greater price, but then we could not afford to travel so often. Generally, when we are on our way to Sicily, we want to get there as soon as we can without tiring ourselves out. Sicily being warmer than Italy, we use up the winter there and work north as the weather improves. We generally cross at Calais, and go through to Genoa without stopping. This costs £7 8s. first class all the way, and £5 3s. 10d. if you go second class rail and first class by steamer. It takes you thirty hours to go from London to Genoa if you do not break the journey anywhere. There is, of course, an extra charge to be added to the first class if you take a sleeper.

WHERE TO STAY IN GENOA

At Genoa we always stay at the Hotel Smith, which to my mind has several things to recommend it. In the first place Mr. Smith, who is an Italian of English descent, speaks both languages fluently, and holds a high municipal office, which enables him to procure a *permesso*—permission to see anything—readily; and in the second place I like both the position of his hotel and the way in which it is kept; and in the third place it is wonderfully cheap for the accommodation. You pay seven or eight francs a day, according to your stay, and this includes sound wine as well as good food. The bedrooms on the front I like very much, for they overlook the terminus of the tramways, and the port, and there is always any quantity of native life to be seen from your windows. You look, moreover, on the famous old bank of S. George, the first bank in Europe, built in the Venetian style five or six centuries ago, one of the most interesting mediæval monuments in Genoa. The hotel occupies an old convent, and has therefore a scutcheon over the door and

APPENDIX—THE SIGHTS OF GENOA

a picturesque staircase. In another part of the same building Daniel O'Connell lived or died, I forget which. Right at the back of the hotel is the busy Bourse of Genoa and a wonderfully picturesque little church. The Bourse is really the heart of Genoa; from it branch off the narrow streets which run between tall palaces, many of them fifteenth century or older, where so much of the history of ancient Genoa was transacted. The towers which dominated them are gone, all except one, preserved because its master saved the state, the Torre dei Embriaci. This tower is in a maze of old streets near the Mandraccio, and you would never find it without a guide.

THE SIGHTS OF GENOA

It is not very far from the Bourse to the Via Garibaldi, where the great palaces of a later day stand, such of them as are not in the Via Balbi. The picture-galleries and so on are in these larger palaces, but the great deeds of the Republic were hatched in the little old streets. In the tiny Piazza of S. Matteo, for instance, round their church, the Dorias lived in the days when they made Venice tremble, and shared and disputed the East with her; and the cathedral is in such a street, for all that it contains the bones of John the Baptist, and a cup that claims to be the Holy Grail.

The Hotel Smith is in the heart of this old traditional Genoa, not like the Hotel de Londres, and other more ambitious houses, which are clustered right outside the old town round the railway station. The Hotel Smith is built over one of the monuments I love best in all Genoa, the dark, low-browed arcade with mighty grey piers, hopelessly out of the perpendicular, haunted by the makers of queer knives and scissors and antique-looking copper pots, and the sellers of the extraordinary green-glass bottles in the shape of Moorish coffee-pots, which are used by the common people instead of wine-glasses. But what tempted me most to break the tenth commandment in this most mediæval bit of Genoa was the sight of the little *trattorie*, or restaurants, dotted along the sea-face of this arcade—not for their food, though food is seldom uneatable in Italy; not for their wine, but for their splendid wine jugs, made of bold blue and white earthenware. In my opinion much superior to most modern Blue (made at Delft or anywhere else), these great jugs, with their bashed-in noses and rich colour, are the most attractive cheap things you can buy in all Italy. But I must not linger over Genoa, which I daresay would be a most interesting place to live in, though it has not a great number of obvious lions to detain the tourist; nor over Smith's hotel, which we always regard as our first haven of rest when we go to our beloved Italy and Sicily.

IN SICILY

THE BEST WAY FROM GENOA TO SICILY IS BY THE FLORIO-RUBATTINO STEAMERS

From Genoa, when we are hurrying down to Sicily, we always go by sea. If you wish to escape the expense of sleepers, the railway journey all down Italy is so terribly wearisome, crowded, and uncomfortable. We always take the Florio-Rubattino steamers from Genoa to Messina or Palermo—it signifies very little which, we are guided by the boat and the weather. We take the first good boat which starts in decent weather.

A voyage down the coast of Italy in the Florio-Rubattino is a very enjoyable thing; they have such ample accommodation for the number of passengers, as a rule, that it is almost like being in your own yacht. The food is generally excellent, and there is plenty of variety in the long menus. The wine which is included is good, though all English people do not like Italian wine. Food and wine are charged at the rate of eight francs a day; they are not included in the passage money, which costs about £2 18s. 6d. from Genoa to Palermo, and £3 4s. from Genoa to Messina. The stewards of these boats are infinitely obliging, and the cabin accommodation is clean and good. I would much sooner go on a Florio-Rubattino than a Messageries or a North German Lloyd. Last time we went to Sicily we found a three thousand ton steamer, one of the company's Massowah Line, due to start in a couple of days' time. She took her time in getting to Messina, four days and a half, because she was collecting cargo, but we could have saved two of these if we had changed into one of the nightly Palermo steamers when we reached Naples. We had, however, no objection to spending a couple of days at Naples, and so we did not change. In spite of the weather which befell us between Leghorn and Naples, we had quite an enjoyable yachting trip. We went on board at Genoa on a Saturday night, woke up at Leghorn, rose very early, and drove about Leghorn until it was time to take the train to Pisa; had a good long day at Pisa, and got back in time to steam out at night. From Leghorn to Naples our run was in the teeth of a strong sirocco, but the *Archimede* proved herself a fine steady sea boat, and we did not suffer as much as might have been imagined. At Naples we spent two or three days in port, eyeing with great satisfaction the peculiar-looking apparatus which does duty for a storm-drum there, secure in the knowledge that if that gibbety-looking affair was not removed before it was time for the ship to start we had only to avail ourselves of the right of breaking our journey and transfer our traps to the Pensione Baker, 10, Via Caracciolo, from which, being right on the sea-front, we could watch the weather. Apart from the extortionate demands

APPENDIX—THE SIGHTS OF NAPLES

of the boatman who takes you ashore—for no Italian steamer ever runs alongside the quay if she can help it—Naples is a very good place to see while your steamer is in port.

For though its environs are so marvellously beautiful and interesting, so paved with classical traditions, there is comparatively little to see in Naples itself, and there is little expense connected with seeing it in this way. You need not go back to the steamer for your meals, because at one of the largest restaurants in Naples, situated in the Galleria Umberto, which is the very centre of the town, you can get a capital lunch for one franc fifty, wine included, and a capital dinner for two francs fifty (about 1s. 2d. and 1s. 11d. in English money), and a cab anywhere in the city only costs seventy centimes, if you pay him his full fare. The Neapolitan cabman, if you let him hail you in place of your hailing him, will nearly always contract for less than his fare. It is said that the Neapolitans themselves never pay more than half. This may sound dreadful, but then cab fares at Naples are "very expensive," more than double what they are at Catania, where the price of a *corso* between any two points in the city is threepence, irrespective of the number of persons.

THE SIGHTS OF NAPLES

People who have two days to spend in Naples can very well see the following, and, having seen them, will have seen the best there is in Naples itself:—The glorious museum, full of Greek and Pompeian antiquities; S. Elmo and the Monastery of San Martino, the cathedral, S. Chiara, S. Domenico Maggiore, the Incoronata, S. Giovanni a Carbonara; streets like the Via Roma and the Chiaja, which are full of life, the huge theatre of S. Carlo, the Royal Palace, the Castel del Ovo and Castel Nuovo, the picturesque poor people's quarter at S. Lucia, the thieves' market in the Via del Porto, and the Villa Reale, the public garden down by the sea, where the Neapolitans take their afternoon drive; while for whole-day excursions there are Pompeii, Capri, and the wonderful group of old cities and natural wonders beyond Posilippo.

We were very glad that we resisted the temptation to change into the smart *Marco Polo*, fast as she is, and fitted with every modern luxury, to carry us to Palermo the afternoon we arrived at Naples, for she got a tremendous dusting from the sirocco, which sometimes knocks up mountainous seas between Palermo and Naples. Early on the morning of our departure the wind suddenly went round and the sea dropped, and we did our night journey to Messina in an almost dead calm, running, before daylight was dead, along the exquisite Sorrento shore, and through the Strait, past the lofty Capes of Capri which is like a Monte Pellegrino dropped into the middle of the sea.

IN SICILY

What we did after anchoring at Messina the reader already knows.

On our return journey in 1898 from Sicily we sailed from Palermo in our old friend the *Marco Polo*, in whose maiden voyage we sailed in 1896. I suppose I am not like other people, for in spite of the richness of her saloon and the music-saloon above, and the up-to-dateness of everything on board her, I did not enjoy my trip from Palermo to Naples on this crowded and favourite boat anything like as much as I enjoyed the voyage down from Genoa in the old ten- or twelve-knot *Archimede*. It was too like being on a crack Atlantic liner; there was none of the repose and gentleness of Italy about it. But the *Marco Polo* was very fast, and got us to Naples in such good time in the morning (it is a night's longer or shorter journey from Palermo to Naples), that we had plenty of time to drive to the other end of the Naples sea-front and leave our heavy luggage at the Pensione Baker, eat some breakfast, and get back to the nine o'clock boat for Capri. I have given our itinerary in such detail perfectly aware of the fact that it is very small beer, I have not given it because I think that the public will be in the least interested in what we did for any reason but one, and that reason is a highly important one—we contrived to get a vast amount of enjoyment at a very small expense. And I have yet to meet the traveller of moderate means who does not want the recipe.

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY
100 NASSAU ST.
NEW YORK

INDEX

GENERAL NOTE.—The two volumes are Indexed separately. Where the reader cannot find what he wants under the heading *General*, he should refer to the particular heading—Bagheria, Castelvetro, Cefalu, Eryx, Flowers and Shrubs, Genoa, Marsala, Palermo, Segesta, Selinunte, Sicilian—Sicilians, Sicily, Solunto, Trapani, or Trees.

GENERAL

Acqua-man, 9, 43, 236 ; cry of the, 48
 Acqua Santa, 42, 333
 Admiral George of Antioch, 37, 74, 111, 131
Admiral, the, 124, 228-30, 257, 322
Ædícula, 358, 361
 Ægatian Islands, vol. I., xxviii ; victory of the Romans over the Carthaginians, 369, 386 ; and the *Odyssey*, *see Odyssey*, the ; migrating quails on, 390 ; tunny-fisheries, 386
 Æsculapius, 421
 Albanian village, 42, 469 ; costumes, 303
 Alcamo, 421
 Alcamo-Calatafimi railway station, 453
 Alfonso (of Aragon), King, vol. I., xxx, 120
 Alinari (photographer), 334
 Angell and Harris, their discoveries at Selinunte, 293
Antiques: altars, 432 ; buying from the peasants, 438 ; bronze ram from Syracuse, 296 ; digging for, 436, 446 ; generally genuine, 437 ; Greek terra-cotta statuettes, *see* Palermo
 Aqueduct, washing clothes in the, 5
 Aphrodite, 381
 Arabo - Norman (*see also* Sicilian - Gothic) architecture, 33, 34, 96, 98, 99, 100, 101, 125, 127, 129, 143, 163, 184, 187, 218
 Arabo-Norman splendour, 112
 Arab palaces, 43
 Arabs, relics of the Sicilian, 298

GENERAL

Aragonese kings, *see* Palermo, *under* Frederick, James, Peter, Alfonso, Martin, vol. I., xxx
 Archimedes, the Syracusan, 324, *see* vol. I.
 Architecture, Norman, 164
 Archylus of Thurii, 365, 366
 Arles, cloisters of, compared with Monreale, 166
 Armorial door-tiles (*mattoni*), 300
 Artichokes, 8, 357, 361
 Ashtaroth, 381
 Athens, 254, 275

BAGHERIA

Bagheria, in the town, 500 ; sights on the road, 497
 Acqua dei Corsari, fourteenth-century tower at, 498
 Barber's *salone*, a club, 499
 Butera, Prince of, 507
 Carthusian monastery, 505
 Carts, illustrated, 497, 498 ; lemon, 499
 Cathedral, 500
 Cefalu, the Pellegrino-shaped headland, 501
 Corleone station, 497
 Corsairs, tower at Ficarazzi, 498
Dazio Consumo, 497
 Ferdinand I., 499, 507, vol. I., xxx
 Ficarazzi, the river (Fiume Grande), 499
 Ganci, Prince, castle, 502, 512
 Gebbias, 497

IN SICILY

BAGHERIA

Goethe, his Sicilian diary, quotation from, on the Villa Pallagonia, 507-11
 Gravina, Castle of, 502
 Greek history as far as Sicily is concerned is very defective, 501
 Hamilcar, father of Gisco, 501
 Himera, Battle of, fought on the same day as Battle of Salamis, 501, vol. I., xxvii
 Japan, eating-houses like, 498
 Japanese lunch, a, 497
Loggias, 498
 Maria Caroline, 507
 Miyanoshita, the Fujiya Hotel at, 497
Octroi, 497
 Palaces, 499; Monteleone, 497, 501
 Palm-broom, 507
 Post Office, 498
 Red-kerchiefed drivers, 497
 Roger the Great Count, 507
 Salamis, Battle of, 501
 Saracens, 498
 S. Gherado, the Marchese, 499
 S. Giovanni, 498
 Shower-bath fountains, 507
 Sicilian servants, 506
 Sicily is peopled with the dregs of other nations, 498
 Sirocco, 498, 500
 Street shrines, 498
 Stromboli, 501
 Svendota, 498
 Termini, 501
 Trabia, Castle, 501; Prince, 506; *see* Villa Ustica, 501
 Valguarnera, Castle, 502; *see* Villa Villas:
 Cattolica, 499
 Cuto, 499
 Pallagonia, 499; Goethe on, 507-11
 Principe S. Elia, outside staircase of, 499
 S. Gherado, 499
 Trabia, 499, 505, 506; the toy certosa at, 507
 Valguarnera, 499, 591; ancient tiled floors, 502; approach to, 500; interior, 502;
 Italian garden and Calvary, 505
 Villarmosa, 499

BAGHERIA

Villarmosa, Prince, 499
 Whitaker, Mr. Robert, 506
 Yokohama, 500

GENERAL

Barak, Barca, 383
 Barbary Corsairs, 366, 374
 Barber's *salone*, a club, 499
 Barcas, 519, 521; eyes painted on the Sicilian, and Chinese junks, 44, 478
Baroque (architecture), 30, 31, 184, 188, 195, 217, 218, 252
Bassi, 10, 81, 220; of the palaces, 245, 250
 Bath (England), 356
 Batting a ball through a ring, 370
 Beans, 8; broad, a staple food in Sicily, 61, 250
 Beaulieu, 191
 Beggars, 170
 Belisarius adds Sicily to the Eastern Empire, vol. I., xxix
 Bentinck, Lord William, 29, 363; obliges Ferdinand I. to give a Constitutional Parliament, 313
 Boccaccio, 120, 123; the *Decameron* (quoted), 121
 Bonanno da Pisa, 151
 Botticelli, Sandro, the *Primavera*, 316, 421
 Boys, 470; influence of the students on, 484; rescued by a student from, 484; respect for rank still very strong, 484; small-boy nuisance, 483
 Brass, 7
 Bread riots, 253
 Bridal party, a, 521
 Brigands, 128, 148, 250, 253, 336, 358, 379, 454, 460-2
 Broccoli, 47, 55, 391
 Buddha, the gigantic, at Kamakura, 481
 Bullock waggons, 450
 Burial-guilds, their costume, 134, 205
 Butler, Mr. Samuel, the celebrated Homeric scholar, 386, 401; and the *Authoress of the Odyssey*, 487
 Byzantine frescoes, 374; houses, 449; Necropolis, 423; tombs, 423, 448
 Byzantines, the, 68, 418

INDEX

GENERAL

Caen, 68, 473
 Calatafimi, Battle of, 375, 455; *see* Segesta
 Caltagirone majolica, 300
 Campobello, 348, 421
 Campo Santo, 324
 Campi Santi of Italy, 133
 Candied fruit, 251
 Candy (Ceylon), 327
 Cape Corvo, 181
 Cape Schiso, near Taormina, 488
 Cappella Reale, *see* Palermo
 Cappuccini, monastery, *see* Palermo
Carabinieri, 47, 202, 205, 238, 391, 412
 Cards, visiting, of the eighteenth century, 219
Carretta, 46
 Carthage, 366, 382, 384, 385, 465; image of
 Diana, 466
 Carthaginian, Marsala is, 363
 Carthaginian, masonry, 395; walls, 379, 383,
 392
 Carthaginians, vol. I., xxviii, 113, 362, 369,
 382, 445, 456
 Carts, illustrated, 497-9; *see* Palermo
 Castel d'Accia, 41
 Castellamare del Golfo, 348

CASTELVETRANO

Castelvetro, 348, 372, 412, 417, 428, 452,
 454; architecture, 414; city, 414; cities
 on the hilltops, 452; Gothic features, 415;
 origin of the name, 414; prosperity, 414
 Alcamo-Calatafimi, 452; railway station, 453
 Baglio Ingham, 412, 450, 452; Donna Cecilia,
 451; labourers ride to their work in long
 blue-hooded cloaks, 452; malaria, 452;
 picking oakum regarded as a pension, 452;
 pipes, half-pipes, terzi, quarti, etc., 414; staff,
 the, 450; wine for Mass in Montreal, 413
Carabinieri, 412
 Castelvetro to Alcamo-Calatafimi, 452
Chiesa Matrice, 415
 Convents: Cappuccini, 414, 416; Carmelite,
 414; Monastero del Purgatorio, vases, 415,
 453
 Cow-harness, 416
 Crispi, Signor, 450

CASTELVETRANO

Eryx, 452
 Macao, the Murderer's Gate at, 416
 Malaria, poor Sicilians suffer from, 452;
 avoiding the malarious time, 452
 Mazzara Gate at Palermo, 412; Mazzara
 Campobello di, 414
Mora, the game of throwing out fingers, 451;
 one of the oldest games in the world, 451
 PALACES: Cudera, 415; Favona, 414;
 Gothic, 414; Monteleone, 414
 Palazzetti, 415
 Railway travelling in Sicily, 412, 451;
 corridor carriages, 452; Sicilians like long
 journeys, 452
 Revolution, a stifled, 450
 S. Malo, 412
 S. Nimfa, 452
 S. Francesco d'Assisi, Via, 416
 Segesta, 451
 Selinunte, quarries from which it was built,
 414; the road to, 416
 Sicilian trains, 412, 451, 452; Sicilian way of
 pensioning people, 452
 Sicily, naming gates in, 412
 Socialistic societies, 450
 Spedale Civico, the, 416
 Theatre copied from the antique, 415
Vapore, 412
Vaporette, 412

GENERAL

Casr, 89
 Castrogiovanni, 389
 Catapults, the artillery of the ancients, 365, 369
 Cathedrals, *see* Palermo, Monreale, Cefalu
 Catulus, C. Lutatius, 386
 Cavallari, Professor, 446

CEFALU

Cefalu, 42, 98, 101, 125, 469-94; cabs, 470;
 cab-tariff, no, 494; cannot be counted as
 Europe, 491; is Telepylus, 487; mountain
 only second to Monte Pellegrino, 470;
 mosaics not so fresh as Monreale, 470;
 requires a special kind of visitor, 470; the
 Pellegrino-shaped headland, 501

IN SICILY

CEFALU

Albanians, 469
 Augustinian monastery, 478
 Bagno di Diana, 486
 Bagheria, the old Court suburb, 469
 Barcas, eyes painted on the Sicilian, and Chinese junks, 478
 Boys, 470; influence of the students on, 484; rescued by a student from, 484; respect for rank still very strong, 484; small-boy nuisance, 483
 Buddha, the gigantic, at Kamakura, 481
 Butler, Samuel, Mr., the *Authoress of the Odyssey* (quoted), 487
 Caen, 473
 Cape Schiso, near Taormina, 488
 Castle, 474, 485; Bagno di Diana, 486; cistern, 486; gatekeeper, 485; Saracenic guardroom, 489; Saracen wall, 485
 Cathedral, 470-82; a little sister to Monreale, 482; finding the sacristan, 474; is for the antiquarian and the artist, 482; *exterior*—compared with the Abbaye aux Dames and the Abbaye aux Hommes, Caen, 473; façade not unlike that of Monreale, 473; origin, 472; towers, 473; west front, 473; *interior*—ambones, 481; angels like the crossed wings at S. Sofia, Constantinople, 477; apse, 477; bell-wheel, 481; choir, 477; ciborium of the epoch of Roger, 477; curious woodwork roof, 481; font, 481; fresco of the Virgin with snail aureole, 481; mosaics, principal, 477 (compared with those of Monreale and Palermo, 477); pictures, 481; silk panels for altar fronts, 478; stilted arches, 481; the Christ in Norman mosaics, 477, 482; throne panel of King Roger, 478; totems, 481
 Cloister, Lombard (of cathedral), 478
 Collesano, 488
 Cyclopæan acropolis behind Termini, 488
 Eryx (and Cefalu) built in a remote age by people of the same race, 488
 Evil eye, 474; eyes on boats, 478
 Guide-book information, 494
 Homer, a house older than, 487

CEFALU

Hotels: Albergo Centrale, 494; Albergo d'Italia, 471, 493, 494
 Incorpora, photographs (of Cefalu), 492; (Palermo), 494
 Isnello, 488
 "Italy like a second-hand shop," 492
 Japan, Castle of Osaka in, 489
 Læstrygonians, 489
Lavandaiti, 486
 Lipari, 487
 Mauceri, Signor Luigi, 488
 Megalithic work (at Cefalu), 487, 488; (Eryx), 488; at Pantalica, 488
 Mimnerno, 469
 Mycenæ, 487; Mycenian Age, the, 488
 Monte Pellegrino, 469, 470
 Nicaraguan proverb—"Have patience, fleas, the night is long," 471
 Norman-Byzantine art, 477
Odyssey, the, Mr. Samuel Butler on, 487
 Palace, the best, 493; the Geraci, 483
 Pantalica, megalithic house at, 488
 Pelasgic house, the, 489
 Phœnician House, 487
 Piana dei Greci, the village where the Albanians have lived for 400 years, 469
 Portazza, 488
 Renaissance, Spanish, 477
 Roger the Norman, 472, 478; his palace, 483
 Roman vaulting, 489
 Saracen palace at Mimnerno, 469
 St. Mark's, Venice, 477
 S. Venere, 487
 Segesta, walls of, 488
 Sicilian: railways, 490; schoolboys can all speak Italian as well as Sicilian, 483; students, 492
 Sicilians apt to name anything ancient after Diana or Venus, 487
 Sicily, the oldest monuments in, 487
 Snakes, 489
 Solunto, the Sicilian Pompeii, 469
 Telepylus, 487, 488
 Temple of Diana, 486, 490, 491; a pre-historic house older than Homer, 487; should be called the Pelasgic house, 489

INDEX

CEFALU

- Termini, the ancient Himera, 469
- Tiryns, 487
- Tombs, mediæval, 482
- Ustica, 487
- Visiting cards, a good supply necessary, 493
- Wall, a prehistoric, 492

GENERAL

- Ceramio, Battle of, 97
- Ceremonies: Blessing the Taper, 211; Blessing the Water, 210; making a function for the Cardinal, 198; Rending the Veil, 209, 214
- Charles (of Anjou), vol. I., xxx, 120; and the Crusaders' ships, 385
- Charles I., King, vol. I., xxx
- Charles II., King, vol. I., xxx
- Charles III., King, vol. I., xxx
- Charles VI. (of Germany), King, vol. I., xxx
- Chiaromonte, Andrew, beheaded, vol. I., xxx
- Chinese, 50
- Chinook baby, 238
- Christ Church, Oxford, the hall staircase, 180
- Christ (mosaic portraits): Cappella Reale, 76; Cefalu, 76; Monreale, 156; of Sicily, 76; real portrait of, 76
- Church, dogs in, 85
- Cicero, vol. I., xxviii; on the Diana of Segesta, 465, 466
- Cipollino, 90
- Cistercian Brotherhood, 131, 187
- Civitella, 97
- Clausen's Library (Reber's), 334
- Cloaks, dark blue hooded, 204, 361, 384, 390, 411, 412, 455, 461
- Cloisters, Arabo-Norman; *see* Monreale, Eremiti, etc.
- Clubs, fountains the women's clubs, 227
- Coinage, 347
- Coins, 296, 300
- Collesano, 488
- Comacine, Brotherhood, 98; Guild, 84; ideas, 101; masters, 109; workmen, 166
- Comte de Paris, 213
- Conca d'Oro; *see* Palermo
- Conrad, King, vol. I., xxix
- Conradin, King, vol. I., xxix

GENERAL

- Constantia, Empress, tomb of, 104, 105
- Cooking-basket, 225, 240, 250
- Corleone, 336, 455, 460
- Corsairs, Saracen, 448
- Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, 4
- Cotillon presents, 242
- Crescenzo, Antonio, fresco of the "Triumph of Death," 33, 102, 144; painting of S. Cecilia, 105
- Cricket, 50
- Crispi, Signor, 226, 450
- Croton (South Italy), 382
- Curio shops, 333
- Cyclopæan acropolis behind Termini, 488
- Dazio Consumo*, 497
- Decameron*, the, of Boccaccio (quoted), 121-3
- Deshima at Nagasaki, 363
- Dinan, 149
- Diodorus Siculus, 324
- Diogenes Laertius, 421
- Dionysius, vol. I., xxvii, 364; persuades the Elymians of Eryx to rebel against Carthage, 382
- Dorieus, the King's son of Sparta, 382
- D'Orleans, Duc, 110, 316; *see* Gardens
- Drepana (Trapani), vol. I., xxviii, 383, 384
- Dutch in Japan, 363
- Eagles, 281
- Earthenware, lamps, 235; modern Sicilian, 303
- Earthquakes, 418
- Ebisu (or Daikoku), 7
- Edward I. (of England) at Trapani, vol. I., xxx; 385
- Egesta, an Elymian city, 465; and the first Punic War, 457; Roman, Saracenic, and mediæval remains of, 456; the beautiful Greek temple at, 382
- Egestans, the, hailed by the Romans as brothers, 456; persuaded by the Romans to change their name to Segestans, 457
- El Edrisi, the Arab geographer, 97
- Elymians, the, descendants of the Trojans, 379; Freeman (Prof.), on the, 379; the third prehistoric tribe of Sicily, 379

IN SICILY

GENERAL

Embroideries, 296
 Empedocles, at Girgenti, 324 ; at Selinunte, 421
 Enamels, old Sicilian (*smalti*), 300
 Eremiti, the, *see* Palermo
 Eryx (and Cefalu), built in a remote age by people of the same race, 488
 Eryx, 468 ; Temple of Venus at, 465

ERYX

Eryx (Erice, Monte S. Giuliano), 379, 381, 384, 389, 391, 407, 409, 410, 452
 Eryx (*ancient*), and Egesta hoodwink the Athenians, 382 ; captured by the Romans, 383, 384 ; Carthaginians at, 382 ; Elymians at, 382 ; gave Venus her name of Erycina, 381 ; in Greek times, 382 ; in Virgil, 384, *see* Virgil ; just across the sea from Africa, 382 ; never Greek but twice, 382 ; Phœnicians at, 382 ; recaptured by Dionysius, 382 ; recaptured by Himilcon, 382 ; taken by Pyrrhus, 383 ; the hill of Venus, 379 ; the treasure of, 382
 Eryx (*modern*), a health resort for Trapani and Marsala, 389 ; character of, 392 ; club, 405 ; dress of the people, 395, 405 ; feeling the prosperity of Trapani, 389 ; hotel like a fortress, 395 ; its population, 389 ; lava-paved streets, 395, 406 ; summer life at, 404
 Eryx, Mt., 385, 392, 399 ; summit levelled by Dædalus, 381 ; view from, 396
 Eryx (the giant), son of Butes, 381
 Eryx (the city), Aphrodite, 381
 Ashtaroth, 381
 Balcony, Juliet's, 407
 Barak (Barca), 383
 Bonagia, 405
 Brigands, 379
 Broccoli, 391
 Carabinieri, 391
 Carthage, 382, 385
 Carthaginian, masonry, 395 ; walls, 379, 383, 392
 Carthaginians, 382, 383
 Castles, the two, 396
 Castrogiovanni, 389

ERYX

Eryx—
 Chiesa Matrice, 392 ; Saracen tower, 395, 396
 Croton (South Italy), 382
 Dionysius persuades the Elymians of Eryx to rebel against Carthage, 382
 Dorieus, the King's son of Sparta, 382
 Drepana (Trapani), 383, 384
 Egesta (Segesta), the beautiful Greek temple at, 382
 Elymians, the, descendants of the Trojans, 379 ; Freeman (Prof.), on the, 379 ; the third prehistoric tribe of Sicily, 379
 Erice, *see* Eryx
 Erycina-Ridens, the laughter-loving lady of Eryx, 381, 408
 Eryx, temple of Venus at, 381 ; Arco di Dedalo, 381 ; ascribed by Virgil to Æneas, 381 ; Bagno di Venere, 381 ; the most splendid temple of Sicily, 381 ; Verres and, 382
 Fennel, 391
 Freeman, Professor, 379
 Funicular railway from Trapani, 405
 Greek temple, site of the, 396
 Hamilcar Barca, 383
 Hasdrubal, 383
 Heracles, 382
 Himilcon, 382
 Hotel like a fortress, the, 395
 Jebel Hamed, the Saracen name for Eryx, 379
 Lilybæum, 384
 Manto, 405
 Marsala, 385
 Monte S. Giuliano, the legend of, 379
 Montesi, 405
 Motya, conquered by Dionysius, 382
 Pepoli, Count, 396
 Porta di Trapani, 380, 392
 Porta Spada, 380
 Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, 379, 392
 Romans, 383
 Selinus (Selinunte), the Babylon of Sicily, 382
 Sicans, 379
 Sicily, courtship in, opening the *persiane*,

INDEX

ERYX

- Eryx-
 406, 407; kidnapping in, 410; serenading,
 406
 Sikels, 379
 Vendettas, 406, 407, 410
 Venus, her name of Erycina taken from
 Eryx, 381; Temple of, *see* Eryx; the
 Hill of, 379

GENERAL

- Etna, 265
 Evil eye, 474
 Eyes on boats, 478
 Excavations, careless, 432; rights of, 435;
 purchasing rights of, 438
Facchini, 48, 335
 Farnese Bull, 258
 Favignana, 359, 389, 390
Feluccas, 28, 44, 53, 183
 Fennel, *see under* Flowers
 Ferdinand I. and IV., vol. I., xxx, xxxi, 42,
 220, 313, 325, 499, 507; souvenirs of the
 reign of, 303
 Ferdinand I. of Aragon, King, vol. I., xxx
 Ferdinand II. (the Catholic), King, vol. I., xxx
 Ferdinand II. (*Re Bomba*), 308
 Ferrovìa Sicula Occidentale, 341
 Fevers, 250
 Figs (*fichi bianci*), 60
 Fleas, 267
 Florio-Rubattino steamers, 389, 522, 526;
 really national, 376
 Florio, Signora, 251
 Florio, Signor, 41, 42, 220, 221, 307; his tunny-
 fisheries, 386; owner of one of the three
 Marsala wine *bagli*, 389, 419, 442; *see*
 Villas and Palaces

FLOWERS AND SHRUBS

- Flowers, wild, 314
 Acanthus (Palermo), 172; (Selinunte), 423
 Adonis, the scarlet (Selinunte), 420
 Agave, (Palermo), 151, 165, 192, 314, 315;
 (Marsala), 360; (Selinunte), 421; (Castel-
 vetrano), 416; (Segesta), 455, 460; (Cefalu),
 485, 490; (Bagheria), 502, 505

FLOWERS AND SHRUBS

- Aloe (Palermo), 165, 314, 326; (Marsala),
 360; (Bagheria), 505
 American herb, *see* Trifoglio
 Anemones (Selinunte), 417
 Anthurium (Palermo), 313
 Artichokes (Marsala), 357, 361
 Arum (Palermo), 322
 Asparagus, wild (Marsala), 356
 Asphodel (Palermo), 274, 282; (Selinunte),
 417
 Bamboo (Palermo), 322, 325, 326; (Marsala),
 360
 Bamboo-reeds (Selinunte), 431
 Bananas (Palermo), 260, 324
 Barberry (Palermo), 222
 Begonia, wild (Palermo), 326
 Bird's-foot trefoil (Palermo), 165
 Borage (Palermo), 172, 279; (Marsala), 356;
 (Castelvetrano), 416; (Selinunte), 421, 423
 Bougainvilleas (Palermo), 321, 326, 327;
 (Bagheria), 505, 507
 Brambles (Castelvetrano), 416
 Broom-rape (Castelvetrano), 416
 Bugloss (Palermo), 282
 Bulrushes (Selinunte), 431
 Burrs (Selinunte), 422
 Butcher's broom (Marsala), 356
 Cactus (Bagheria), 505
 Camellia, 315
 Champion (Palermo), 282, 322, 326; (Eryx),
 392; (Selinunte), 420, 421, 423
 Candytuft (Selinunte), 423
 Canterbury bells (Palermo), 282; (Castel-
 vetrano), 416
 Carnations (Palermo), 231
 Castor-oil plants (Palermo), 326
 Celandine (Palermo), 282
 Cetrach (Eryx), 395
 Cistus, wild (Palermo), 326; (Castelvetrano),
 416
 Columbine (Palermo), 323
 Convolvulus (Castelvetrano), 416; (Selinunte),
 417, 420, 421
 Convolvulus, oak-leaved (Palermo), 172
 Crane's-bill (Palermo), 165; (Selinunte), 421
 Crocus (Eryx), 392

IN SICILY

FLOWERS AND SHRUBS

Custard apple (Palermo), 260
 Daisies (Eryx), 392; (Castelvetro), 416,
 417, 420, 421, 423
 Daphne (Palermo), 331
 Donax (Segesta), 455, 456, 460, 497
 Euphorbia (Palermo), 326
 Fennel (Palermo), 8, 244, 271; (Marsala),
 361; Trapani, 391; (Castelvetro), 416;
 (Segesta), 456; (Cefalu), 486
 Ferns (Palermo), 313
 Flax (Castelvetro), 416; (Segesta), 456
 Forget-me-not (Palermo), 315
 Figs (Palermo), 222, 327
 Frisias (Palermo), 323
 Flags, yellow (Selinunte), 431
 Garlic, wild (Selinunte), 420, 423, 431;
 (Castelvetro), 416
 Gladiolus, wild (Palermo), 172; (Castel-
 vetro), 416
 Genesta (Marsala), 356
 Grape hyacinths (Palermo), 165; (Castel-
 vetro), 416; (Selinunte), 419; (Cefalu),
 478
 Gourd, wild (Cefalu), 486
 Hart's-tongue fern (Palermo), 279; (Marsala),
 359
 Hemlock (Selinunte), 423
 Henbane (Selinunte), 422
 Hibiscus (Bagheria), 505
 Iris, the Greek (Selinunte), 437
 Ivy (Palermo), 315; (Marsala), 361
 King-cups (Palermo), 282
 Lily, yellow (Palermo), 172
 Maidenhair (Palermo), 322, 324, 325;
 (Marsala), 360; (Eryx), 395; (Cefalu), 486
 Marigold (Palermo), 53, 171, 273, 282; (Eryx),
 392; (Selinunte), 421, 423; (Segesta), 457
 Mesembryanthemum (pig's face) (Palermo),
 165
 Mullein (Palermo), 172
 Narcissus (Selinunte), 452
 Nasturtium (Palermo), 322
 Oleander (Palermo), 260, 319; (Marsala),
 357, 360
 Onion, wild (Palermo), 271; (Marsala), 361
 Orchid, 313; purple orchid (Palermo), 325

FLOWERS AND SHRUBS

Orpine (Marsala), 366; (Selinunte), 421
 Papyrus (Palermo), 290, 320, 321, 324, 325,
 326; (Marsala), 360
 Parsley (Selinunte), 420
 Pimpernels, red and blue (Palermo), 273;
 (Selinunte), 421; (Cefalu), blue, 486
 Poppies (Selinunte), 419, 421, 423; (Castel-
 vetro), 416
 Prickly-pear (Palermo), 149, 150, 273; (Eryx),
 392; (Segesta), 455, 459, 467
 Pine apples (Palermo), 260
 Pittosporum, 222
 Roses (Palermo), Devonshire, 320; (Sicilian),
 320; crimson Rambler, 323; dwarf white
 (Castelvetro), 416
 Sage (Palermo), 326; (Selinunte), 420
 Sainfoin (Selinunte), 420
 Samphire (Selinunte), 420
 Snapdragon (Cefalu), 486
 Spurge (Palermo), 150; small-flowered spurge,
 326; (Selinunte), 421
 Stocks, wild (Palermo), 172, 322
 Stonecrop (Palermo), 53
 Thistles, silver-green (Palermo), 273; like
 knap-weeds (Selinunte), 422
Trifoglio (Sicilian weed, American herb)
 (Palermo), 120, 282, 315, 316, 319, 326;
 (Marsala), 360; (Selinunte), 421
 Vermouth (Selinunte), 420, 421, 423
 Vetches (Palermo), 171, 172, 282; (Selinunte),
 417, 421, 423
 Vetches, sea- (Castelvetro), 416
 Wormwood (Cefalu), 485
Zabbara, leaves (Marsala), 367

GENERAL

Frederick II., King (of Aragon), 120, vol. I.,
 xxx
 Frederick II. (Emperor), vol. I., xxix, 38, 90,
 125; tomb in cathedral, 104, 105
 Frederick III., King, vol. I., xxx
 Freeman, Professor E. A. (quoted, 118, 123),
 379
 Funeral service, 184

INDEX

GENERAL

- Gagini, Antonio, *see* Palermo; statue of S. Giovanni Battista, 374
 Ganci, Prince, 219; castle, 502, 512
 Gardens, *see* Gardens and Villas, *under* Palermo
 Garibaldians, 93, 375
 Garibaldi, vol. I., xxxi, 35, 95; at Gibilrossa on May 27th, 1860, 90, 125; his battle at Palermo, 376; his landing at Marsala, 355, 362, 366, 374, 378; (affected by collusion with the English, 375); Marsala in the time of, 355, 376, 455; souvenirs of Garibaldi, *see* Museum
Gebbias, 27, 170, 287, 327, 328, 357, 459, 497
 Gelon, tyrant of Gela, vol. I., xxvii
 Genoa, *see* Appendix; the best way to Sicily by the Florio-Rubbato steamers from Genoa, 526

GENOA

- Genoa, the Campo Santo of, 133, 169
 Bank of St. George, 524
 Bourse, 525
 Cathedral, bones of John the Baptist in, 525; the Holy Grail, 525
 Daniel O'Connell, 525
 Dorias, the, 525
 Hotel Smith, 524, 525
 Mandraccio, 525
 Mediæval bit of Genoa, 525
 Piazza S. Matteo, 525
 To Messina, 526; to Palermo, 526
 Torre dei Embriaci, 525
Trattorie, 525
 Via Balbi, 525
 Via Garibaldi, 525
 Wine-jugs like blue delft, 525

GENERAL

- Genoese silk hangings, 217
 Genseric, King of the Vandals, vol. I., xxix
 Geraci, 25
 Geranium hedges to Sicilian railways, 391
 German Emperor, the, his music performed at the Politeama, 254
 Germans, 167, 458, 461

GENERAL

- Gethsemane, Gardens of, *see* Palermo
 Gibilrossa, 35, 90
 Giotto's Tower at Florence, 101
 Giovanni, Vincenzo di, *La Topografia Antica di Palermo dal Secolo X. al XV.*, 110
 Girgenti, 308, 418; golden stone of the temples at Girgenti, 101
 Goats, 224, 225, 273, 455, 517; fairing, 238; emblem of the wicked, 281, 282; milk, 10, 18, 273
 Goethe, vol. I., xxx, 271, 322; his house, 28, 282, 283; his Sicilian Diary, quotation from, on the Villa Pallagonia, 507-11; on Segesta, 468; on S. Rosalia's shrine (quoted), 278, 279
 Good Friday procession of the Body of our Lord, 200
 Good Friday processions, 198
 Gothic architecture, 25, 26, 32, 35, 169, 196, 213
 Gothic fountain, 38
 Gothic, late, 179
 Gothic palaces, 33
 Gorgias of Leontini, 324
 Gravina (Admiral), Prince of, commanded the Spanish at Trafalgar, 185, 219, 303
 Gravina, Castle of, 502
 Greek history as far as Sicily is concerned very defective, 501
 Greek houses, 424, 427; the cabman's were Byzantine, 449
 Greek ladies, 440
 Greek, Palermo never was, 113, 319
 Greek rites, 80
 Greek temples not really perpendicular, 457
 Greek terra-cotta statuettes, 298, 432-40; divided into three classes — *Hieratic*, *Idealistic*, *Realistic*, 440; Greek women of the third and fourth centuries before Christ, 440; picking them up from the dustheaps, 438; were they broken by the priests, 440
 Greek tongue, the, 113
 Greeks, shrines sacred to the, 365
 Gregorio, Marquis Antonio de, 42, 52, 173, 245, 259, 260, 307, 519, 522
 Gregory the Great, 110
 Gregory VII., Pope, 97

IN SICILY

GENERAL

Grilles, gilt, 185
 Guiscard, Robert, 97, 127, 136, 188; his chapel, 89
 Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, vol. I., xxviii, 271, 274, 280, 383
 Hamilcar, father of Gisco, 417, 501
 Hamilton, Sir William and Lady, and Nelson, 29, 220; where they lived in Palermo, 260; Lady, dressed as Venus at Maria Caroline's ball, 262
 Hammered iron, objects in, 296
 Hannibal, son of Gisco, vol. I., xxvii, 417, 418, 423, 442, 445, 449
 Harris, Messrs. Angell and, their discoveries at Selinunte, 293
 Hasdrubal, 383
 Heads, kerchiefed, 192, 204
 Heircte, *see* Monte Pellegrino
 Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, vol. I., xxix
 Heracles, 382
 Herb shops, 250
 Hercules and the hind (bronze), 296
 Himera, Battle of, vol. I., xxvii, 365, 417; fought on the same day as Battle of Salamis, 501
 Himilcon, 364-6, 382
 Hiram, King of Tyre, *see* Solunto
 Holy Family, peasants like the, 358, 462
 Honey for breakfast, 11
 Hong-Kong, the English at, 363; Mount Victoria (Hong-Kong), 389
 Humbert I., King, vol. I., xxxi, 83, 84
 Ingham, Benjamin, senior, 308; marries the Duchess of Santa Rosalia, 308
 Ingham, Benjamin, jun., 375
 Ingham, Joshua, 372
 Ingham, Mr. (of Marsala), 307
 Ingham, W., Mr. (Baron Ingham Whitaker), 309
 Ingham, Whitaker and Co., Messrs., 341, 348, 355, 359, 374, 376
 Inquisition, abolition of the, 139
 Isnello, 488

GENERAL

Isola Lunga, 359
 Italian crowds, manageableness of, 214; gardeners, 328; soldiers very hardy, 522, 523
 "Italy like a second-hand shop," 492
 Iyeyasu, 202
 James I. (of England), 325
 James (of Aragon), King, vol. I., xxx, 120
 Japan, 60, 192, 460; Castle of Osaka in, 489; cherry-blossom and chrysanthemum festivals, 173; cries of, 61; eating-shops like those in Japan, 7, 498
 Japanese, coolies in thatch cloaks, 450; exhibition, 238; gardens, miniature Fujiyama, 326; head-towel, 194; house, the Mikado's bed in a, 94; houses at the New Year, 52; kimonos, 411; lunch, a, 497; mousmee, 238; poor, so different to Sicilians, 173; rivers, 456; system of paper prayers, 186; temple, 360; theatre, 58, 411
 Japs of Europe, the (Italians), 6
 Jappy lamps, 7; shrines, 7
 Jars of old Greek shape, 344
 Jebel Hamed, the Saracen name for Eryx, 379
 John (of Aragon), King, vol. I., xxx
 Jilting, a serious offence in Sicily, 252
 Kelbita Giafar, 125
 Knives, daggery-looking, 8; of the Sicilian peasants, 235, 436
 Laestrygonians, 489
 La Lumia, the historian, 175
 La Mandria, Victor Emmanuel's hunting-seat, 310
 Land-snails, 416
 Language, the Sicilian, 391, 404; full of alien words, 363
 Lattices, 250
Lavandaii, 486
 Leghorn, 526
 Lemon-boxes, cart full of, 517
 Lemons, exporting, 307; packing establishment, 56

INDEX

GENERAL

Lenten veil, 64, 86, 186, 192, 193, 198, 209, 214, 314, 517
 Levanzo, 359, 390
 Lilybaum, *see* Marsala
 Lion and the Unicorn, Japanese parallel to, 360
 Lipari, 487
 Liveries, ancient, 240
 Livery stables, 334
 Lizards, 282, 423, 458
Loggias, 53, 498
 Lombard (architecture), 96
 Lorenzo da Palermo, 170
 Loria, Roger de, 120, 122, 123
 Lottery-offices, 54, 231
 Louis, King, vol. I., xxx
 Louis Philippe, 316
 Love-letters in Sicily, 10

Mabuse, Jean, the famous picture by, 300
 Macao, the Portuguese at, 363
 Macao, the Murderer's Gate, 416
 Macaroni shops, 59, 128
 Machanath (the ancient Phoenician name of Palermo), 113
 Madiuni, the Selinus river, 427, 431, 446
 Madonna, by Luca della Robbia, 295
 Maestro Giorgio, 241
 Mafia (Maffia), 253; the high and low, 254
Maffiosi, *see* Mafia
 Majolica (Sicilian), 241, 295, 367
 Making of Modern Italy begun at Marsala, 374
 Malfitano, *see* Villas
 Malaria, 421; avoiding the malarious time, 452; poor Sicilians suffer from, 452
 Manfred, vol. I., xxix, King, 41, 120, 138, 142
Manto, 85, 159, 224, 405
 Maple and Co., 191
 Marabitti, 324
 Mare Africano, 419, 420, 438
 Maria Caroline, Queen, 41, 220, 221, 325, 329, 507; court, 21, 331; famous mythological ball at La Favorita, 262, 313; flies to Palermo from Naples, 258
 Marie Antoinette, sister of Maria Caroline, 220

GENERAL

Maries (in processions), 205
 Maritimo, 261, 359
 Markets, 23, 519
 Marsala, facsimile of Nelson's order for, 262; Woodhouse's wine baglio at, 262
 Marsala people, features of the, 57

MARSALA

Marsala, 341-78, 385, 414; Byzantine frescoes, 374; catacombs, 374; compared to Syracuse, 362, 363; digging up coins, 368; dress of the people, 361; during the Napoleonic wars, 371; Garibaldi's landing, *see* Garibaldi; how it was imperilled in 1860, 376; importance of, 412; in the time of Garibaldi, 355, 376; is Carthaginian, 363; making of modern Italy begun at, 374; one of the most interesting places in Sicily, 362; palaces of the lesser nobles, 369, 370; rebuilt often on account of its wealth, 371; religious processions, *see* processions; roof, and "flame of fire" ornaments, 359; subterranean city, the, 373; wine establishments, *see* Baglio Ingham, and Woodhouse
 Adobe wall, 357
Ædicula, 358, 361
 Ægatian Islands, Roman victory at the, 369
 "Ah-tay," 361
 Archylus of Thurii, 365, 366
 Artichoke, 357, 361
Baglio (pl. *bagli*): meaning of the word, 372; Bailey (English), 372; *Ballium* (Latin), 372
Baglio Florio, 411
Baglio Ingham, 342-57, 361, 369, 373, 374, 391, 402, 411, 412, 414
 Æneas Coffey still, 352
 "Angelo" the oldest store in the *baglio*, 353
Baglio palmenti, 349
Batteur, 352
Bottacci, 346
Botti grandi, 346
Botti usuali, 346
Caratone, 346
 Carpenters' shop, 351

IN SICILY

MARSALA

Baglio Ingham—

Carrette, 366
 Casks, 346; making the, 350; rotary machinery for washing, 350
 Coal, 351
 Cognac, 352
Conzatori, 351
 Coopering, 343, 350
Culatoj, 353
 Distilleries, 352
 Engineers' workshops, 351
Feluccas, 412
Grani, 347
 How the men live in the, 345
 Iron presses, 349
 Kilogramme, 348
Kiri, 357
 "La Cannata consa lo vino," 347
Litro, 348
Mosto, 348, 349
Mezze-botti, 346
 Men searched on leaving the *baglio*, 353;
 blue cloaks, 361, 411, 412
Mucina, 349
 "Obligate," 349
Onzi, 347
Ottavi, 346
 Pergola, 351
Quarantini, 347
Quartoroli, 346
Quartucci, 347
 Racking-can, the, 354
 Racking the wine, 346
 Rearing the wine, 354
Refettorio, the, 344
Recipienti, 352
Rotolo, 348
 Smithy, the, 351
 "Solera" system, 353, 354
 Strong spirit, 352
Taglia, the, or tally system, 373
Tari, 347
Tini, 348
Torchio Genovese, 349
Trentini, 346,, 347
Ventini, 347

MARSALA

Baglio Ingham—

Vines: Cataratti, 348; Inzolia, 348; Pignatelli, 348
 Wine-making, 369; racking, 346; rearing, 354; tasting the new, 348; ventilation all important to, 345
 Wooden presses, 349
Baglio Ingham at Castelvetro, *see* Castelvetro
Baglio Woodhouse, and the Battle of Waterloo, 372; cannon at the, 371; Nelson and the, 372; the old mausoleum of the English colony at Marsala, 372; wonderful old casks, 373
 Balestrate, 348
 Barbary corsairs, 366, 374
 Barlow, John, 372
 Bath (England), 356
 Batting a ball through a ring, 370
 Bentinck, Lord William, 363
 Brigands, 358
 Calatafimi, Battle of, 375
 Campobello, 348, 421
 Carthage, 366
 Carthaginian city and its capture, a, 364;
 gate, 366; Marsala is, 363
 Carthaginians, 362, 369; causeway of the, 364; Lilybæum, the Calais of the, 365;
 tower of the causeway, 366
 Castellamare del Golfo, 348
 Castelvetro, 348, 372
 Catapults, the artillery of the ancients, 365, 369
 Cathedral, dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket, 413; tapestries, 411
 Central Station, 342
 Christian, John, 372
 City, the subterranean, 362
 Columns, fragments of, 367
 Coma-inu, 360
 Corpus Domini, *see* Processions
 Cossins, Mr. R. B., 376
 Custom House guards, 361
 Cuttle-fish, 344
 Deshima at Nagasaki, 363
 Dionysius, 364

INDEX

MARSALA

Dutch in Japan, 363
 Favignana, 359
 Ferrovia Sicula Occidentale, 341
 Florio-Rubattino really national, 376
 Gagini, Antonio, statue of S. Giovanni Battista, 374
 Garibaldi, battle at Palermo, 376; landing at Marsala, 355, 362, 366, 374, 378 (affected by collusion with the English, 375); Marsala in the time of, 355, 376
Gebbia, 357
 Greeks, shrines sacred to the, as well as the Carthaginians, 365
 Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, 374
 Himera, 365
 Himilcon, 364-6
 Holy Family, peasants like the, 358
 Hong Kong, the English at, 363
 Ingham, Benjamin, junior, 375
 Ingham, Joshua, 372
 Ingham, Whitaker, and Co., Messrs., 341, 348, 355, 359, 374, 376, 412; *see* La Racalia, and *Baglio Ingham*
 "Immacolata," *see* Processions
 Isola Lunga, 359
 Japanese, *kimonos*, 411; temple, 360, 411
 Jars of old Greek shape, 344
 John the Baptist, 365
 La Racalia, the country house of Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker, and Co., 359, 360; drive out to, 357; its fairy-like beauty, 359
 Letters quoted: from the British Vice-Consul to the Captain of H.M.S. *Argus*, 376; from Vice-Consul Cossins to Consul Goodwin at Palermo, 377
 Levanzo, 359
 Lilyba, the sacred spring, 365
 Lilybæum (Marsala), vol. I., xxviii, 369, 374; foundation of, 365; the Calais of the Carthaginians, 365; the Cape at, one of the three points which gave Sicily its name of Trinacria, 369; the last great fortress of the Carthaginians, 362
 "Lion and the Unicorn," Japanese parallel to, 360
 Lolli Station, 341

MARSALA

Lombardo, 375
 Mezzapelle, Petrus Can^{us}, Arch-Priest of Marsala, 413
 Macao, the Portuguese at, 363
 Majolica, 367
 Marittimo, 359
 Mazzara, 348
 Medici, General Marchese del Vascello, 375
Mille (Garibaldi's Thousand), 375
 Monte San Giuliano, 360
 Moorish chapel, 361
 Motya, 362, 363, 367; a Carthaginian city and its capture, 364; ancient street, 366; beauty of the women, 368; cottage of the headman, 367; destruction of, and the founding of Lilybæum, 368; difficulty of photographing the women, 368; digging up coins, 368; Dionysius at, 364, 365; great gate, 365; harbour of ancient, 364; remains of ancient, 366; the original Carthaginian settlement in Sicily, 362
 Musciuleo, 348
 Nelson, Lord, facsimile letter to the Baglio Woodhouse ordering wine, 262, 372
 "Ninfe," 367
 Octopi, 344
 Palaces of the lesser nobles, 362
 Palazzetti, 370
Panormus (Palermo), 365
 Partinico, 348
 Philistus the historian, 364
 Phœnician wall (of Motya), 366
Piemonte, the, 375
 Processions, religious: Corpus Domini, Good Friday, Holy Thursday, Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, 355
 Punic War, the first, 369; the third, 369
 Pyrrhus of Epirus, 369
 Rubattino, Raffaele, the Genoese, and Garibaldi, 374
 S. Calogero, Strada, 370
 S. Maria, island of, 359
 S. Martin, the feast of, 348
 S. Pantaleo, 359, 362, 366
 S. Salvatore, 411
 Sallee rovers, 369

IN SICILY

MARSALA

Salt-pans, 366
 Saracens, the descent of the, 366
 Scalia, Alfonso, 375
 Scipio Africanus, 369
 Segesta, Greek temple of, 375
 Selinus, 365
 Shrines, wayside, 358
 Sicilian, coinage, 347 ; cottage, interior of a, 367 ; gardens, 356 ; language full of alien words, 363 ; speaking, 363 ; long blue cloaks, 411, 412 ; native dress of the, 395 ; mountain brandies, 355 ; roads, 357 ; weights and measures, 347
 Siesta, 345, 411
 Sorrento pottery, 367
Stagnone, 359
Stendardi, 356
 Syracuse, compared with Marsala, 362, 363 ; harbour of, 364
 Tombs, ancient, 374
 Tommasi-Crudeli, Professor, 375
 Towers to guard the gateways, 353
 Trapani, 358, 359
 Trinacria, 369
 Villas, 358
 Vineyards, 366
 Vittoria, 348
 Walls and gateways, prehistoric, 366
 Washing-pool, 360
 Whitaker, family, connection with Garibaldi, 375
 Whitaker, Messrs., *see* Ingham and Whitaker
 Whitaker, Mr. Joseph J. S., 363, 366, 367, 375
Zabbara (leaves), 367
 Zama, Battle of, 369

GENERAL

Marsalas (wines), 341, 353, 354 ; *see* Marsala
 Martin (of Aragon), vol. I., xxx, 138
 Martin I., King, vol. I., xxx
 Martin II., King, vol. I., xxx
 Martorana, the, *see* Churches of Palermo
 Marvuglia, 175, 179, 290
 Mastrangelo, the hero of the Sicilian Vespers, 184
 Mauceri, Signor Luigi, 488

GENERAL

Mazarin, Cardinal, 22
 Mazzara, the town, 348, 412 ; the Gate, 412 ; the Campobello of, 414
 Mazzara vase, 295
 Medici, General Marchese del Vascello, 375
 Megalithic work (at Cefalu), 487, 488 ; (Eryx), 488 ; (Pantalica), 488
 Mekoshi, 202
 Meli, Giovanni, 175, 322, 324
 Men, native dress of the Sicilian, 395
 Messina, 526
 Metopes (Selinunte) in Palermo Museum : Artemis and Actæon, 442 ; Heracles defeating an Amazon, 442 ; Rape of Europa, 427, 428 ; The Sphinx, 428 ; Zeus and Hera on Mount Olympus, 442 ; compared with those of the Parthenon, 442 ; the best are in the Palermo Museum, 442 ; the later came from Temple of Juno, 442 ; the oldest from the Temple of Heracles, 422 ; were painted, 442
 Middleton, Professor, on the coins of Selinunte, 420 ; on the Temple of Zeus, 445 ; on the destruction of the temples, 446 ; on the metopes, 442
 Milan, Sicilian butter comes from, 246
Mille (Garibaldi's Thousand), 375
 Mimmerno, 469 ; *see* Palaces of Palermo
 Misericordia, 205
 Monreale, *see* Palermo
 Monte Pellegrino, 469, 470 ; *see* Mountains of Palermo
 Monte San Giuliano, 360 ; the legend of, 379
 Montesi, 405
 Montreal (Canada), Mount Royal, 389
 Moorish chapel, 361
 Moorish honeycomb work, 113
 Mora, the game of throwing out fingers, one of the oldest games in the world, 451
 Mosaics, *see* Palermo, Monreale, Cefalu
 Motya, *see* Marsala
 Mountain brandies, Sicilian, 355
 Mountains, *see* Mountains of Palermo
 Murder in Sicily, 6, 252, 253
 Museum, British, contains only six or eight early Sicilian terra-cotta figurines, 298

INDEX

GENERAL

Museum, the Palermo, 14, 21, 179, 436, 439, 442; contains two of the most beautiful cloisters in Sicily, 290; free on Sunday, 290; rich in remains of old Sicily, 290; *see* Palermo

Miyanoshta (Japan), 455; the Fujiya Hotel at, 497

Mycenæ, 487

Mycenian age, the, 488

Myron, 442

Naples, 97, 258

Naples (Appendix): a good place to see when steamer is in port, 527; bread-rioters, 520; cabs, 527; Pensione Baker at, 529; restaurants, 527; rioters do not molest foreigners, 520

Naples, sights: Capri like Monte Pellegrino, 527; Castel del Ovo, 527; Castel Nuovo, 527; Cathedral, 527; Chiaja, the, 527; cities, 527; Incoronata, 527; Museum, 527; Pompeii, 527; Posilippo, natural wonders beyond Posilippo, 527; Royal Palace, 527; S. Carlo (theatre), 527; S. Chiara, 527; S. Domenico Maggiore, 527; S. Elmo, 527; S. Giovanni a Carbonara, 527; S. Lucia, 527; S. Martino, 527; Via del Porto (thieves' market), 527; Via Roma, 527; Villa Reale, 527

Nawa, 52

Nelson, Lord, vol. I., xxx, 29, 41, 46, 51, 111, 220, 522; and *The Admiral*, 257, 322; and the French, 263; and Garibaldi, 263; and the Sicilian Court, 257; at Maritimo, 261; at Marsala, 261; at Palermo, 256, 261; dressed as Mars at Maria Caroline's ball, 262; flagship, 52; his home in Palermo the Palazzó (Villa) de Gregorio, 259, 260; off Cape Passaro, 256; off Messina, 256; off Syracuse, 256, 257; order for wine (facsimile) now at the Woodhouse Baglio, 262, 372; presented with the Dukedom and lands of Bronte, 262; watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, 257 (*see also* vol. I.)

Newman, John Henry (Cardinal), in Sicily, vol. I., xxxi; at Palermo, 264, 266; at

GENERAL

Segesta, 467, 468; entertained by Mr. Benjamin Ingham, 308; fever at Castro-giovanni, 264; on an Italian dinner, 265; on the Bay, 264; on the Roman Catholic service, 265; Page's Hotel, 266, 267; *see also* Segesta and vol. I.

Newspapers, 335

Nicaraguan proverb—"Have patience, fleas, the night is long," 471

Nicholas I. (of Russia), visit to Sicily, 220

Nikko (in Japan), 202

Norman buildings, 98

Norman-Byzantine, 477

Norman room of twelfth century, 89, 90

Normans, the, Conquest of Sicily, vol. I., xxix, 57, 97, 284, 517

Norman work, pure, 98

Novelli, Pietro, 175, 176, 184, 185, 324; "The Paradise," 144; "The Last Judgment," 144

Octopi, 344

Octroi, 497

Odyssey, the: Butler, Mr. Samuel, and the *Authoress of the Odyssey*, 386 (quoted, 487); every place in the poem except Troy can easily be traced to Sicily, 401; fits the Ægæan Islands better than the Ionian, 386, 401; Homer had nothing to do with the *Odyssey*, and only edited the *Iliad*, 401; Ulysses a Sicilian, 401; Ulysses did not live at Ithaca, 401; Ulysses's voyages only round Sicily, 386; written by a woman at Trapani, 386, 401

Orange-peel, drying, 59, 62

Oria, Ruggieri dell', 120, 122

Pack-mules, 225

Pæstum, temples of, 457

Painted carts, *see* Palermo, Carts

Painted wood carvings, 298

Paisley-coloured shawls, 192

Palermo steamers nightly from Naples, 526

PALERMO

Palermo: a clean city, 54; and the Phœnicians, 319; as a winter resort, 251;

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Bay, 217; Bay finer than Naples, 264; cabmen, 62; candied fruit excellent, 62; carts (illustrated), 9, 28, 43, 45-7, (heirlooms, 56), 148, 166, 231, 236, 519; enclosed by mountains, 133; features of the people, 56, 57; finer than Messina, 265; fowls kept by everyone, 18; from the sea, 521; gardens, *see* Gardens, Villas; the *Genius* of, 324; grand salon, arrangement of a, 247; green-grocers, 55; hotels in Newman's day, 267; houses, 522; lawn-tennis in, 251; market, 319; never belonged to the Greeks, 113, 319; night scenes of, 6; palaces, *see* Palaces; Palm Sunday in, 86; poor, the, 186; Queen Margherita's visit, 277; quite a capital, 252; rookeries, 27; season in, 252; shops, 81; steamers nightly from Naples, 526 (Appendix); street cries, 10; streets dazzlingly white and clean, 251; streets of old, 249; trees do not show from the sea, 522; Venetian merchants, 27; very essence of Sicily, 3; Via Macqueda, the Regent Street of, 3; villages round, 230; water-sellers, 43; windows, 321

Acqua-man, 9, 43, 236; cry of the, 48

Acqua Santa, 42, 333

Admiral, Bridge of the, 37, 99, 130, 131; water-towers and shrines near, 517

Admiral George of Antioch, 37, 74, 111, 131

Admiral, origin of the word, 131

Admiral, the, 124, 228, 229, 230, 257, 322

Albanian village, 42; costumes, *see* Museum

Alfonso (of Aragon), 120

Alinari (photographer), 334

Altarello di Baida, village of, 41, 123

Angell (Messrs. Harris and), 293

Apartments, furnished, 332

Apollo in pursuit of Daphne (Metope), 293

Aqueduct, the old, 128; washing clothes in the, 5

Arabic artificers, 100; buildings, 34; inscriptions, 118, 119; -looking farmhouses, 149; -style of Signor Florio's palace, 221

Arabo - Norman (*see also* Sicilian - Gothic) architecture, 33, 34, 96, 98, 99, 100, 101, 125, 127, 129, 143, 163, 184, 187, 218; castle, 38;

PALERMO

cathedral, 41; cloister, 41; splendour, 112; windows in Palermo, 137, 138

Arab palaces, 43

Arabs, relics of the Sicilian, 298

Aragonese kings, *see* Frederick, James, Peter, Alfonso, Martin, vol. I., xxx

Archimedes, the Syracusan, 324

Architecture, Norman, 164; modern contributions to the architecture of Palermo, 255

Arethusa, Fountain of, 257

Arles, cloisters of, compared with Monreale, 166

Arsenal, 42; steps, 521

Artichokes, 8

Athens, 254, 275

Babies, 207

Bagheria, 37, 99, 127, 219, 230 (*see* Bagheria)

Baida, 41

Balconies, 54

Banco Gardner, 48

Bank of Italy, 24, 254, 332

Baptism, a, 211

Barcas, eyes painted on bows, 44

Bari, Barisano da, 151

Baroque (architecture), 30, 31, 184, 188, 195, 217, 218, 252

Basket-stove, 225

Bassi, 10, 81, 220; of the palaces, 245, 250

Baths, 332

Baucino, Prince, 241, 261; Princess, 29, 240; *see* Palaces

Bay of Palermo, 217, 264

Beans, 8; broad, a staple food in Sicily, 61, 250

Beaulieu, 191

Beggars, 170

Bell-ringing, in Lent, 64; with a hammer, 64

Belvedere, 170

Benedictine monastery, 165

Benitiers (Gagini's), 25, 102, 176

Bentinck, Lord William, 29; obliges Ferdinand I. to give constitutional Parliament to Sicily, 313

Boats, 332

Boccaccio, 120, 121, 123 (the *Decameron* quoted, 121)

INDEX

PALERMO

Bolgaro, Maron, 123
 Bonanno da Pisa, 151
 Book-shops, new and second-hand, 332
 Borgo, the, 43, 44, 49, 53, 56, 519
 Botanical gardens, *see* Gardens
 Botticelli, Sandro (the *Primavera*), 316
 Bourse, the, 254
 Brancaccio, 38
 Brass, 7
 Bread riots, 253
 Bread sold in wine-shops, 11
 Brigands, 128, 148, 250, 253, 336
 Broccoli carts, 47, 55
Buco della salvezza, 186
 Burial guilds, costume, 134, 205
 Butera, Prince of, 41
 Byzantines, the, 68
 Cabs, 332
Cacciatori, 273, 282
 Caen, 68
 Cafés, 333
Cajlich, 251
 Cala, the, ancient Arab port of Palermo, 21, 22, 23, 28, 43, 44, 51, 53, 110, 335, 519; chain across, 182
 Caltanissetta, 308
 Campo Santo, 324
 Campi Santi of Italy, 133
 Canadian Notre Dame, 213
 Canaris Brothers, 323
 Candied fruit, 251
 Candy (Ceylon), 327
 Canossa, 97
 Cape Corvo, 181
 Cappella del Solidad, *see* Churches
 Cappella Reale, *see* Churches
 Cappuccini catacombs, 284; best in the world, 284; compared with Barberini Chapel (Rome), 284; mummies, 43, 287 (explanation of, 288)
 Cappuccini monastery, 41; convent, 148
Carabinieri, 47, 202, 205, 238
 Cards, visiting, of the eighteenth century, 219
Carretta, 46; *see* Carts
 Cart, boy harnessed to a, 47
 Carthaginians, 113

PALERMO

Carts (illustrated, *see under* Palermo), yellow, drawn by red-plumed horses, 18
 Casa Normanna, 24, 99, 136, 137, 190, 196, 519
 Caserta (near Naples), Nelson at the Royal Palace of, 258
 Casks, slim wine, 47
Casr, 89
 Cassaro, 89, 110
 Castellamare, *see* Castello
 Castello, 22, 23, 49, 51, 52; dismantled after the Garibaldian Revolution of 1860, 52
 Castello-a-Mare, *see* Castello, 23
 Castello di Mar Dolce, *see* Favara
 Castel d'Accia, 41, 522
 Catafalque, 169
 Cathedral, *see* Churches
 Cattolica, Prince, 99
 Cavalry stable, 52
 Cefalu, 42, 98, 101, 125
 Cemetery, 38; popular, 168; *see* Churches
 Ceramio, battle of, 97
 Ceremonies: Blessing the Water, 210; Blessing the Taper, 211; Making a Function for the Cardinal, 198; Rending the Veil, 209, 214
 Chapel, the Florio, 169; mortuary, 169; roadside, 168; -tombs, 133; -vault (Monteleone), 169
 Charles (of Anjou), 120
 Charm, a horse, 45
 Chemists, 333
 Chiaramonte (family), 113, 138, 184, 185; Manfred I., 41, 98, 120, 138, 142; Manfred III., 138; Andrea, 138; Villa, 322; vol. i., xxx
 Chinese, 50
 Chinook baby, 238
 Christ, Body of the dead, 190; child, 206
 Christ Church, Oxford, the hall staircase, 180
 Christ (mosaic portraits): Cappella Reale, 76; Cefalu, 76; Monreale, 156; of Sicily, 76; real portrait of, 76
 Church, dogs in, 85

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Churches:

- S. Agostino, 26, 189
- Anglican Church, 181, 333
- S. Antonio, 23, 98, 184; market near, 53, 54, 56
- S. Antonio Abate, 99, 143
- Annunziata, 23, 179
- S. Apollinare Nuova (Ravenna), 79
- S. Basilio (convent), 22, 99
- Cappella Reale* (or *Cappella Palatina*), 26, 43, 66-87, 98, 99, 109, 113, 125, 187, 519, 523; Arab roof, 72, 82; Easter candlestick, 72; Fiore di Persico, 71, 73; impossible to describe, 80; King Roger, 72, (his Bible, 73), 74; mosaics, 72-6, 82; mosaics compared with Rome, Ravenna, and Venice, 79; one of the wonders of the world, 67; porphyry, 72; pulpit, 72, 83; real portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul, 74; S. Sophia at Constantinople, 79; the most perfect chapel in the world, 71
- Carmine, the, 33, 187, 188
- Casa Professa, the, 187, 188
- S. Cassiodorus, 136
- S. Cataldo, 23, 31, 98, 110, 184, 519; Saracenic frieze, 112
- S. Caterina, 31; Gagini's statue of S. Catherine, 184; marbles, 184, 185
- Cathedral, the, 25, 43, 94, 100, 102-6, 148, 519, 522; *benitiers* by Gagini, 25, 102; Court of the Lord, 100; crypt, the Norman, built by Walter of the Mill, 98, 103, 105, 106; exterior, 101, 109; Lenten veil, 198; marble commemorative tablets, 101; patron saint, 101; porch once a Saracen mosque, 199; pulpit used for singing-boys, 198; Rending the Veil, 209, 214; rich orange stone, 101; soft bells, 274; stalls outside, 214; view of, 315
- S. Ciro, 228
- S. Cristina La Vetere, 25, 99, 110, 125, 126; built by Offamilio, 127
- S. Domenico, 43, 56, 98, 227, 522; cloister of the Monreale pattern, 176; first

PALERMO

- Sicilian Parliament inaugurated in, by Ruggero Settimo, 175; Santa Croce of Sicily, 175; shrines outside, 193
- Eremiti, the (S. Giovanni dei Eremiti), 93, 98, 135, 519; cloister, 307; garden, 315; most Arabic-looking building in Palermo, 34; was it ever a mosque, 109
- S. Francesco (de' Chiodari), 185; choir stalls, 185
- S. Francesco, 32
- Gancia, the, 175, 185, 193; cloisters, 185; coffered roof, 186; the poor people's church, 175, 185, 186
- Gesu (S. Maria di), 38, 93, 118, 174; caverns in, 170; cemetery, 38, 133, 168, 169, 200; fountain, 169; fresco by Lorenzo da Palermo, 170; interior, 170
- S. Giacomo alla Marina, 22, 181
- S. Giorgio dei Genovesi, 23, 180, 181, 189
- S. Giovanni Decollato, 37
- S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, 38, 99, 124, 127, 128; interior, 129; pulpit, 129, 130
- S. Giuseppe, 188, 189
- Incoronata, chapel of the, 25, 99, 127; convent, 25
- Maddalena, the, chapel, 26, 99
- Magione, 99; cloisters like Monreale, 187; fifteenth-century tombs, 187
- S. Marco, 27, 189
- S. Mariadel'Ammiraglio, 111, *see* Martorana
- S. Maria della Catena, 23, 28, 53, 182, 192
- S. Maria delle Grazie, 99
- S. Maria della Vittoria, 186
- S. Maria Egiziaca (Rome), 197
- S. Maria La Nuova, *see* S. Giacomo alla Marina
- St. Mark's (Venice), 67
- S. Martino, 41
- Martorana, the, 23, 31, 68, 74, 98, 110, 127, 146, 184, 519; church of George (the Emir) of Antioch, 111; Freeman (quoted) on, 112; glories of the, 112; mosaics, 111; never a mosque, charter of endowment still existing, 111; nuns, 111; portraits of King and Admiral, 111; Saracenic inscription and tower, 112

INDEX

PALERMO

S. Matteo in the Corso, 137
 S. Niccolò all' Albergheria, 99, 135, 191
 S. Niccolò da Tolentino, 135, 191
 Olivella, 14, 21, 176, 179, 290
 Oratorio del Rosario (chapel), 176
 Oratory of the Filippini, 21, 179, 290
 Orto del Paradiso (Rome), *see* S. Prassede
 Piedigrotta, the, 50, 181
 Pieta, the, 194
 S. Prassede (Rome), 79
 S. Rosalia, church of (on Monte Pellegrino), 275-7; *see* S. Rosalia
 Saviour, church of the, 35, 99, 136
 S. Senator, 136
 Solidad, the (chapel), 34, 207, 208
 S. Sophia (Constantinople), 79, 156, 160
 Spasimo, Lo, 187
 S. Spirito (Church of the Vespers), 93, 98, 130, 131; cemetery, 168; cross erected to the French, *see* Museum; cypress avenue, 133; interior and exterior, 133, 134; very Anglo-Norman, 132
 S. Victor, 136
 S. Vitale (Ravenna), 79
 Zisa, chapel of the, 118
 S. Zita (S. Cita), 176, 179
 Cipollino, 90
 Ciro, Grotta di, 228
 Cistercian Brotherhood, 131, 187
 Cisterns, rain-water, 165; *see also* *Gebbias*
 City walls, 24, 33, 34
 Civil Guards, 238
 Civitella, 97
 Clausen's Library (Reber's), 35, 334
 Cloisters, Arabo-Norman, *see* Monreale, Eremiti, etc.
 Clubs: Circolo Bellini, 333; Circolo degli Impiegati, 333; Circolo del Buono Amici, 333; German-Swiss, 333; Nuovo Casino (New), 25, 333; Sports, 251, 333; Unione, 35
 Coffee-pots, Oriental-looking Palermo, 30
Colazione, 88
 Comacine Brotherhood, 98; Guild, 84; ideas, 101; masters, 109; workmen, 166
 Comte de Paris, 213
 Conca d'Oro, 94, 148, 167, 314, 522; epi-

PALERMO

tomised, in the garden of Duc d'Orleans, 320; mountains, 319
 Constantia, Empress, tomb of, 104, 105
 Consuls, 333
 Cooking-baskets (tin-lined), 225, 240, 250
 Cook-shops, not restaurants, 7, 251
 Confraternities: del Angelo Custode, 134; del Paradiso, 134; del Rosario, 134; S. Orsola, 132, 134
 Copper, 7
 Coppersmiths, 30; street of the, *see* Vice Calderai
 Corleone, 336
Corriere, the, 335
 Corsairs' towers, 37
 Corso Alberto Amedeo, 26
 Corso Calatafimi, 34, 41
 Corso dei Mille, 37
 Corso Olivuzza, 41
 Corso Scina, 271
 Corso Tukery, 34
 Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, 8, 21, 23-6, 28, 32, 41, 54, 56, 81, 89, 98, 110, 184, 201, 203, 266, 319, 333, 335
 Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, 4
Cortili, 216, 218; of the Museum, 290
 Cotillon presents, 242
 Court of Appeal, 32
 Crescenzo, Antonio, painting of S. Cecilia, 105; fresco of the "Triumph of Death," 33, 102, 144
 Cricket, 50
 Crispi, Signor, 226
 Cuba, La, 41, 98, 113, 118, 119, 121, 148; the most Saracenic building in Sicily, 119
 Cubola, La, 41, 113, 118-20, 148; garden, 315; pavilion, 98
 Curio shops, 333
 D'Aragona, the Admiral Ottavio, 284
 D'Aumale, Duc, 316
Decameron, the, of Boccaccio (quoted), 121-3
 De Gregorio, Marquis, *see* *Gregorio*
 Diana and Actæon (metope), 293
 Dinan, 149
 Diodorus Siculus, 324
Diversi Generi, 59

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Doctors, no English, in Palermo, 333
 Dolls in tin armour, 58, 233
 Donkeys, dwarf (Maltese), 47
 Doria, Cardinal John, Genoese Archbishop of Palermo, 105
 D'Orleans, Duc, 110, 316; *see* Gardens
 D'Uccria, Prince, 219
 Duchess of Santa Rosalia, *see* Ingham, Baron
 Eagles, 281
 Easter, candlestick, 83; catafalque, 191; fair, *see* Fair; Sunday morning sights, 224
 Eating-shops, 7; in Japan, 231
 Ebisu (or Daikoku), 7
 El Edrisi, the geographer, 97
 Emirs, 113, 117, 125
 Empedocles at Girgenti, 324
 English, colony of, in Palermo, 252; dress of the men in Palermo, 252; in occupation of Palermo, 29, 321
 Eremiti, *see* Churches
 Etna, 265
Facchini, 48, 335
 Fair, Easter, in Palermo: beggars at, 239; cooking-baskets, 240; copper coffee-pots, 236, 239; earthenware lamps, 235; fortune-teller, 237; knights (dolls) in armour, 233; marionettes, 233; shows of the fair, 236, 239, water-sellers, 240
 Farmhouses of the Conca d'Oro, 167
 Farnese Bull, 258
 Favara (Castello di Mar Dolce), 38, 98, 113, 127, 128, 130, 199, 227, 229; another Norman, in Girgenti, 230
 Favorita, La, *see* Palaces
Feluccas, 28, 44, 53, 183
 Ferdinand I. and IV., 42, 220, 313, 325; vol. I., xxx
 Ferdinand II. (*Re Bomba*), 308
 Ferrovia (railway station), 321
 Fevers, 250
 Figs (*fichi bianci*), 60
 Filippini, oratory of the, 179
Fiore de Persico, 71, 73
 Fireplaces, 249; in hotels only for English guests, 268
 Fish salesmen, 23, 50; their temples, 49

PALERMO

Fleas, 267
 Flora (Villa Giulia), *see* Villas
 Florio, Signora, 251; Signor, 41, 42, 220, 221, 307; *see* Villa Butera *and* Palaces
 Flower-sellers, 170, 171
 Flowers, wild, at the Gesu, 170; stalls, 54, 60; *see* General Index
 Fonderia, 43, 181, 193
Forrestieri, 149, 201, 229
 Foro Italico, *see* Marina
 Fortune-teller, 176, 227, 237
 Fossa, the, 319
 Frederick (of Aragon), 120; vol. I., xxx
 Frederick II. (Emperor), 38, 90, 125; tomb in cathedral, 104, 105; vol. I., xxx
 Freeman, Professor E. A. (quoted), 118, 123
 French dressmakers, 252
 Frescoes, 33, 144
 Fuga, 104
 Funeral service, 184
 Furniture, eighteenth-century, 252
 Gagini, Antonio, 106, 179, 183, 324; *bénitiers* 25, 102, 176; statue of S. Catherine, 184; panels of S. Anthony and S. Jerome, 179; high reliefs, 186; works in the Museum, 294
 Ganci, Prince, 219
 Gardens: Botanical (Orto Botannico), 30, 37, 304, 320, 324, 325-328 (founded by Ferdinand I., 325); Cubola, of the, 315; Garibaldi, 32, 307, 320; Gregorio, of the Marquis de, 260, 519; Inglese, 42, 246, 304, 320, 321; Hotel des Palmes, 307; Kew, 325; of the Eremiti, 315, *see also* Eremiti; sub-tropical effect, 304; sub-tropical foliage, 307; vegetation rapid in, 307; *see* Villas
 Garden of Duc d'Orleans (Parc d'Aumale), 22, 34, 95, 110, 135; Fossa della Garofola, 316; orange grove, 319; view from, 320
 Garibaldi, 35, 95; at Gibilrossa, on May 27th, 1860, 90, 125; souvenirs of, *see* Museum *and* General Index
 Garibaldians, 93
Gebbias (cisterns), 27, 170, 287, 327, 328
 Genius of Palermo, 32, 324
 Genoa, the Campo Santo of, 133, 169
 Genoese silk-hangings, 217

INDEX

PALERMO

Geraci, 25
 German Emperor, the, music performed at the Politeama, 254
 Germans, 167
 Gethsemane, Gardens of (*Sepolchri*), 129, 135, 190, 193; Gancia, the, 193, 194; S. Domenico, 192; oval church (S. Giovanni di Rio), 195; S. Giuseppe, 195; S. Maria della Catena, 193; S. Niccolo da Tolentino, 191; S. Matteo, 196; the Church of the Picta, 194
 Giants, caves of the, 38, 227
 Gibilrossa, 35, 90, 125
 Giordano, Luca, 180
Giornale, 335
 Giotto's tower at Florence, 101
 Giovanni, Vincenzo di, *La Topografia Antica di Palermo dal Secolo X. al XV.*, 110
 Girgenti, 308; golden stone of the temples, 101
 Giulia, *see* Villas
 Glass, broken, on walls, 169
 Goats, 224, 225, 273; fairing, 238; milk, 10, 18, 273; the emblem of the wicked, 281, 282
 Goethe, 271, 322; his house, 28, 282, 283; on S. Rosalia's shrine (quoted), 278, 279
 Good Friday processions, 198; procession of the Body of our Lord, 200
 Gorgias of Leontini, 324
 Gothic architecture, 25, 26, 32, 35, 169, 196, 213; fountain, 38; late, 179; palaces, 33
 Gravina (Admiral), Prince of, commanded the Spanish at Trafalgar, 185, 219, 303
 Gregorio, Marquis Antonio de, 42, 52, 173, 245, 259, 260, 307, 519, 522
 Gregory the Great, 110
 Gregory VII., Pope, 97
 Greek, Palermo never, 113, 319; rites, 80; terra-cottas, 298; tongue, 113
 Grilles, gilt, 185
 Grotta dei Giganti, *see* Giants, caves of the, Grotta dei Quattro Arce, 41
 Guevara, Donna Giulia (1777), 322
 Guiscard, Robert, 35, 97, 127, 136, 188; his chapel, 89
 Guli, the Confectioner, 251, 266, 333

PALERMO

Haberdasher, the travelling, 59
 Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, 271, 274, 280
 Hamilton, Sir William and Lady, and Nelson, 29, 220; where they lived in Palermo, 260; Lady, dressed as Venus at Maria Caroline's ball, 262
 Harbour of the Ancients, uncertain when it became dry land, 57, 110; ran right up to the Eremiti, 110, 135
 Harris, Messrs. Angell and, 293
 Heads, kerchiefed, 192, 204
 Heircte, *see* Monte Pellegrino
 Henry VI., the Emperor, presents the Magione to the Teutonic knights, 187; tomb of, 104, 105
 Herb-shops, 250
 Hercules (metope), about to slay Hippolyta, 293; carrying off Candalus and Atlas, 293
 Holy Thursday, 129, 135, 190; pageants, 196
 Honey for breakfast, 11
 Hotels: de France, 334; des Palmes, 334; Centrale, 334; Igea, 42, 251, 333; Milano, 334; Page's Hotel, *see* Newman, Cardinal; Pension Suisse, *Palazzo Monteleone*, 334; Ritz (Paris), 251, 334; Trinacria, 29, 216, 334
Hub, The, 275
 Humbert, King, 83, 84
 Hydra Cave, 267
 Ingham, Benjamin, senior, 308; marries the Duchess of Santa Rosalia, 308
 Ingham, Mr. (of Marsala), 307
 Ingham, W., Mr. (Baron Ingham Whitaker), 309
 Inquisition, abolition of the, 139
 Introductions, 334
 Italian, crowds, manageableness of, 214; gardeners, 328; M.P.'s, 18; tweed, 50
 Iyeyasu, 202
 James I. (of England), 325
 James (of Aragon), 120; vol. I., xxx
 Japan, 60, 192; cherry blossom and chrysanthemum festivals, 173; cries of, 61; eating-shops like those in, 7

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Japanese, exhibitions, 238; gardens, miniature Fujiyama, 326; head-towel, 194; house, the Mikado's bed in a, 94; houses at the New Year, 52; mousmee, 238; poor, so different to Sicilians, 173; system of paper prayers, 186; theatre, 58
 Jappy lamps, 7; shrines, 7
 Japs of Europe (Italians), 6
 Jesuit college, 25
 Jilting, a serious offence in Sicily, 252
 Jonah, 185
 Judas, 196
 Jupiter and Semele (metope), 293
 Kemonia, the, 110
 Kew Gardens, 325
 Khalesa, 30
 Kid, skinning a, 54
 King's servant, 66
 Knives, daggery-looking, 8
 La Lumia, the historian, 175
 La Mandria, near Turin, 310
 Lattices, 250
 Lazarus, 82
 Lemons, exporting, 307; packing establishment, 56
 Lenten tribune, 193, 194; Lenten Veil, 64, 86, 186, 192, 193, 198, 209, 214, 314, 517
 Libraries, 334
 Limpets, 58
 Liveries, ancient, 240
 Livery stables, 334
 Lizards, 282
Loggia, 53
 Lombard (architecture), 96
 Lord, the famous image of our, 34
 Lorenzo da Palermo, 170
 Loria, Roger de, 120, 122, 123
 Lottery-offices, 54, 231
 Louis-Philippe, 316
 Love-letters in Sicily, 10
 Mabuse, Jean, 300
 Macaroni shops, 59, 128
 Machanat, the ancient name of Palermo, 113
 Maestro Giorgio, 241
Maffiosi, *see* Mafia
 Mafia (*Maffia*), 253; the high and low, 254

PALERMO

Magione, Sicilian for mansion, 187; *see* Churches
 Majolica, 241, 295
 Majone, Admiral, 111
 Malfitano, *see* Villas
 Manfred Chiaramonte I., 41, 138, 142
 Manfred Chiaramonte III., 138
 Manfred, King, 120
Manto, 85, 159, 224
 Maple and Co., 191
 Marabitti, 324
 Mar Dolce, Castello di, *see* Favara; the pool known as, 38, 228
 Maria Caroline, Queen, 41, 220, 221, 325, 329; flies to Palermo from Naples, 258
 Maria Caroline's Court, 221, 331; famous mythological ball at La Favorita, 262, 313
 Marie Antoinette, sister of Maria Caroline, 220
 Maries (in processions), 205
 Marina, the (Foro Italico), 28-30, 37, 99, 216, 261; view from, 29
 Marionette theatre, 58
 Maritimo, 261
 Market, 23, 519
 Marsala (wine), facsimile of Nelson's order for, 262
 Marsala people, features of the, 57
 Martin (of Aragon), 138
 Martorana, the, *see* Churches
 Marvuglia, 175, 179, 290
 Mastrangelo, the hero of the Sicilian Vespers, 184
 Mazarin, Cardinal, 22
 Mazarino, the Conte, 22
 Medici, Trifonio (shipping agent), 335
 Mekoshi, 202
 Meli, Giovanni, 175, 322, 324
 Mercato Nuovo, 26
 Milan, Sicilian butter comes from, 246
 Milch goats, 10
 Minemium, *see* Palaces, Mimnermo
 Minerva overcoming Mars (metope), 293
 Misericordia, 205
 Mole, quarantine station at the end of the, 522

INDEX

PALERMO

- Molo, the, 43
 Monastero della Pietà, 30
 Money changers, 335
 Monreale, 34, 68, 94, 98, 99, 101, 118, 125, 201, 314, 319, 520; badness of the road, 151; cable-tramway to, 147; how to get to, 147; not much of a town, 166; road, 284; the Velasquez of, 88; walking to, 149
 Monreale cathedral: apse, 151; Arabo-Norman windows, 152; compared with Santa Sophia at Constantinople, 160; compared with St Paul's-Without-the-Walls, Rome, 147; compared with the Cappella Reale and Cefalu, 147, 155, 156; doors by da Bari, 151; and by Bonanno da Pisa, 151; doors compared with doors of Baptistery, Florence, 152; doors among the finest in Italy, 152; Ferguson's summary of the mosaics (quoted), 155; interior, 147, 155; mosaics, subject of, 155; silver altar, 160; southern tower, 152; tombs of Norman kings, 160
 Monreale cathedral cloisters, 147, 152, 160; arches once filled with wooden lattices, 163; Campo Santo at Pisa, 160; columns and capitals, variety of, 163; compared with Magdalen College, Oxford, 163; Moorish fountain, 163; mosaics, 147, 165
 Moorish honeycomb work, 113
 Moor, the house of the, 28, 218
 Monte Cuccio, *see* Mountains
 Monte Reale, ancient castle of, 319
 Montreal, Canada, 213; Montreal the French form of Monreale, 213
 Mosaics, *see* Cappella Reale, Martorana, Monreale, Zisa, Cefalu, etc.
 Mountains:
 Monte Catalfano, 94
 Monte Cuccio, 319
 Monte Gallo, 171, 522
 Monte Grifone, 93, 125, 201
 Monte Pellegrino, 29, 42, 58, 94, 118, 171, 183, 201, 224, 245, 251, 304, 329, 331, 522; ascent of, 271, 274; considered by Goethe the most beautiful mountain he had ever seen, 271; goats, 273; Hamilcar on, 265,

PALERMO

- 271; Heircte of the ancients, the, 271; Newman on, 265, 267; shrine of S. Rosalia, 272, (Goethe on, 278, 279), 280; Temple of S. Rosalia, 274, 275; temple interior, 277; view from, 280; view of, 281
 Monte Zafferana, 29
 Murder in Sicily, 6, 252, 253
 Museum, British, contains only six or eight early Sicilian terra-cotta figurines, 298
 Museum (Museo Nazionale), 14, 21, 179, 519; contains two of the most beautiful cloisters in Sicily, 290; free on Sunday, 290; rich in remains of old Sicily, 290
 Museum (Museo Nazionale):
 Albanian costumes in Sicily, 303
 Altar of St. Louis, 295
 Ancient Sicilian bed, 303
 Ancient Sicilian frescoes and engravings, 300
 Ancient Sicilian pictures, 300
 Ancient state carriages, 295
 Antique bronze ram from Syracuse, 296
 Antique tortoise-shell picture-frames, 300
 Arab gate, 296
 Armorial door-tiles (*mattoni*), 300
 Caltagirone majolica, 300
 Car for S. Rosalia's festival, 303
 Coins (Sicilian), 296, 300
 Cross erected in memory of the French who fell in the Sicilian Vespers, 295
 Crucifix of amethyst, 296
 Embroideries, 296
 Etruscan pottery, 296
 Ferdinand I., souvenirs of the reign of, 303
 Francis I., souvenirs of, 303
 Fresco by Tomaso de Vigilia, 300
 Gagini's sculptures, 294
 Hammered iron, objects in, 296
 Hercules and the hind (bronze), 296
 Mabuse, the famous picture by, 300
 Madonna by Luca della Robbia, 295
 Majolica (Sicilian), 295, 300
 Mazzara vase, 295
 Mediæval sculptures, 295
 Modern Sicilian earthenware, 303
 Modern Sicilian school of paintings, 300

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Mosaic of Orpheus, 295
 Mosaics, 300
 Old enamels (*smalti*), 300
 Old Sicilian tortoise-shell frames, 296
 Painted wood, decorations in, 298
 Paintings from Solunto, 295
 Pictures, by the Byzantine School, 300 ;
 of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,
 300 ; of the mosaics of Monreale, 300 ;
 by Pietro Novelli, 300
 Phœnician, sarcophagi, 295 ; sculpture, 294
 Pompeian Room, 303
 Portrait of Admiral Frederick Gravina,
 303
 Pottery (Sicilian), 298
Quadreria Gallo, 300
 Relics of the Sicilian arabs, 298
 Revolution, of 1860, souvenirs, 303 ; of
 1848, souvenirs, 303
 Selinunte metopes, 293, 294
 Sicilian costumes, 303
 Statue of Jupiter, 295
 Stuccos by Serpotta, 295
 Terra-cotta (Sicilian) fragments from
 Selinunte, 294 ; terra-cotta figurines and
 lamps, 298
 Tunny-fishing at Solunto, 303
 Urbino Faience, 295
 Vases, 300
 View of cathedral before restoration, 303
 Wood carvings, 295, 300
 Naples, 97 ; the Hamiltons' palace at, 258
 National Library, 25
 Naumachia, the Roman, 125, 228
 Nawa, 52
 Nelson, Lord, 29, 41, 46, 51, 111, 220, 522 ; and
 The Admiral, 257, 322 ; and the French,
 263 ; and Garibaldi, 263 ; and the Sicilian
 Court, 257 ; at Maritimo, 261 ; at Marsala,
 261 ; at Palermo, 256, 261 ; dressed as
 Mars at Maria Caroline's ball, 262 ; flag-
 ship, 52 ; his home in Palermo (the
 Palazzo (Villa) de Gregorio), 259, 260 ; off
 Cape Passaro, 256 ; off Messina, 256 ; off
 Syracuse, 256, 257 ; order for wine (fac-
 simile), now at the Woodhouse Baglio, 262 ;

PALERMO

presented with the dukedom and lands of
 Bronte, 262 ; watering at the Fountain of
 Arethusa, 257
 Newman, John Henry (Cardinal), at Palermo,
 264 ; very weak, 266 ; entertained by Mr.
 Benjamin Ingham, 308 ; fever at Castro-
 giovanni, 264 ; on an Italian dinner, 265 ;
 on the Bay, 264 ; on the Roman Catholic
 service, 265 ; Page's Hotel, 266, 267
 Newspapers, 335
 Nicholas I. (of Russia), visit to Sicily, 220
 Nikko (in Japan), 202
 Norman, buildings, 98 ; capture of Palermo,
 127 ; Favara, another in Girgenti, 230 ;
 house, *see* Casa Normanna ; kings, tombs
 of the, 102, 104, 105, 519 ; rooms, *see* Royal
 and Baucino Palaces ; work, pure, 98 ;
 workmen, 67
 Normans, the, 57, 97, 284, 517
 "Nostra Signora della Pace," 284
 Note-books, halfpenny, alike all the world
 over, 60
 Novelli, Pietro, 175, 176, 184, 185, 324 ;
 "The Paradise," 144 ; "The Last Judg-
 ment," 144
 Novel-reading, 252
 Obituary notices, 59
 Offamilio, origin of name, 98 ; *see also*
 Walter of the Mill
 Omnibuses, 335
 Opera House, *see* Politeama
 Orange-peel, drying, 59, 62
 Oreto, the River, 37, 131, 133 ; water-tower,
 174
 Oria, Ruggieri dell' (Roger de Loria), 120,
 122
 Pack-mules, 225
 Painted carts, *see* Palermo, carts
 Paisley-coloured shawls, 192
 Palaces : ballrooms, 248 ; ceilings, frescoed,
 5, 14, 248 ; courtyards, trades in the, 246 ;
 of the Gothic era, 249 ; old tiles, 248 ;
 ordinary arrangement of, 246 ; salons, 17,
 248 ; staircases, 218 ; terraces, 20 ; trades
 in the *bassi*, 18 ; why the Palermitans live
 in, 245

INDEX

PALERMO

PALACES:

Abatelli, 30, 194
 Aiutamicro, 32
 Archbishop, of the, 25, 94, 206
 Arezzo, 138
 Baucino, 99, 260, 322; ballroom copied from the Alhambra, 241; ivory furniture, 241; Norman room, 241
 Bentinck, 29, 30
 Butera, 29; *see* Trabia
 Cattolica, of Prince, 32
 Chiaramonte, 138, 146
 Dogana, *see* Inquisition, Palace of the
 Favorita, La, 42, 262, 329; Chinese reception-room, 330; disappearing dining-table, 330; Ferdinand I. and IV., built by, 313 (his bed, 330); interior, 329, 330; jappy balconies, 330; Pompeian ceiling, 329; Spanish tiles, 329
 Federigo, of Conte, 33, 99, 136
 Florio, of Signor, Villa Butera, Arabic style of, 221; drawing-room of it exactly as it was in Nelson's day, 220
 Ganci, of Prince, 218; staircase finest in Palermo, 218
 Gregorio, Marquis de, 42, 245, 259, 260, 307, 522
 Ingham, of Baron, 309
 Inquisition, of the (the Dogana), 24, 32, 80, 98, 137, 138; interior, 139; roof like Bayeux tapestry, 139, 140, 141, 519; staircase, 143; windows, 143; window, the newly-discovered, the finest in Sicily, 142; windows compared with those of Pal. Montalti, Syracuse, 142
 Mazarino, 22, 216; old palace of, 216
 Mimmermo, 98, 113, 123
 Monteleone, 4, 5, 11, 12, 17, 250, 307
 Orleans, Duke of (Parc d'Aumale), 316
 Pietratagliata, 22, 99, 136
 Pubbico (at Perugia), 139
 Renaissance, 32, 136
 Royal, the (Palazzo Reale), 26, 34, 88, 98, 99, 125, 135, 148, 168, 304, 319; chapel, Robert Guiscard's, in, 89; Greek Tower in, 90; King Humbert's bedroom, 94;

PALERMO

Norman room, 43, 89, 90; Pisan Tower, 90; Red Tower, 90; Royal rooms, 88, 89, 93-5; S. Nimfa, Torre di, 26, 90, 94; view from, 94; view of, 315
 Scalia, 219; once belonged to King Ferdinand I., 220
 Sciafani, 33, 99, 102, 136, 143, 144; Crescenzo's fresco, "The Triumph of Death," 144; Gothic details of, 145
 Sesso (at Naples), 257
 Speciale, 35, 136
 Steri, 138
 Trabia-Butera, 29, 216; a Sicilian bedroom, 217; interior, 217
 Trabia (now Mazarino), 216, 221
 Trabia e Silvera, 27
 Tribunale, 138
 Trigona family, of the, 32
 Venetian Palace (Mr. Joshua Whitaker), 23, 27, 266, 308
 Villafranca, 219
 Zisa, the, 98, 110, 229; alcove, 117; chapel, 118; fountain, 114; great hall, 113, 114; iron gates, hammered, 117; mosaic panel of the Archers and the Peacocks, 114; panels of cipollino, 114; present building never belonged to the Emirs, 117; Saracenic ceiling, 114; Spanish additions, 117; view from, 118
 Palma, Jacopo, 180
 Palm-brooms, 66, 128, 226
 Palm Sunday, 66
 Pampinea, 123
Panormitan on the Trinacria, 324
Panormus, the "All-haven," 22, 319
 Papireto, the (papyrus marsh), 22, 24, 25, 110, 125, 319
 Parcel post, 335
 Parco, 42
 Parthenon, metopes compared with those of Selinunte, 293
 Paschal lambs, 65
Passeggiata (afternoon drive), 42, 246, 252
Pasticceria, a, 55
 Pastry, 251
 Patriarchal institutions, 253

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Patricolo, Professor (restoration of the Palazzo Inquizione), 141
 Pelegrini, Vicolo dei, 126
 Pericles, 275
 Per Mia Moglier, 59
 Perseus slaying Medusa (metope), 293
 Peter (of Aragon), 120; vol. I., xxx
 Phœnicians, 113; sculpture, *see* Museum
 Phœnician wall, 26
 Photograph shops, 61
 Photographers: Clausen's Library (agent for Alinari), 335; Giannone, 335; G. Incorpora (agent for Sommer, Naples), 335; Interguglielmi, 335; Pelos, 335
 Piana dei Greci, 42, 80
 PIAZZAS: Aragona, 30; Bologni, 35, 136, 148, 333; Carmine, 33, 188; Casa Professa, 110; Castello, 181; della Croce dei Vesperi, 30, 218; della Kalsa, 30; della Rivoluzione, 32; dello Spasimo, 186; della Vittoria, 34, 109; d'Indipendenza, 34, 42, 110, 316; Fonderia, 22; Forty Martyrs, 188; Garraffello, 24, 216; Marina, 32, 110, 137, 182, 185, 307; Monteleone, 17, 48; Nuova, 53, 56, 58, 110, 319, (the old market in), 57; Pretoria, 32, 200; S. Andrea, 22; S. Domenico, 22, 23, 110, 333; S. Onofrio, 110; S. Spirito, 28; Thirteen Victims, 23
 Piazza (astronomer), 175
 Pieta, the, 65
 Pietratagliata, Duchess of, 249; *see* Palaces
 Pignatelli-Cortes, family, 12; arms of, 19
 Pindemonte, Ippolito (of Verona), 288
 Pisa, the Campo Santo at, 160
 Pitcher, of a classical Greek shape, 9
 Pizzofalcone, 258
 Politeama, *see* Theatres
 Ponte del Ammiraglio, *see* Bridge of the Admiral
 Porazzi, 42
 Porphyry, white-flowered crimson, 83; tombs, 104
 Port, the dried-up, *see* Harbour, ancient
 Porta dei Greci, 29; della Vittoria, 186; Felice, 28, 218; Garibaldi, 32, 37; Mazzara,

PALERMO

34, 99, 316, 519; Nuova, 26, 35, 41, 42, 94, 99, 148, 168, 201, 206, 284; Reale, 30; S. Agata, 32, 33, 38, 99, 131, 519; S. Antonino, 32, 33
 Posilippo, 258
 Post Office, 231, 335
 Pottery, 23, 24, 43, 298; cheap, 44; rough, but of beautiful antique shapes, 335
 Prefettura, 34
 Prickly-pears (tin), 278
 Priests' schools, 166
 Pulpit of the Cappella Reale, 72, 83
 Pythagoras of Leontini, 324
 Quack-dentist, 176
 Quails, 273
 Quattro Aprile, Via, 185
 Quattro Canti, 21, 25, 32, 35, 81, 98, 188, 201-3, 250, 275
 Quattro Canti di Campagna, 251, 333
 Rabida, La, 284
 Radishes; gigantic, 61
 Railway stations: Centrale, 335; Corleone, 335; Lolli, 336
 Randazzo, Istituto, 30
 Rape of Europa (metope), 294
 Rebecchino restaurant, 35
 Reber's Library, 334, 351
 Renaissance architecture, 102, 189, 276; chapels, 168; staircases, 218, 499
 Restaurants, 251, 333
 Restituta, 119, 120
 Revolution, 30
 Revolutionists of 1848 and 1860, 132
 Riso, Francesco, 186
 Roadside, chapels, 168; crosses, 168; fountains, 150; shrines, 371
 Robbia, Luca della, 176
 Robert the Wise, 96; at the battle of Durazzo, 97
 Rocca, 41, 148; to Monreale, 151
 Roccadifalco, 41
 Rocky mountains, peaks of Palermo like, 168
 Roger (the great Count), 96, 111, 130; at Ceramio, 97; took thirty years to conquer Sicily, 97

INDEX

PALERMO

Roger (the King) I., 41, 56, 74, 80, 84, 89, 90, 111; battles with the Saracens, 58; coronation, 127; first Norman king of Sicily, 97; his Norman knights, 76; proclamation in three languages, 80; tomb in cathedral, 104, 105; very Catholic, 79
 Romans and Palermo, 319
 Rome, Temple of Fortuna Virilis at, 197; sepulchres (Gardens of Gethsemane) at, 197
 Rope-walks, 33
 Ruggiero Settimo, 175, 235
 Rusidda, fountain of Donna (*The Admiral*), 322
 S. Anthony, Gagini's statue of, 179
 S. Catherine, Gagini's statue of, 184
 S. Giosafat, 277
 S. Giovanni, the Marquis di, 117
 S. Gregory the Great, monastery founded by, 109
 S. Nicholas, ancient tower of (S. Niccolò all'Albergheria), 33
 S. Nimfa, Torre di, 26, 90, 94
 S. Rosalia: car, 28; church (or chapel), 275-277; discovery of her bones, 277; Goethe's description of her image and shrine, 278, 279; her influence in Italy, 277; niece of William the Good, 276; offerings of the faithful, 276; presbytery, 276; Queen Margherita's visit to her shrine, 277; shrine, 271; the silver shrine (in cathedral), 102
 S. Stephen, Genoese picture of, 180
 Saints and rosaries, 176
 Salinas, Professor A., Director of the Palermo Museum, 290, 295, 298, 303; Sphinx (metope) unearthed by, at Selinunte, 293, 294
 Salita, S. Antonio, 24, 99, 137
 Sanbron (of Milan), 334
 Saracen, architecture, 96, 118, 119, 141; buildings, 52; cisterns, *see Gebbias*; city, 113; gate, 186; -looking watch-houses, 274, 281; roofs, 140; streets, 250
 Saracens, the, 68, 97
 Sclafani, Matteo, Count of Adermò, 138, 143; *see* Palace
 Sea-urchins, 58

PALERMO

Selinunte metopes, *see* Museum and Metopes, General Index
 Sepulchres of Holy Thursday, *see* Gardens of Gethsemane
 Serradifalco, 42; the Duke of, 294
 Sheep's milk butter, 56
 Shipping agents, 336
 Shoeblack, 51
 Shoemakers, street of the, *see* Via Cintorinai
 Shops, 335
 Shrines, old, 33; street, 60; wayside, 37
 Shroud of the Lord, the, 195
 Sicanians, 104
 Sicilian, cakes, 224; coins, *see* Museum; -Gothic architecture, 22, 26, 32, 35, 38, 96, 180, 182, 183, *see also* Arabo-Norman; -Norman buildings, 99, 180; pottery, *see* Pottery; Vespers, 98, 131, 134, 218; cross erected in memory of the French, 295
 Sicily, hawking coal in, 47, 53
 Siena, armorial tiles at, 23
 Sikelians, 104
 Silver map of the world (El Edrisi's), 97
 Silversmiths, street of the, 23, 54
 Sinibald, 277
 Sirocco, 314
 Solunto, 219; the Sicilian Pompeii, 37
 Spanish, tiles, 5, 14, 260; viceroys, 259
 Sphinx, the (metope unearthed by Professor Salinas), 294
 Squarcialupo's rebellion at Palermo, vol. I., xxx
 Squid, 58
 Stalls, flower, 8; food, 7; fried fish, 8; street book-, 60
 Steamers, coasting, 336; from Naples every evening, 336
 Stesichorus of Himera, 324
 Stoves, 7
 Street, of the coppersmiths, 174; of the old clothes-sellers, 24; of the silversmiths, 23, 54; of the shoemakers, 335
 Streets, *see* Corso, Salita, Via
 Suisse, 210, 211
 Sunium, Temple of, 275
 Tanagra figurines, 298

IN SICILY

PALERMO

Tancred of Hauteville, 96
 Taormina, features of the people of, compared with Palermitans, 57
 Tapestry in the palaces, 252
 Tarsia seats, 218
 Tasca, Count, 32, 41, 314; *see* Villa
 Telegraph Office, 335
 Testa, Cavaliere, 266
 Teutonic Knights, mansion of the, 99; once attached to a religious order, 187
 Theatres: Anfiteatro Mangano, 336; Bellini, 31, 184, 195; Garibaldi, 336; Massimo (Opera House), 21, 24, 27, 245, 254, 336; Politeama, 56, 219, 245 (the music of the German Emperor performed at, 254, 336); S. Cecilia, 336; Umberto, 336
 Thomas, Mr. (banker), 267
 Theocritus and Moschus of Syracuse, 324; *see* vol. I.
 Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, 328
 Timæus (of Taormina), 324; vol. I., xxviii
 Tivoli, Temple of the Sybil at, 188
 Tombs, fifteenth-century, 187; of the Norman kings, 104, 105, 160
 Tortoise-shell casket, 218
 Trabia-Butera, Prince of, 29, 217
 Tramways, 336
 Trapani, 336
Trattoria, 226
 Travelling cooks, 250
Tribuna, 335
Trifoglio, the Sicilian weed, *see* Flowers
 Trinacria, the, 324; explanation of, *see* Prefatory Note.
 "The Triumph of Death," *see* Crescenzo, Antonio
 Tunny-fish, 5, 51, 58
 Turks, victory over the, at Cape Corvo, 181
 University, the, 191
 Valguarnera, Agata, 219; family, represented by Prince d'Uccria, *see* Villa
 Vandyck, 176; picture of the Virgin by, 184
 Van Eyck, 300
 Vascello, the Marchese Medici del, 310
 Vegetable-sellers, cries of the, 17

PALERMO

Velasquez, Giuseppe (the Monreale Velasquez), 82, 175
 Vendetta, 252, 254
 Venetian glass, 220
 Verrocchio, 179
 Via Albergheria, 33; Alloro, 30, 519; Bambinai, 176; Bandiera, 3; Bandini, 23; Bara, 21, 266, 308; S. Basilio, 136, 249; Benfratelli, 33; Biscodari, 33; Bonella, 26; Borgo, 42, 271; Butera, 30; Calderai, 30, 110, 174, 335; Candelai, 26, 110; Cassari, 24, 43, 54, 335; Cavour, 21, 23, 27, 41, 308; Cintoninai, 32, 185, 335; Colonna Rotta, 110; del Celso, 99; della Libertà, 42; del Molo, 42; Gagini, 5, 23, 27; Garibaldi, 32; Lincoln, 30, 32; Lungarini, 32; Lolli, 309; Macqueda, 3, 21, 26, 28, 31, 32, 35, 38, 42, 54, 60, 81, 135, 191, 200, 203, 216, 219, 251, 333, 335; Marmorea, 110; Monteleone, 21; Oreto, 32, 38, 168; Porta di Castro, 33, 110, 135; Protonotaro, 35, 99, 136, 203-5, 207; Roma, 23, 56, 110; S. Agostino, 26, 27; Tornieri, 110; Torremuzza, 30; Trabia, 21, 216; Volturmo, 41
 Vico Merlo, 32, 185
 Victor Emmanuel II., 310
 Victor Emmanuel III., vol. I., xxxi, 84
 Vigilia, Tomaso, 180
 Villa does not imply a house in Italy, 245, 307, 321
 Villas, 331; the new, 249
 Villas:
 Belmonte, 42, 329, 331, 522
 Butera (Signor Florio), rival of the Brighton Pavilion, 221; shower-bath in the garden, 222; statuary, 222; also 310
 Chiaromonte, 322
 Giulia (Flora) (Reale), 30, 37, 260, 267, 304, 320-2; origin of the name, 323; the Kensington Gardens of Palermo, 323
 Malfitano (Mr. Joseph Whitaker) 42, 255, 304, 309, 330; blue water-hens, 310; deer bred by Victor Emmanuel, 310; Natural History Museum, 310; the rose-walk, 310
 Orleans (Duc d'), *see* Gardens

INDEX

PALERMO

Ranchibile, 42
 Reale, 260, 267; *see* Giulia
 Serradifalco, 222
 Sofia (Mr. Robert Whitaker), 304, 309, 310, 313
 Sperlunga (Mr. Joshua Whitaker), 307, 308
 Tasca, 42, 148, 167, 304, 313, 314, 331; wild flowers everywhere, 314
 Valguarnera, 219, 230
 Villafranca (the reformer), 35
 Villareale (sculptor), 175
 Virgin, the car of the, 202, 205, 207; street pictures of the, 32
 Walls, the city, 23, 28; the old, 27
 Walter of the Mill (Offamilio), 38, 98, 106, 131, 132; his Norman crypt in cathedral, 103; his tomb, 105
 Water-carriers, *see* Acqua man; -tables, 9, 48; -towers, 128
 Wapiti, 310
 Wheel of bells, 129
 Whitaker, Mr. G. Cecil, 309
 Whitaker (Messrs. Ingham, Whitaker), and Co., 266
 Whitaker, Mr. Joseph, 42, 314, 331; *see* Villa Malitano
 Whitaker, Mr. Joshua, Venetian palace of, 23, 27, 266, 308, 331; garden of, *see* Villa Sperlunga
 Whitaker, Mrs. Joshua, 251, 308
 Whitaker, Robert, Mr., 42; *see* Villa Sofia
 William I., of Sicily (the Bad), vol. I., xxix; II., 118
 William II., of Sicily (the Good), vol. I., xxix; II., 118, 119; crowned by Christ and the Pope (mosaic), 156
 William II. (of Germany), vol. I., xxxi; visit to Sicily, his music performed at the Politeama, 254
 Windsor Castle, 124
 Wine-jug, 329
 Wine-shop, a popular, 10; bread sold in, 11
 Women with burdens on their heads, 128
 Zappetta, Francis, 179
 Zeuxis (of Heraclea), 324
 Zisa, the, *see* Palaces

GENERAL

Palma, Jacopo, 180
 Palm-brooms, 66, 128, 226, 507
 Pampinea, 123
 Pantalica, megalithic house at, 488
 Panormus (Palermo), vol. I., xxviii
 Parcel post, 336
 Parthenon, 419, 442; frieze of the, 459; metopes compared with those of Selinunte, 293
 Partinico, 348
 Paschal Lambs, 65
 Patricolo, Professor, 432; his restoration of the Palazzo del Inquisizione, 141
 Peasant women, 521
 Pelasgic house, the, 489
 Pelegrini, Vicolo dei, 126
 Pellegrino, Monte, *see* Palermo
 Pericles, 275
Per Mia Moglier, 59
 Peter (of Aragon), King, vol. I., xxx, 120
 Peter II., King, vol. I., xxx.
 Phidias, 442
 Philistus the historian, 364
 Philip II. (of Spain), King, vol. I., xxx
 Philip III. (of Spain), King, vol. I., xxx
 Philip IV. (of Spain), King, vol. I., xxx
 Philip V. (of Spain), King, vol. I., xxx
 Phœnician house, 487; sarcophagi, sculpture, *see* Palermo Museum; wall, 26; (of Motya), 366
 Phœnicians, 113
 Photographers, *see* Palermo, Cefalu, etc.
 Piana dei Greci, the village where the Albanians have lived for 400 years, 42, 80, 469
 Piazzzi (astronomer), 175
 Pictures, *see* Palermo Museum
 Pindemonte, Ippolito (of Verona), 288
 Pisa, 526; the Campo Santo at, 160
 Pizzofalcone, 258
 Porazzi, 42
 Porphyry, white-flowered crimson, 83; porphyry tombs, 104
 Posilippo, 258
 Pottery, 23, 24, 43, 53, 298; cheap, 44; rough, but of beautiful antique shapes, 335

IN SICILY

GENERAL

Prickly-pears (tin), 278
 Processions, religious: Corpus Domini, Good Friday, Holy Thursday, Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, 355
 Pubblico, the Palazzo (at Perugia), 139
 Punic Wars, vol. I, xxviii: the first, 369, 383, 386, 457; the third, 369
 Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, vol. I., xxviii, 369, 379, 392
 Pythagoras of Leontini, 324

 Quails, 273; migrating quails, 390

 Rabida, La, 284
 Radishes, gigantic, 61
 Railway travelling in Sicily, 451; corridor carriages, 452; Sicilians like long journeys, 452
 Reber's Library, 334, 351
 Red-kerchiefed drivers, 497
 Renaissance architecture, 102, 189, 276
 Renaissance staircases, 218, 499
 Revolution, a stifled, 450
 Revolutions, *see* Palermo
 Riso, Francesco, 186
 Roads, 357, 399
 Roadside, chapels, 168; crosses, 168; fountains, 150; shrines, 37
 Robbia, Luca della, 176
 Robertson, Mr. Forbes-, 454, 465
 Robert the Wise (Guiscard), 96; at the Battle of Durazzo, 97
 Rocky Mountains, peaks of Palermo like, 168
 Roger (the great Count), vol. I., xxix, 96, 111, 130, 507; at Ceramio, 97; took thirty years to conquer Sicily, 97
 Roger I. (the King), vol. I., xxix, 41, 56, 74, 80, 84, 89, 90, 111, 472, 478, 483; first Norman King of Sicily, 97; *see* Palermo
 Romans, at Palermo, 319; at Eryx, 383; at Segesta, 456-8, 465
 Rome: sepulchres (Gardens of Gethsemane) at, 197; Temple of Fortuna Virilis (Rome), 197
 Rubattino, Raffaele, the Genoese, and Gariibaldi, 374

GENERAL

Ruggiero Settimo, 175, 235
 Rusidda, fountain of Donna (*The Admiral*), 322

 S. Louis, the entrails of, in Monreale Cathedral, 385
 S. Malo, 412
 S. Pantaleo, 359, 362, 366
 Salamis, Battle of, vol. I., xxvii, 501
 Salinas, Professor A., Director of the Palermo Museum, 290, 295, 298, 303, 432; Sphinx (metope) unearthed by, at Selinunte, 293, 294, 428
 Saracen, architecture, 96, 118, 119, 141; buildings, 52; castle, 455; cisterns, *see* Gebbias; city, 113; gate, 186; -looking watch-houses, 274, 281; palace at Mimmerno, 469; roofs, 149; street, 250; walls, 462
 Saracenic palaces, *see* Palermo
 Saracens, the, 68, 97, 418, 498; descent of, 366; vol. I., xxix
 Scalia, Alfonso, 375
 Scipio Africanus, vol. I., xxviii, 369
 Sciafani, Matteo, Count of Adernò, *see* Palermo
 Segesta, Greek temple of, 375, 418, 445; wall of, 488

SEGESTA

Segesta (Egesta): accepted as a sister city by Rome, 465; cost of the drive to, 454; founded by Æneas, 465; in the *Æneid*, 466; in the pages of Cicero, 462, 463; scenery like Hokusai's sketches of Japan, 455; the ally of Athens, 468
 Acestes, 466
 Æneas founded the Temple of Venus at Eryx, 466
 Agathocles of Syracuse, 456; vol. I., xxviii.
 Alcamo, 462, 467; station, 461
 Athenians, the, 456
 Bersaglieri, 461, 462
 Brigands, 454, 460-2
 Calatafimi, 454, 467; Battle of, 455; Saracenic castle, 459
 Carthage, 465; image of Diana taken to, 466

INDEX

SEGESTA

Carthaginians, 456
 Castelvetrano, 454
 Cicero, on Segesta (quoted), 465; Quæstor, 466; the Publius Scipio of his day, 466; on the fame of Diana, 465, 466; vol. I., xxviii
 Cloaks, dark blue, hooded, 455, 461
 Coach, our, 456
 Corleone, 455, 460
 Diana, the sacred image of, 465; Cicero on, 465, 466; taken to Carthage, 466; worshipped at Carthage, 466; restored to Segesta, 466
 Diceopolis, 457
 Egesta, an Elymian city, 465; and the first Punic War, 457; Roman, Saracenic, and mediæval remains at, 456
 Egestans, hailed by the Romans as brothers, 456; persuaded by the Romans to change their name to Segestans, 457
 Eryx, 468; an Elymian city, 465; Temple of Venus at, 465
 Garibaldi, 455
Gebbias, 459
 Germans, 458, 461
 Goats, 455
 Goethe on Segesta, 468
 Greek temples not really perpendicular, 457
 Holy Family, peasants like the, 462
 Japan, 460; Japanese river, 456
 Lamia, the silk-weaver, 465
 Lizards, 458
 Miyanoshita (Japan), 455
 Newman, John Henry, Cardinal, vol. I., xxxi; on Segesta, 465; a far cry from, to Goethe, 468; "It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta," 468; *Letters and Correspondence* (quoted), 467; the temple "the most perfect building remaining," 467; "the chief sight of Sicily," 468; *see also* Palermo
 Nicias, 468
 Pæstum, temples of, 457
 Parthenon, frieze of the, 459
 Punic War, the first, 457
 Robertson, Mr. Forbes-, 454, 465
 Romans, the, 456-8, 465

SEGESTA

Saracen, castle, 455; walls, 462
 Sicilian reed, 460
 Sicilian women, different way of carrying water-jars, 459
 Sicily, one of the most malarious spots in, 462
 Temple of Diana, 456; ancient even in Cicero's day, 465; Cicero on, 465; its beauty, 457; the thrice sacred image, 465; *see* Diana
 Theatre, the ancient, 458; adapted by the Romans, 458
 Trapani, 460
 Trojans, the, 465
Verres, 465
 Verres and the statue of Diana, 465-7
 Virgil, 466-8
 Washing-pool, 455, 459, 460

SELINUNTE

Selinunte (Selinus), vol. I., xxvii; no one ever examines it properly, 450; one of the most interesting places in Sicily, 417; splendour of the ruins, 449; stands on three hillsides, 417; tells a tale of vengeance almost unparalleled, 417; the Babylon of the West, 417; the floweriest spot I ever saw, 417
 Acropolis, the, 421, 448, 449; mediæval work of, and gateway, 428
 Æsculapius, 421
 Alcamo, 421
 Antiques: altars, 432; buying from the peasants, 438; digging for, 436, 446; generally genuine, 437; grave-steles, 432; lamps, 432; terra-cotta statuettes, *see* Greek; workmen breaking, 436
 Botticelli, Sandro, the *Primavera*, 421
 Bullock-waggons, 450
 Byzantine Necropolis, 423; houses, 449; tombs, 423
 Byzantines, the, 418
 Campobello, 421
 Carnegie, Mr. Andrew, 418, 446
 Carthaginians, 445

IN SICILY

SELINUNTE

Cavallari, Professor, 446
 Chariot ruts, marks of, 423
 City, the ancient, gateway of, 427
 Corsairs, Saracen, 448
 Diogenes Laertius, 421
 Earthquakes, 418
 Empedocles drains the valley, 421
 Excavation, careless, 432 ; rights of, 435 ;
 purchasing rights of, 438
 Florio, *baglio*, 419, 442
 Fortifications, 428
 Girgenti, 418
 Gorgo di Cotone, 420
 Greek houses, 424, 427 ; the cabman's were
 Byzantine, 449
 Greek ladies, 440
 Greek terra-cotta statuettes, 432-40 ; divided
 by Miss Hutton into three classes—
 Hieratic, *Idealistic*, and *Realistic*, 440 ;
 Greek women of the third and fourth
 centuries before Christ, 440 ; picking
 them up from the dustheaps, 438 ; were
 they broken by the priests, 440
 Hamilcar, 417
 Hannibal, son of Gisco, 417, 418, 423, 442,
 445, 449 ; vol. I., xxvii
 Harbour, the, 420, 421, 449
 Himera, Battle of, 417
 Japanese coolies in thatch cloaks, 450
 Knives of the Sicilian peasants, 436
 Madiuni, the Selinus river, 427, 431, 446
 Malaria, 421
 Mare Africano, 419, 420, 438
 Messana, House of, 428 ; *see* Temples
 Metopes: Artemis and Actæon, 442 ; Heracles
 defeating an Amazon, 442 ; Rape of Europa,
 427, 428 ; The Sphinx, 428 ; Zeus and Hera
 on Mount Olympus, 442 ; compared with
 those of the Parthenon, 442 ; the best are in
 the Palermo Museum, 442 ; the later came
 from Temple of Juno, 442 ; the oldest
 from the Temple of Hercules, 422 ; were
 painted, 442
 Middleton, Professor, on the Temple of Zeus,
 445 ; on the destruction of the temples, 446 ;
 on the metopes, 442

SELINUNTE

Museum (Palermo), 436, 439, 442
 Myron, 442
 Parthenon, 419, 442
 Patricolo, Professor, 432
 Phidias, 442
 Salinas, Professor A., his discovery of the
 metopes, 428 ; excavations, 432
 Saracens, the, 418
 Segesta, 418 ; the temple at, 445
 Selinus, a new, 418 ; coins, 420 ; harbour,
 420, 449 ; how was it so destroyed, 423,
 442 (Professor Middleton says not by
 earthquakes, but by wilful destruction on
 the part of the Carthaginians, 445) ; the
 Roman, 418 ; vol. I., xxvii
 Sicilian, rivers, 428, 431 ; sheep, 450
 Sicily, what parts are malarious, 421
 Spartans, 445
 Street, ancient, 424, 449
 "Tanagra" figurines, 442
Tavola, 431
 Temples: all face east except one, 423 ; care-
 less excavation, 432 ; destroyed by the
 Carthaginians, not by earthquake, *vide*
 Professor Middleton, 445 ; difficulty of
 distinguishing between the, 422 ; eight at
 Selinunte, 419 ; metopes, *see* Metopes ;
 polychromatic decoration, 424, 442, 448 ;
 re-erection of, 446 (at Girgenti, 446)
 Temples—
 Apollo, 419, 422
 Castor, 446
 Castor and Pollux (Girgenti), 446
 Hercules, 422 ; the oldest metopes taken
 from, 423
 Juno, 419 ; the later metopes taken from, 442
 Jupiter, 445
 Jupiter Agorius, 448
 Messana (the newly unearthed), 419, 427,
 428 ; has a fine propylæa, 431, 432
 Olympian Jove, temples of, compared,
 Athens, Girgenti, Syracuse, 445 ; at
 Selinunte, 419, 445 ; the ill luck of
 building a temple to, 445 ; the largest
 peripteral temple of the Hellenic world,
 vide Professor Middleton, 445

INDEX

SELINUNTE

Pollux, 446
Zeus, 445
Theatre, 428
Tombs (Byzantine), 423, 448

GENERAL

Selinus (Selinunte) the Babylon of Sicily, 417
Sepulchres of Holy Thursday, *see* Gardens of Gethsemane, Palermo
Servants, Sicilian, 506
Sesso, Palace (Naples), 257
Sheep's-milk butter, 56
Shower-bath fountains, 507
Shrines, old, 33; street, 60, 498; wayside, 37, 358
Shroud of the Lord, the, 195
Sicanians, 104
Sicans, 379

SICILIAN—SICILIANS

Aboriginal races had great skill in pottery, 293
Agricultural labourers live in town, 250
Apt to name anything ancient after Diana or Venus, 487
Aristocracy, 252; the courtesy of the, 242
A superior people, 253
Babies, 238
Bedroom, 217
Blind to natural beauty, 172
Boatmen, 44
Bursting with pride over the papyrus, 321
Cabs may drive over anything, 200
Cakes, 224
Churchyards, earliest Protestant tombs in a, 134
Cloisters, two of the most beautiful in Sicily, 290
Coinage, 347
Coins, *see* Museum, Palermo
Costumes, 303
Cottage, interior of a, 367
Earthenware, 7, 235, 303
Fair, a, 233-40
Firearms, 58

SICILIAN—SICILIANS

Form of three naves (architecture), 187
Gambling, love of, intrigue, and fine clothes, 172, 248
Gardens, 256; *see* Gardens, Palermo; Villas, Palermo
Garrisons, 149
Giardino d'Infanzia (Kindergarten), 19
Good plain cooks, 249
Gothic, Sicilian- (architecture), 22, 26, 32, 33, 35, 38, 96, 120, 180, 182, 183; *see also* Arabo-Norman
Grundy (Mrs.), laxness of the, 252, 253
Harness, 46, 56
Have restaurants in their own houses, 249
Honey, 11
Knives, 58, 235
Language, 391, 404; full of alien words, 363; speaking the, 363
Lent, days off in, 64
Like English novels, 248
Like foreigners, 253
Like the Japanese, 231
Look upon the Normans as their ancestors, 46
Macaroni shop, 55
Men, native dress of the, 395
Mockery of breakfast, 11
Mountain brandies, 355
Nobles, the patriarchal way in which they lived, 219; very accomplished, 173
-Norman buildings, 99, 180; *see* Sicilian-Gothic
Not good sailors, 521
Paintings, *see* Museum, Palermo
Palace ceilings, frescoed, 5, 14, 248; Palace salons, 17, 248
Piety and irreverence, 65
Poor, how they feed, 6; life of the, 17; use the street as a parlour, 6
Pottery, *see* General Index
Railways, 490
Receptions, 248; in the eighteenth century, 260
Reckless about consequences, 131
Reed, the, 460
Renaissance-Gothic (architecture), 183
Rivers, 428, 431

IN SICILY

SICILIAN—SICILIANS

Roads, 357, 399
 Schoolboys can all speak Italian as well as Sicilian, 483
 Scissors, 58
 Servants, 506
 Sheep, 450
 Students, 492
 Superstitious, very, 45
 Terra-cottas, 296; *see* Greek terra-cottas, Palermo
 Trains, 412, 451, 452
 Vespers, vol. I., xxx, 30, 38, 64, 98, 131, 134, 218; cross erected in memory of the French, 295
 Way of pensioning people, 452
 Weed, *see* Trifoglio, Flowers
 Weights and measures, 347
 Women, 238; different way of carrying water-jars, 459; retain their good figures, 521

SICILY

Always washing-day in, 251
 And Greece, difference between, 264
 Bargaining in, 49
 Coal in, 47, 53
 Constitutional Parliament, restored through Lord William Bentinck, vol. I., xxxi, 313
 Courtship, 406; jilting a serious offence, 252; kidnapping, 410; opening the *persiane*, 406, 407; serenading, 406
 Elymian aborigines of, *see* Eryx
 In need of elevator railways, 389
 Invaded by the Normans, 97
 Is peopled with the dregs of other nations, 498
 Land of stalls, the, 7
 Love-letters in, 10
 Murder rate high in, 6
 Naming gates, 412
 Nelson's first acquaintance with, 256
 Oldest monuments in, 487
 Old-fashioned honey-jars, 11
 One of the most malarious spots of, 462
 Only prosperous under its Norman kings, 104
 Overrun with North Italians, 149
 Palermo the very essence of, 3

SICILY

Rises against the Bourbons, vol. I., xxxi
 Roger, the great Count, took thirty years to conquer Sicily, 97
 Royal Office for the Preservation of Monuments in, 141
 The most interesting (profane) country after Egypt, 264
 Under the Normans the most cultivated country of Europe, 97
 Under English protection, vol. I., xxxi
 United with Italy, vol. I., xxxi
 Vegetation so rapid in, 307
 What parts are malarious, 421

GENERAL

Siena, armorial tiles at, 23
 Sikelians, 104
 Sikels, 379
 Silver map of the world (El Edrisi's), 97
 Simon, Count of Sicily, vol. I., xxix
 Sirocco, the, 314, 498, 500, 526; blows out the windows, 517
 Snake, 489
 Socialistic societies, 450
 Solunto, 219; the Sicilian Pompeii, 37, 469

SOLUNTO

Solunto (Solous), a Romanised Phœnician city, 511; not so desolate as Bagheria, 511; the ruins, 512; the Sicilian Pompeii, 511; the view from, 512; what there is to see, 514
Admiral, The, 514
 Altar, sacrificial, the, 514
 Cefalu, the view towards, 517
 Dust, 517
 Flagged roads, 514
 Ganci, Prince, castle of, 512
 Goats, 517
 Hiram, King of Tyre, and his city of Solunto, 511, 512; bakehouse, 513; Phœnician streets, 513
 Isis, figure of, 514
 Jupiter, statue of, 514
 Monte Zafferana, 512

INDEX

SOLUNTO

Phœnician city, Solunto, a, 511; houses, 514;
 polygonal masonry, 514; streets, 513
 Roman houses, 514; Roman streets, 513
 Selinunte, Greek houses at, 514
 Solanto, 512
 Solous, 514

GENERAL

Spanish, tiles, 5, 14, 260; Viceroy, 259
 Spartans, 445
 Squid, 58
 Steamers, coasting, 336; from Naples every evening, 336
 Stesichorus of Himera, 324
 Stromboli, 501, 523
 Stuccos, by Serpotta, 295
 Sunium, Temple of, 275
 Tanagra figurines, 298, 442
 Tancred, King, vol. I., xxix
 Tancred of Hauteville, 96
 Taormina, features of the people of, compared with Palermitans, 57
 Tapestry in the palaces, 252
 Tarsia seats, 218
 Telepylus, 488
 Temple of Diana (at Cefalu), 486, 490, 491;
 a prehistoric house older than Homer,
 487; should be called the Pelasgic house,
 489
 Temples, *see* Cefalu, Eryx, Segesta, Selinunte,
 and Solunto
 Termini, the ancient Himera, 469, 501
 Terra-cotta (Sicilian), fragments from Selinunte, 294
 Theocritus and Moschus of Syracuse, 324
 Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, 328
 Timæus (of Taormina), 324
 Tiryns, 487
 Tivoli, Temple of the Sybil at, 188
 Tombs, ancient, 374, 423, 448
 Tommasi-Crudeli, Professor, 375
 Tortoise-shell, casket, 218; frames (old Sicilian), 296
 Trabia, castle, 501; Prince, 505
 Trapani, 336, 460

TRAPANI

Trapani (Drepana), and Marsala, importance of, 412; and St. Malo, 391; and Tunis, 385; beginning to rival Marsala as the centre of the wine trade, 389; compared with Eryx, 384; connection with the *Æneid* and the *Odyssey*, *see under Odyssey and Virgil*; houses most Oriental-looking in the island, 391; just across the sea from Africa, 382; looks very Saracenic, 396; most prosperous place in Sicily for its size, 391; not so picturesque as Marsala, 391; people, 390 (like the Holy Family of Murillo, 384)
 Ægæan Islands, and the *Odyssey*, *see Odyssey*, the; Battle of the, 386; migrating quails on, 390; tunny-fisheries, 386
 Butler, Mr. Samuel, the celebrated Homeric scholar, 386, 401
 Carthage, 384, 390
 Catullus, C. Lutatius, 386
 Charles (of Anjou) and the Crusaders' ships, 385
 Columbara, 399
 Drepana (Trapani), 383, 384
 Edward I. (of England) at Trapani, 385
 Favignana, 389, 390
 Florio, Signor, his tunny-fisheries, 386;
 owner of one of the three Marsala wine
baglj, 389
 Gagini, Antonio, 400
 Geranium hedges to Sicilian railways, 391
 Ghetto (Guidecca), old palace in the, 400
 Harbour, the, 385
 Homer, *see Odyssey*
 Hong Kong, Mount Victoria, 389
 Hotel, 402
 Levanzo, 390
 Madonna di, shrine of the, 385
 Marina, the, 399
 Market asses, 390
 Marsala to, by train, 390; road between,
 399
 Monreale Cathedral, 385
 Montreal (Canada), Mount Royal at, 389
 Motya, the firstfruits of Carthage in Sicily,
 390

IN SICILY

TRAPANI

Odyssey, the, Mr. Samuel Butler and the *Authoress of the Odyssey*, 386, 401; every place in the poem except Troy can easily be traced to Sicily, 401; fits the Ægæan Islands better than the Ionian, 386, 401; Homer had nothing to do with the *Odyssey*, and only edited the *Iliad*, 401; Ulysses a Sicilian, 401; Ulysses did not live at Ithaca, 401; voyages only round Sicily, 386; written by a woman at Trapani, 386, 401
 Palaces, the Spedaletto, 400
 Punic Wars, the first, 383, 386
 S. Louis, the entrails of, in Monreale Cathedral, 385
 Salt-pans, 389; transferred from Marsala, 390
 Shops: basket, cheap pottery, greengrocers, wood, 391
 Sicilian, language, the, 391, 404; roads, 399
 Sicily in need of elevator tramways, 389
 Ulysses, *see Odyssey*, the
 Virgil: Æneas, 384; Asinello, 384; boat race in the *Æneid*, 384, 385; games in honour of Anchises, 384, 392

TREES

Acacia trees (Palermo), 320; (Bagheria), 505
 Aleppo pines (Palermo), 319
 Almond (Palermo), 174; (Marsala), 359; (Eryx), 392; (Selinunte), 452; (Segesta), 455, 460
 Bella-sombra trees (Trapani), 399; (Marsala), 412
 Carob (Palermo), 171; (Marsala), 359-61; (Eryx), 392
 Casuarina (she-oaks) (Palermo), 326
 Chestnut, horse (Palermo), 324
 Coral (Palermo), 321, 324
 Cyperus (Palermo), 321, 324
 Cypresses (Palermo), 174, 280, 314, 319, 324; (Eryx), 392; (Segesta), 456
 Datura (Marsala), 360
Ficus Rubiginosa (Moreton Bay fig tree) (Palermo), 327

TREES

Ilexes (Palermo), 222, 280, 329
 Judas trees (Palermo), 319, 321, 322
Kiri (Paulownia) (Marsala), 357
 Lemon (Palermo), 19, 38, 148, 150, 167, 230, 250, 260, 287, 303, 307, 315, 320, 324, 522; (Segesta), 456; (Cefalu), 478; (Bagheria), 505
 Loquats (Palermo), 222
 Nespoli (Palermo), 19, 150; (Cefalu), 471; (Marsala), 360
 Olive (Palermo), 169, 331; (Castelvetrano), 416; (Segesta), 455, 456, 460; (Bagheria), 505
 Orange (Palermo), 287, 307, 319, 320; (Segesta), 467
 Palmetto (Palermo), 169, 324, 329; (Segesta), 456
 Palms (Palermo), 304, 309, 313, 319, 320, 322, 325
 Palm, wild (Palermo), 150, 272; (Marsala), 359, 360; (Eryx), 392; (Castelvetrano), 416; (Solunto), 505, 513
 Paulownias (Marsala), 357
 Pear, 505
 Pepper-tree avenue (Palermo), 329
 Plum (Palermo), 315
 Portuguese laurel (Palermo), 322
 Stone-pine (Palermo), 19, 169, 174, 319; (Marsala), 361; (Eryx), 392; (Segesta), 462
 Vines (Selinunte), 452; (Segesta), 462
 Vine-walks (Marsala), 357
 Yews (Palermo), 329
 Yuccas (Palermo), 309, 314, 320; (Bagheria), 502

GENERAL

Tribuna, 335
Trifoglio, Sicilian weed, *see under* Flowers
 Trinacria, the, 324, 369; explanation of, *see* Prefatory Note, xxvi (vol. I.)
 Trojans, the, 465
 Tunny-fishing, 303, 386
 Ulysses, *see Odyssey*, the
 United Italy, Kingdom of, vol. I., xxxi
 Urbino Faience, 295
 Ustica, 487, 501

INDEX

GENERAL

Valguarnera, Agata, 219; family, represented by Prince d'Uccia, 219; Castle of, 502; *see* Palermo, Villas
 Vandyck, 176; picture of the Virgin by, 184
 Van Eyck, 300
Vapore, 412
Vaporette, 412
 Vascello, the Marchese Medici del, 310
 Velasquez, Giuseppe (the Monreale Velasquez), 82, 175
Vendetta, 252, 254, 406, 407, 410
 Venetian-looking, the country very, 364
 Venus, Temple of, *see* Eryx; her name of Erycina taken from Eryx, 381; Eryx, the hill of, 379
Verres, 465
 Verres and the statue of Diana, 465, 466, 467
 Verrocchio, 179
 Victor Amadeus (of Savoy), King, vol. I., xxx
 Victor Emmanuel II., vol. I., xxxi, 310
 Victor Emmanuel III., vol. I., xxxi, 84
 Vigilia, Tomaso, 180
 Villa Pallagonia, *see* Bagheria
 Villa does not imply a house in Italy, 245, 307, 321
 Villafranca (the reformer), 35
 Villareale (sculptor), 175
 Vineyards, 366, 416, 455, 462
 Virgil (*Aeneid V.*), Sicily in, 384, 385, 466; the boat race in, 384, 385
 Virgin, the car of the, 202, 205, 207; street picture of the, 32
 Visiting cards, a good supply necessary, 493
 Walls and gateways, prehistoric, 366

GENERAL

Walter of the Mill (Offamilio), 38, 98, 131, 132; his Norman crypt in cathedral, 103-6; his tomb, 105
 Wapiti, 310
 Washing-pool, 360, 455, 459, 460
 Water-tables, 9, 48; -carriers, *see* *Acquaman* (Palermo); -tower, 128, 517
 Wheel of Bells, 129
 Whitaker family, connection with Garibaldi, 375
 Whitaker, Messrs., *see* Ingham and Whitaker
 Whitaker, Mr. G. Cecil, 309
 Whitaker, Mr. Joseph, 42, 314, 331, 363, 366, 367, 375
 Whitaker, Mr. Joshua, Venetian palace of, 23, 27, 266, 308
 Whitaker, Mrs. Joshua, 251, 308
 Whitaker, Mr. Robert, 42, 506
 William I., King, of Sicily (the Bad), vol. I., xxix, 118
 William II., King, of Sicily (the Good), vol. I., xxix, 118, 119; crowned by Christ not the Pope (mosaic), 156
 William II. (of Germany), Emperor, visit to Sicily, his music performed at the Politeama, vol. I., xxxi, 254
 William III., King, vol. I., xxix
 Women with burdens on their heads, 128
 Wood carvings, 300
 Yokohama, 500
 Zama, Battle of, 369
 Zappetta, Francis, 179
 Zeuxis (of Heraclea), 324
Zisa, the, *see* Palaces *under* Palermo



PLYMOUTH
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON
PRINTERS

4 1966

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 13 10 20 04 008 3